

EAST & WEST.

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NEW RUBAIYATS OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

(HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.)

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE original manuscript—in Persian of course—of these hitherto unpublished Rubaiyats of Omar Khayyam was found in a little cylindrical tin-case under a very old almirah in the Dāk Bungalow at W— — —amid that miscellaneous assortment of empty sardine-tins, boot brushes, and such like, which one seldom fails to discover safely stowed away in these convenient recesses. I at once called for a tin-cutter, and, cutting open this curious casket, I pulled out from it an old, but tolerably well preserved roll of tough parchment, written on both sides, from which it is clear that Omar did not intend this manuscript for the press. I had at one time studied the Persian, or rather Arabic character for a job which I didn't get; that knowledge now did me yeoman service; for with that, and the help of a good dictionary, I managed to decipher the whole manuscript; a little more labor, and I transplanted the stanzas into English verse.

With regard to the contents of these Rubaiyats, it is curious to reflect on the inveterate conservativeness of the East. When did Omar live? Let me see—somewhere in the thirteenth century, or thereabouts. But from the descriptions contained in these stanzas one would fancy they were written only yesterday. So much however is certain: there were Dāk Bungalows in those far off days;

and also Khansamahs, and also Bakers, and also Gowlis, and also Dhobis—and what is more, things are much the same now as they were when Omar sang of them, or piped. No wonder the poor man took to drink. We have his **own** word for it. He writes :—

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
O Wilderness were Paradise enow .

With these few introductory lines I leave the following New Rubaiyats of Omar Khayyam to the judgment of the gentle reader—if he cares to read them,

I

THE BAKER'S LOAF.

I sometimes think there's more in it^{*} than Dough—
A pinch of Gait, a Piece of Iwine—or so—
And many another thing, so hard to guess—
Such as —once eat—you'll never ask for more.

But I could not believe that this was true—
To all who said so, blindly answered—" Phew !—
O never let your Heart grieve over what
You hear—unless that you can see it too."

^{*} But wait—for I was hungry then—I trow —
As hungry as a ravined Shark—or Crow—
And then I heard it said :—" Another Time
You'll see it for yourself—and then you'll know."

But O that so much should depend on Guts—
And what, and what, the Epiglottis shuts—
That Loaf of Bread I ate that Day—I now
Can never eat the like—no—not for Nuts.

Lo ! there that brown-domed Thing that looks so nice—
'Tis Yesterday's—To-day 'twas done o'er twice—

Thence comes it that it looks so brown and crisp,
And also that it costs—How much ? —four Pice.

But whence ?—And who has made this Thing ? —And who
May tell me of this Thing a thing, or two ?

It came within a Bamboo Basket—and—
And that is all you'll ever find 'out --you.'

I sent my Cook then off—at once—pell-mell,
To ask the Baker—and come back as well.

And by and by my Cook came back, and said
The Baker knew—but did not like to tell.

Then to this same brown Loaf I turned me—
If I might ravel out this Mystery

And crisp, and crisp, it answered —“ Take that Knife—
And cut me up in Slices—then you'll see.”

I took the Knife—and — as I am alive —
Plumb down into its Inward did I dive—

And cut thin Slices off—and saw—and said—
“ Ah !—Who may hope to eat —and then—survive.

For here—and there—in small Meanderings—
Running Quicksilver-like I saw those things—

A little Piece of Twine—a little Thread—
And—little shiny Flakes, that looked like—Wings.

A long—how long—I cannot say to Scale—
I like to hope 'twas from a Horse's Tail,—

And then a little thing of Crescent Shape —
Was it ?—But why not from a Finger-nail ?

A little Odd or End—they call't a Fag—
A Chip of Wood—a little Piece of Rag—

A pretty little Feather of a Bird—
And then some Fibre from a Gunny Bag.

And blackish Atoms here—and there—were strown—
That made what should be white to look quite brown—

Mere nether Millstone Grit—mere thinnish Dust—
Such as floats gratis all about the Town.

And that ?—and that ?—and that?—Ah !—that's an Ant—
And this ?—A Wasp ?—But this ?—Alas ?—I can't

Make Head—or Tail of—Sure I've seen the like
Running upon the wall—or—up my Pant.

One day I walked upon the Street—and—flop—
Came Face to Face upon this Baker's Shop—

And—for I'd heard so many Wonders tell
Of all that went on there—I straight did stop.

But then that Place was dark—and very still—
A little Light—but Ventilation—nil—

And all I could not see—But what I saw—
O wondrous !—would it were impossible.

And there I saw the many Loaves which yet
Were without Form, and Void—and can't forget—

How many—Ah !—how many eat their Bread
In Peace—in Innocence—while others sweat.

And then I murmured—and my Heart misgave,
And, murmuring, said—“ I've had a narrow Shave ! ”—

Not Sancho Panza saw such Things when he
Dived headlong into Montesino's Cave.

And as I skid upon the slippery Floor,
And, walking, came before the Oven's Door,

I heard a Voice distinctly say to me
As once it said to Macbeth—“ Eat no more ! ”

Then if the Bread you eat is not all Dough—
What—what is to be done ?—I'd like to know—

O both the Baker—and the Baker's Loaf—
To hell with them—br else—to Jericho.

O list not to the Baker's Sophistries—
 One Thing is cert—he does not care for Flies—
 One Thing is certain—all the rest is Lies—
 Yeast made from Gram and Toddy will not rise.

But O could you—and I—and all—conspire
 To catch him by the Collar—Horrid Liar !—
 Would not we give him Stripes—and—litigate
 On Foodstuffs, nearer to the Heart's Desire ?

What ?—call a Loaf a Loaf—as Spade a Spade—
 And when that Loaf is bought for Cash—and paid
 To find things in't you never bargained for—
 And cannot pay for—O the sorry trade.

In vain—Alas !—for all is Ducks—and Drakes—
 The Baker still goes on—and bakes—and bakes—
 But do thou take an Oath—and keep it too
 And live for ever on Chappatti-Cakes.

And should the Rascal Baker come again—
 And beg you—buy from him a Loaf—or twain —
 Then lay one Hand upon that unhang'd Wiglet —
 And with the other ply a—Rattan Cane.

A Cook well versed in making things of Dough—
 A Loaf of Bread—without or Twine or Tow—
 And a good Beefsteak somewhat underdone—
 O Loaf and Steak were Paradise enow.

II.

THE GOWLI'S MILK.

* Wake !—'Tis a Sound between a Screech and Roar—
 * And I awoke—and it was half past Four—
 And turning then my Optics to the Spot—
 , Behold !—The Gowli at the Cook-room Door.

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And then my Heart rejoicèd, and I said—
' Ah now's the Time—I'll just jump out of Bed—

And go, and see what in that Vessel is—
Is't Milk indeed?— or something else instead? '

For oft—how often— Ah I cannot say—

I wanted just to catch her on the Way—

How doth it look within that Pot of brass?
How thick? Why thinner—later in the Day?

O Milkmaid— Gowliwoman without doubt—
The same-- thou hast not changed or chopped about—

For, getting on whose Windward— one sole Whiff
Laid the old Moslem Emperor flattened out.

I came—I saw—I said— ' O tell me now—
And truly—this here Thing—is't from the Cow—

And did you— you yourself—this Nectar Juice,
Drain? Now tell me truth— or—there'll be a Row.'

And then the Shape— if shape it were—for Lo!
It downward bent— and bending, touched my Toe—

And with a Voice that had the Ring of Truth,
It answered— ' No— 'Tis from a Buffalo.'

Then felt I like that Watcher of the Sky,
Or like stout Cortez, when with Eagle Eye,

He stared at the Pacific— and I said—
' At last I've found thee— Hater of a Lie.'

' It matters little, this—or that—or other—
'Tis Milk for all that—even from a Gudhei—

' But tell me this one Thing—just like to know—
Is'this same Liquid solely from the Udder? '

At first she would not answer—By and by,
She said she would not like to tell a Lie—

But then there are who say, unless you put
A drop, or so—the buffalo gets dry.

A drop—or two—or three—but never more—
Only to keep the Devil from the Door—

And, hurt the Mother of that tender Calf—
How could I?—At the most it might be four.

And then I said—‘O never be a Hass’—
And with mine own Hand poured some in a Glass—

And then I plunged a good Lactometer
Int’ the Thing—and read it there—Alas!

But still the Gowhwoman did declare,
She knew much more than that Lactometer

That none who had not seen her pouring in
Could say—there’s so much Water to the Sea

I could not make her understand one Bit
Water there was—but then—how much of it?

One drop—she said—or two—or three—most four.
And all the rest—she swore—was from the Leaf

But Ah! that Water—was it from the Spring
Beside the Village slow meandering?

Or was it from the Hydrant by the Road?
Or was it from some—quite another thing?

Or was it from the Bhisty’s leather Bag?

Or lumbering Barrel which the Bullocks drag?

Or was it from the green, green mantled Pool?

Or was it squeezed out from a Piece of Rag?

On all these items I did make a Pother—
And more I questioned—all the more grew hotter—

That single Alif I could not get at—
And all she said—It was a drop of Water.

Waste not your Hour—nor in your Sleeping Suit,
Of this, and that, endeavour and dispute—

Better go back to Bed at once—and go
Straight off to Sleep—You’ll never know the Truth.

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Alike for me—for you—and everywhere—
And those who stubborn stamp their foot—or swear—

The Screech-owl sitting on the Cookhouse cries—
'You'll ne'er get better—neither Here nor There.'

And true—for is there any use to talk,

O, any use in beating of a Rock—

For if the Milk has Water?—Let it be—

And O be thankful that it has not—Chalk.

Yes—make the most of what thou little know'st—

The Milk looks blue—but yet 'tis Milk almost

For think—Ah think—for without that same Milk—

How shalt thou drink thy Tea?—How eat that Toast?

And when the Milk you test, but cannot pass,

And in your Night Suit stand up the Grass,

Fling there that poor Lactometer away

As worthless—and—turn down an empty glass.

(To be Concluded.)

B. G. STEINIOFF.

Wardha.



MODERN SERVIAN POETRY.

THE Slav literature is a new and wonderful achievement in the cultural history of the world. Tolstoi, Tourguenieff and Dostoieffsky have exercised unrivalled influence over the mind of the present age. But little is known, outside their own lands, of countries other than Russia.

Take, for example, Servia. If Belgium can boast of Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, the little brave Balkan Kingdom is proud of its own great masters. The Servian literature—as a written literature in the modern sense—is one of the youngest of Slav literatures. If we overlook an exceptional writer here and there, it is not older than half a century. Its rise marks the gradual liberation of the Servians from the Turkish rule.

A hundred years ago the Servians did not possess even their native alphabet and used either the Church or the Ottoman characters. The folk-songs have been preserved to us by the Gusla-players. The Gusla-player is the minstrel, *troubadour* or *spielman* of Servia. Our own Kabir and Tulsi Dass did not write their hymns but sung them to music. This unwritten literature compasses all the interests and affairs of life from lyrical self-confession to national liberty. Vuk Karadzic was the first to reduce this national treasure to writing and founded the Slavonic Servian script.

The Servian people are a mixture of blond Russian-Goths and brown Northerners. The beginning of the new Servian literature is marked by the epoch of Slavonier Branko Radicevic (1824-1853). He has left behind him poems, the inspiration of which is drawn direct from life.

His epic-drama *The Crown of the Black Mountain* is impressed with the intensity of a personal quality and is free from convention and abstraction. His rival and contemporary was Petrovic Njegos (1813-1851). A feverish and unsatisfied restlessness characterizes his art. Later Jovan Jovanovic won wide-spread popularity as poet and Lazar Lazarevic and Sima Matavulj earned distinction as talented writers of epic-prose. The Greek literature begins with the *Illiad*, the Indian with the *Mahabharata*, the Persian with the *Shah Nama*, the German with the *Hildebrandslied* and the French with the *Chanson de Roland*. So does the Servian literature, full of religious and national spirit, begin with epic-poetry. A great epoch figure is that of Marko Kreljevic who in the Holy War of 1389 slew three hundred Turks unaided and alone.

Modern Poetry all over the world has become lyrical. The realist, the impressionist, the symbolist, the futurist, the imagist, the interiorist and the exteriorist are all agreed on the question of form. The literature of Servia has been no exception and has yielded itself to the tendency of the age, and the Servian master-singers have also found their true self in little pieces and small poems. They all believe in *l'art pour l'art*. They do not follow the official academical intellectual school. Their poetry is unconventional, erotic and instinctive. They are rather careless of technique and delight in surprises. National Poetry is characterised, not by a peaceful repose, but by an *elan de vie* in travail. Their national poet Stefanovic is not a Tagore but an Iqbal.

The greatest representatives of modern Servian poetry are Kostic, Ilic, Ducic and Stefanovic.

Lazar Kostic was born in 1841 in Kovlij in the south of Hungary. He was the son of a military officer. He had received his University education on the Continent and was promoted to the title of Doctor Juris Utrisque at the University of Pest. His life was eventful and full of vicissitudes. In 1870 he was sent to the tower in Hungary on a charge of treason against the House of Parliament. At the time of the Serbian-Turkish and Russian-Turkish wars he was living as a journalist in Vienna. Then he was

invited by Prince Nikita to edit the official and national organ of Montenegro. Prince Nikita, himself a poet, possibly became jealous of him, and Kostić, friendless and penniless, had to return to Servia. Here he found work which consisted in translating the Pandects into the Servian language. He knew English and has left behind translations of *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Richard III* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Here he married an heiress and his last days were spent in comfort at Zombor in the south of Hungary. In 1910 he died of heart disease in a nursing home at Vienna.

Only a few intervals in his unhappy life of misadventures belong to literature. He has left behind him two small volumes of Poems. Among his dramatic works two plays *Maxim Cronojevic* and *Grodna* are based upon the folk-songs of Servia. *Pera Segedinac* is a tirade against the Hapsburg monarchy. It was performed as an anti-Austrian demonstration on the public stage in 1908 at Belgrade.

Kostić has been the greatest master of the Servian language of his time. In his metrics he is influenced by his favourite author Shakespear. Unlike all the other Servian poets who employ French syllabic meters in the making of their verse, he uses a strongly accentuated Iambus quantity. He is careless in his rhymes and abruptly begins or leaves off to pair the ends.

Though Kostić was unsuccessful in all the undertakings of his life, it was otherwise with the wild adventures of love and youth. He was *purush* in conflict with *shakti*. His life was composed of alternate moments of illusion and hours of disillusionment. He was the Alfred de Musset of Servia. The following lines, a true and sad portrait of the sensation-seeker, are auto-biographical. His life-confession is no tale of the joys of love but a halting narrative of unhappy attachments.

OH! FORGIVE ME.

Oh forgive me,
Oppressed with the burden of pain
I bend to thee

My word upon it. Nevermore
Will I hold the pen to write
Or the sword to smite
Never——nevermore
Oh forgive me, forgive my eyes —
My eyes that passionately suck
The light from the sun of thy face
But the light from thy revengeful eyes
Blinds my own. Ah me
I can no more see
Nothing——nothing.

Oh, forgive me, forgive me
Forgive I beg of thee
I was drunk when I swore
Restore my pen, my sword
And my eyes.
What passionate looks are these ?
Oh spare me, spare me yet.
Or——let it be
Gather me then to thy radiant breast
Stifle me in thy embrace
Let me sink in kisses
And drink the cup of sorrow
Till I end——
Then forgive me.

Illic is the protagonist of the present day Servian lyric. He was the son of the poet Jovan Illic and was born in 1862 in Belgrade. He was weak and impressionable as a child. His education was carried on at home. In 1887 he became a proof-reader in the Government Press, and in 1892 rose to be an officer of the ministry. In the end he was appointed a Vice-Consul at Pristina. His death occurred at Belgrade in the beginning of 1894.

Illic, though he lacked intensely original talent, was no imitator of his Servian predecessors. He took his suggestions from the Continental masters but did not copy them. His poems always contain something of a story or suggest a situation. He draws well but has no eye for

contour or colour. He is more literary than artistic and much of him is lost in translation. His outlook on life is subjective and in this sense he has been called the precursor of the great lyricist Ducic. He was precocious as a child and is premature as a poet.

The ideal of poetry Ilic had set up before himself was one worthy of his brave nation. How well he shows in these lines that poets are the trumpets that sing nations to battle.

THE POET.

The chosen of the gods is he
A votary in the temple of Art
He burns the incense of life
On the altar of the muses
His lyre is resonant of love
And none of the tunes of his music
Can ever be false.

A votary devoted is he
Of the goddess of freedom of nations
His message is justice and right.
As storm from the chimney of God
Doth smoke on a windy day
Rises his music divine.

He will live, the crowned of his nation
When all that is transient has passed
And drowned in the dismal ocean
Of centuries arm in arm,
As waves of the mighty sea,
In his utterance unsurpassable alone
Is immortality.

But weak, constitutionally and temperamentally, as he was, he could not soar to the height of his own ideal. His poetry, if free from metaphysical abstraction, is delicate. He can paint coy maidens and drooping flowers with effect. In general he describes psychological situations but

keeps back from pronouncing his own judgment. *The Guest* and *Doubt* are his two characteristic poems. In the first he appears to be a realist, in the second an impressionist. He is in fact none or both.

THE GUEST.

The midnight hour is struck
 And the public house is empty of guests
 Only the old land-lord of the inn
 Turns over the pages of his guest-book
 The rain-drops patter against the window-panes
 And darkness shrouds the earth.

What——is there not a knock at the door?
 In the tavern uninvited, unexpected,
 Enters a strange guest—
 Oh, it is Death himself
 That comes to take his seat at this late hour.

The land-lord sleeps and snores
 With the big book on his knee
 Death approaches him on tip-toe
 And taking a pen lying on the table
 Enters his name in the guest-book.

DOUBT.

I found her fair in early days of youth
 She was delicate and pale
 I loved her, so.
 The night was sweet and dark
 Alone were I and she
 I knew not how and when
 Followed me
 Doubt.
 "Come my way" said he
 "How beautiful is truth,
 "Let her disrobe herself to thee"
 I search for truth

My way is war and pain
 The days are long, the nights are cold
 Before me aeons rise and fall
 The rise of Greece, the fall of Rome I see
 But, Doubt, my guide
 Doth lead me on.

* The great poet of Modern Servia is Jovan Ducic. He was born in the year 1874 in Herzogowina. As a child he came to Ragusa where he attended a public school. Later he was sent to the Universities of Genoa and Paris as a State scholar. After his return from Sorbonne he was taken into the Servian diplomatic service and was appointed an attaché. To-day he is fighting somewhere in the defence of his motherland and for the honour of his King against the combined forces of the Teutons, Bulgars and Ottomans.

In the beginning he wrote some rhetorical verse, but it was in France that he learnt the art of poetry. It was here that he fell under the influence of Paul Verlaine, the source of all modern poetical inspiration, from the coarse realism of the English Masfield to the meaningless futurism of the Italian Marianetti (Tumb Tumb). It was Verlaine who first realised the ideal of Goethe in Poetical Art. Goethe once said to Eckermann, "If I were young and bold enough, I would go against all poetical tradition and yet write poems of such high quality that all would feel impelled to read them and to learn them by heart." Verlaine was a fountain of new inspiration in Europe. Words were no more merely the external form of ideas. They could be used as musical sounds or pigments in *Klang-malarei* or sound-painting. Words were alive, and in verse their true structure was not logical but psychological. Grammar which represents the exterior side of logic, could not limit the mind in its expression. All that the subtle mind of the poet could work into a "thing of beauty" was truly poetical. Paul Verlaine was born at Metz in 1844. Metz was then French. Verlaine is a solitary figure among the poets of France, unless we connect him with the earlier poets Prince Charles d'Orleans, "the Bour-

bon Poet" and Francois Villon, "the vagabond poet." And no doubt Verlaine had both these sides represented in his character. He was a prince and he was a vagabond. He was the elected King of the Poets of France after Locante de Lisles. And he sold his songs for a glass of absinthe.

His mind, a chaos of clear ideas, was the fountain from which inspiration gushed forth and fell back on itself in sun-clad drops of myriad hue. The fountain was ever full. He began with æsthetic subjectivism and completed the cycle by returning to realistic subjectivism in the end. He laid the foundation of the Neo-Romantic or the Symbolist movement. Symbolist poetry is phantasmagorian poetry. The realist or the realist-impressionist is like the scientist who describes the origin and properties of the cathode rays. The symbolist-impressionist does not tell us the how and the why, but shows us the multi-coloured radium emanation. He gives us, children of the world, Prince Rupert's drops to break and wonder at finding them reduced to nothing.

Symbolism spread all over the Continent and reached England. In England it was adopted by Arthur Symonds and lives in its various forms among the post-decadents of to-day. It invaded Germany at the same time. Stefan George in his poems whispers about "evenings where no word was spoken and nothing took place, but silent looks woke remembrances and lured us to confessions." France is the home of symbolism. It reached even the confines of Europe. Jovan Ducic copies the impressionism and subjective realism of Verlaine. In the year 1911 Ducic was awarded the Poetry prize by the Academy of Serbia and he is no doubt one of the prominent poets of our time.

It will not be out of place to note here that the influence of Verlaine has not extended to India. Our own Ghalib is at moments a post-impressionist, even a symbolist. But the great master who died in 1869, the year of the publication of the second volume of *Fêtes Galantes* of Verlaine, knew nothing of him or of European poetry. Rabindra Nath Tagore is in open revolt against all Verlaine schools. He stands for the divine primitive elemental song. Iqbal

is an Arab offering the strong drink of the desert in cups of Shiraz and Delhi. His poetry presents the awe-inspiring phenomenon of a mighty tree ablaze in a Sahara. He is the Roecken-poet of the East.

Jovan Ducic is alive to the fact that his genius is different to that of his contemporaries. He is also conscious of his own greatness. This is his conception of true art.

MY POETRY.

Silent as marble, as shadow cool
Thou art a dreaming maid
Nervous and pale.
To others is song a woman
That sings in streets, unclean.
Harlotwise

I deck thee not with pearls of glass;
Put yellow roses in thy dark long hair.
Be proud, give thyself to none
And shun the vulgar crowd; Be shy.
Thy nakedness is divine,
Clothe it not
Save with the translucent veil
Of mysteries.

The Gladiator and *The Cardinal* are fine examples of the realistic subjectivism and the æsthetic realism of Verlaine.

THE GLADIATOR.

In midnight silence of the museum hall
Round granite Mars, nude and drunk,
Dances the baachante.
In endless pain
Cold tears of marble weeps
Niobe.

Laokoon winds himself in serpent rings
Odius insane with rage and fear

Sits on a heavy stone,
 All is still,
 I hear the moments fall
 But no ' hallucination
 Rings the midnight knell
 And in the darkness long and cold
 I hear a sigh
 Oh here in this very forsaken hall
 Only two thousand years ago,
 With sword fine edged and bare,
 Was the heart of a young gladiator
 Run through

The Cardinal compares with any etching of Verlaine in his early work, *Poemes Saturniens*.

THE CARDINAL

In days of Louis the Great of France
 Moncetic was ambassador at Versailles
 The sovereign gave an evening re-union
 With Moliere's troop and Lully's band
 From eve till morn the powdered damsels danced
 On the heels of their silken shoes,
 The hall was filled with the dainty odour
 Spread by their fans—their wings
 Moncetic describes a Cardinal
 The head of the holy See,
 Who talked incessantly, his mind
 Wandering with the rapid turn
 Of a satin dancing-shoe

Again, what could compare with the rare artistic beauty of the following poem, in its delicate touch, light colouring and perfect grace?

LONELINESS.

In the long wood-end a forgotten spot
 Laden with stillness, where at night
 The waterfall weeps complainingly
 And the empty willows sigh

In eternal silence, stands on a fountain-brink
 Loneliness, nervous and pale.
 She stands there, since when ?
 Who knows.
 The trees around her sigh and from leaf to leaf
 Goes the refrain of pain.

If Ducic owes the greatness of his art to France, Stefanovic is similarly indebted to England. Svetislav Stefanovic was born in Neusatz in the south of Hungary in 1877. His childhood was passed among the tranquil fields around his homestead. He attended the public school of his native town and was one of those pupils who are more likely to react against a teacher than to follow him. Then he went to Vienna to study technical engineering, but the death of his father and his straitened circumstances obliged him to leave the High School and take up job-work in one of the factories. A turn of fortune once more enabled him to enter the University. This time he joined as a student of medicine. He studied at the Universities of Prag, Zurich and Vienna, and was promoted to the title of Dr. Med. in 1902. In 1900 he married his cousin Milana Bota. In 1907 he came to Belgrade and was given medical charge of the District of Obernavoc near Belgrade. But he was more interested in English philology than in his own science and resigned his office.

Stefanovic's poems have appeared in three small volumes and a selection entitled *Sunlight and Shade* is in preparation. He has also written a sketch-book in prose, some ballads and a social drama named *Suboki* for which he was awarded the gold medal of the "Matica Srpska." His translations include portions of Rossetti and Swinburne, Shakespear's *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar*, and a rendering of Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of the Reading Jail*.

Stefanovic took the art of Dante Gabriel Rossetti for his model and drew inspiration not only from his poems but also from his paintings. The English Sonnet form attracted him and he has introduced and popularised it in his country.

The poetry of Stefanovic is didactic and problematic. His national poetry is full of strength but not harsh and heavy. It is war for the sake of the cause, and not for its own sake, that leads the nation to victory and glory. He is like Rueckert and not like Nietzsche or even Max Von Schenkendorf. I would have likened him to Byron of the Isles of Greece, but Byron is a pessimist. Stefanovic believes in the sure victory of right over wrong. He does not possess the language of the prophets of the old Testament but can command words of flame at his bidding.

The following great poem explains more than any possible comment the unbreakable spirit of the Servian nation and its earnest resolve to conquer or to die. In these passages there is nothing which a matter-of-fact mind could not have thought out, but it is the privilege of genius alone to arrange and to know what is pertinent and essential.

THE ACCORD OF IMMORTALITY.

Oh soul, is there a happiness so beautiful and pure
As to be able to say to the world
At the moment of entering the House of the Dead
I gave thee all I had.

The cowards alone are afraid of death
Or bondsmen and slaves
"I am the captain of my soul
I am the master of my fate"

Hamlet-wise, I see the game of life,
Death is the brother of sleep,
He who fears his icy heavy touch
Was dead ere he died.

The rivers in their headlong rush
Fall into the mighty sea.
I go to greet the angel of death
Unhesitatingly.

My approaching end with interest I watch
This world crumbles in my sight,
And another is born
I look in and look on

The living say of us

"The dead are gone and are no more
Time has reaped the harvest of their lives,
On their knees sleeps desolate transitoriness
And pale and airy phantoms alone
Are left in memories here and there"
We know it but otherwise
And laugh at their mad delusion
"O living. Reflect but for a moment,
Do you believe you have fallen
Like angels, unborn on earth.
Oh men, look at your muscular arms
Your hands that flash the terrible blade;
Oh women, look at your long wild hair
That inmesh the hearts of your lovers,
We have given you your hands
We have given you your hair
You speak with our mouths stopped with dust,
You see with the empty sockets of our eyes
Our youth lives and blossoms in you"

"Why do you adorn our graves with crosses
And put wreaths of leaves and flowers thereon
We do not live in the graves
We live in you, we are you."

"We are ever with you, in waking and dream
Like your shadows we never forsake you
And in the wars you wage on time and space
We are the helpers that lead you to victory"

Here is a description of the Serbian sunset by Stefanovic.

THE SUNSET.

The sun sinks in all its purple glory
The rays a kingly host
Flee before the forces of the night.

The sunset bow with shafts of finishing light
 Opposes the invading forces of gloom,
 But the dark-hooded princess comes
 Death the trumpeter
 Heralds her car of victory,
 My heart is gripped with fear
 I see the approaching end
 The last shimmer of light
 Flickers and is gone

ABDUR RAHMAN SEOHARVI

Moradabad, U P

THE ILEX.

A fairy pinnace on a lake of fire
 The crescent moon cleaves through the
dusky gold,
 The smoking altars of the West are cold,
 And cold the flames that wreath the dead
day's pyre,
 O'er a dumb land, unvexed by sound of sea,
 Or purl of brook, or breath of wayside flowers,
 Or river murmuring to the songless hours,
 Or swallow's flight or feathered minstrelsy
 Latticing starkly the pulsating light
 Rises the blackness of your towering frame.
 The haunting cadence of your flute-like name
 Falls like a whisper from the lips of night.
 Here, Earth drops from me like a garment shed
 And Sleep's dark wings are folded round my head.

A. S. WOOD.

Delhi.

WOMEN'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR.

WHEN the history of the great European war comes to be written, the part played by the women of the belligerent nations will form a noble and inspiring chapter. In Britain—indeed, in every part of the Empire, from India to Australia, from Canada to South Africa—the manhood of the nation has responded in magnificent fashion to the call of King and Country, and never in the history of warfare has anything finer been witnessed than the rally of over three million men in defence of the Motherland. It was at once the supreme triumph of voluntarism and the vindication of democracy and free institutions.

Scarcely less remarkable, however, has been the patriotic attitude of the women of Britain in the hour of national crisis. In all ranks and classes this war-enthusiasm has manifested itself—from society butterflies, who have renounced the comforts of the upper world and volunteered as Red Cross nurses, to the thousands of working-class women who have spent their leisure hours after the manner of “Sister Susie” of music-hall fame in “sewing socks for soldiers.” It may be, as the Countess of Warwick says, that some of these society women are merely seeking new sensations. “One hears repeatedly,” says the Countess, “that this girl or that has gone to the front, and one imagines devotion, self-sacrifice, self-restraint, and a dozen kindred virtues. Unfortunately, it is chiefly in the realm of the imagination that these virtues exist. For the rest, the interlopers want lime-light, and plenty of it; their pictures flood the illustrated papers, and to read what is written of them the inexperienced person might imagine that they are bearing the

heat and burden of the day, the solitude and anxiety of the night, while in very truth they do no more than search for fresh sensations in an area that should be sacred."

Lady Warwick certainly knows the type of women among whom she lives and moves better than the present writer can possibly do, but the indictment is assuredly much too sweeping in view of what has happened in recent months. There may be black sheep among the V. A. D. nurses—it would be amazing if there were not—but the voluntary Red Cross workers have rendered noble service both at the front and in the hospitals at home. The brave band of Scottish nurses in Serbia* remained at their post of duty during a virulent typhus epidemic which they fought and conquered almost unaided. Who will say that these women were not as worthy of the Victoria Cross as the gallant fellows who have been keeping their bull-dog grip on the shell-swept beaches of Gallipoli? Some of their number fell victims to the dread epidemic, and over each heroine's grave might be written: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."*

Nor have the nurses in France and Flanders and at the Dardanelles been less worthy of honour. They have tended the wounded under most trying circumstances, and often in the actual danger zone, in imminent peril of their lives. Not infrequently the hospitals have been shelled by the enemy, but the women never faltered in their work of mercy. At every part of the far-flung battle-line this good work is being carried on.

* At the autumn meeting of the Scottish Women's Hospital Committee held at Glasgow, Miss Craigie reported that there were in Serbia four hospitals under the charge of the S. W. H.—at Valjevo, Lazarovatz, Mladanovatz and the original one at Kragujevatz. There were in all 925 beds under the charge of the executive committee. The hospital at Lazarovatz is a purely Serbian military hospital staffed by Scottish women surgeons and nurses. The Mladanovatz is now known as the "Madge Neill" Hospital Memorial, the funds having been largely subscribed by golfers throughout the kingdom and colonies. Mrs. Laurie, the honorary treasurer, reported on her visit to France where she had been greatly impressed with the work carried on at the Abbays de Royaumont, and at the Chateau Chauloup, Troyes. Provision is made at this hospital for 200 beds, and 50 beds in the Ambulance Volante. Mrs. Hunter also reported that the hospital at Troyes is arranged in tents for nursing and contains 200 beds. The French authorities have been much impressed with the good results attained.

Mr. W. L. McAlpin, describing in a London daily his visit to the Scottish Women's Hospital at Canteloup, speaks highly of the work of the women surgeons. "Your lady-chauffeurs, the good angels who brought us to Paradise," was the significant remark made by one grateful soldier. Mr. McAlpin had an interview with one of the sisters at Canteloup, and asked her if the Frenchmen were good patients. •

"Best I ever had," was the reply. "They're just like babies. They are wonderfully patient and have extraordinary confidence in the women-surgeons. At first they were not quite easy in their minds at being operated on by women. They had never heard of such a thing. But now that they have seen us at work we have won their confidence, and they say they prefer the female surgeon."

In the hospitals in Britain, too, the wounded have been tended with the utmost care and kindness. "I live to-day," wrote one grateful wounded soldier, "because of the efforts of Nurse F—— and I hope with my last breath to say 'God bless her.' " That remark is typical of many thousands that might have been made—and doubtless have been made—since the fires of Hell were let loose on Europe some fifteen months ago. Truly, the race of Florence Nightingales is not by any means extinct, and hundreds, aye thousands, of men broken in the wars have learned from personal experience the meaning of Longfellow's lines:—

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

It must not be forgotten that it was a woman who revolutionised war-nursing, and broke down the foolish, yet cast-iron, traditions of mere man. The building up of an efficient army nursing service has been woman's work right through. But the women-workers in the battle-zone have not been confined to nurses and surgeons. It is well known that during the past year the women

in France have rendered splendid services as stretcher-bearers. One officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps remarked that it always touched him deeply to notice the care and tenderness displayed by the "little girls who drive the cars." A writer in the October number of the *Englishwoman* mentions the case of a girl still in her teens who, as the result of persistent efforts, was allowed to accompany the motor ambulances from a base hospital to the Belgian firing line, and herself helped to remove the wounded from the trenches, frequently under heavy fire. "Not once, but several times the ambulance on which she was travelling was wrecked by bursting shells. In this way she worked throughout the bitter and drenching months of last winter, and it was an experience of which the stoutest-hearted man might have been proud. Remember, the girl was not out of her teens, and, at first at any rate, she could not speak French and had not heard one word of Flemish."

The British military authorities, however, do not look with favour on the proposal to allow women to act as stretcher-bearers, but if official red tape were shattered by a "whiff of grape shot," there need be no doubt whatever that the women of Britain would nobly grasp the opportunity to help in the work of the R. A. M. C. Women's Reserve Ambulances, and similar organisations are already in existence with bands of fully-trained women ready for immediate work in France or Britain.

All that the women of Britain have done on behalf of the wounded will never be known—even a bare outline of that work can scarcely be attempted—but their devotion, self-sacrifice and untiring zeal will assuredly rank among the noblest records of the war.

Strong representations have been made to the military authorities in favour of a further extension of women's sphere in connection with the auxiliary services. There is no reason, for example, why women should not take complete charge, or at any rate assist very materially, in cooking the food for the huge armies under training, and even at the front. The supply of food has been, and is, on a liberal and even generous scale. It is no

vain boast to claim that no army has ever been better fed than that which is fighting in the trenches in France and Flanders to-day. But at many of the depots there is a scandalous amount of waste, and sometimes, too, good and wholesome food has been spoiled by inexperienced cooks. One is tempted to suspect that it was a long-suffering soldier who first declared that "God sends the food but the Devil sends the cooks." There is room to-day for a Florence Nightingale to re-organise the whole system of army cooking. Certainly, with a number of expert housekeepers and women-cooks to superintend matters at the various military centres, there would be much less waste and inefficiency in the preparation of our soldiers' food than there is at present.

WOMEN AS SHELL-MAKERS.

The making of munitions has made a strong appeal to a large class of women. If they may not march to the front like their brothers, to the beat of the drum and with the cannon roaring in the distance, if their services are not required to nurse the wounded or tend the sick, they may at least help to fashion the powerful explosive shells that brought victory to the Allies in the recent great attack in Champagne and at La Bassée and will yet drive the invaders back beyond the Rhine. The making of shells has the thrill of real war-work, and even at this arduous task the record of the women and girls is worthy of all praise. It is true that even before the outbreak of the war a few women were employed at tending machines which call for little skill on the part of the "minder," but they were few in number and the tasks allotted to them were of secondary importance. When the first shot was fired, however, all this was changed. It soon became apparent that the world was to witness a war of engineers and of ammunition. The demand for high explosives was unprecedented. A modern battery devours shells as a furnace swallows fuel. "Every engineer to the lathes, and let the women help too," was the order of the day, and the women responded right loyally.

While the men were rallying to the drill-halls and preparing to take their places in the trenches, the women had also found a new outlet for their energies, and thousands to-day are engaged in the various branches of munition work. Nor is it merely the minor task at which they are employed. They assist the skilled engineers, it is true, but they also attend to many of the more important machines and are doing the work in a highly efficient fashion.

The experience of one great firm of shell-makers is typical of many others. Sir William Beardmore, at his works in Glasgow, employs 800 girls as machinists, and the results, he declares, have "surpassed expectations." A writer in the *Engineer* thus describes the work which the girl shell-makers at Messrs. Beardmore's are doing:—

"The girls employed were entirely new to the work to which they were put; but so great was their enthusiasm that they became adepts in the processes which they had to carry out in a remarkably short space of time. Moreover, not only did they become skilled enough to perform the various operations so as to produce articles exactly to gauge, but the average output is wonderfully high. . . . Some of these girls have now been at work for about four months, and were first trained by instructors selected from men employed in other departments of Messrs. Beardmore's Works, assisted by skilled operators sent down from makers of several of the machines, and they were found to be capable of a good output on many of the operations after only a week's instruction. . . . Whether done by day or by night, the work is just as good and just as speedy."

That is a high tribute to the work of the girl shell-makers, but their achievements do not end there. Describing the work on an 18-pounder shell, the writer says it was the original intention of the firm that the screw-cutting on the tapered end of the shell, should only be done roughly by the machine and finished afterwards by "a tap," "but the girls took upon themselves the final screw-cutting on the machine to gauge, and this has been found absolutely satisfactory."

Some of the heavier work, such as the screwing in of the base-plug, is done by the men, but another task, that of rolling the edges of the plug to set it fast, although requiring a considerable amount of physical strength and exertion, is performed by the women. The girls, we are told, "will not admit that the work is too heavy for them, and to see them handling 4.5 inch shell bodies on the large combination lathes without using mechanical assistance or the labourers provided by the firm, is a great pleasure."

It is not pretended, of course, that the women are capable of doing the work of a skilled engineer who has served an apprenticeship of six or seven years and is familiar with the construction and working of many different kinds of machines. No one expects anything of the kind, but they have acquired sufficient skill to operate one particular machine and to do one special branch of work with a celerity and efficiency which has astonished even expert mechanics. The demand for munitions on all the fronts is enormous, altogether without precedent in the history of warfare, and men as well as women will be called on to supply the needs of the allied armies. Mr. Asquith, speaking on the munitions difficulty on September 9th, of last year, said :

"If the women step in, and if, as I hope and believe will be the case, no hindrance will be put in their way, either by the employers or the men, we ought to make, and I believe we shall make, gigantic, and at the same time, rapid strides in the solution of one of our most pressing problems."

Of the willingness of the women to "step in" there can be no manner of doubt, and the assurance of the Government that the trade unionists will not suffer by the temporary relaxation of their regulations should be sufficient to avert any threatened trouble in that quarter. There is a very large reserve of women workers who are not engaged in work essential to victory, and if this supply of labour is adequately organised, there should be no difficulty in securing a satisfactory solution of the munitions problem.

WOMEN AS CAR-CONDUCTORS AND TICKET-COLLECTORS.

Women's invasion of the sphere of labour usually reserved for the sterner sex has not been confined to the making of munitions. When recruiting on a great scale began, there was soon in many industries a marked scarcity of labour. Young men forsook the plough for the drill-hall; lads behind the counter laid down the "ellwand" and took up the rifle instead, and in every department of industry the flower of the nation's manhood forsook the arts of peace and began to prepare for the grimmer work of the trenches. Again there came a call for the women to take the places of the men who have gone to the front, and in this case, too, the response has been remarkable. In the early morning one's letters will be delivered by a neatly-uniformed young woman instead of by the familiar postman. If one travels to work by tram-car, the tickets will be checked and punched by a woman conductor or, if one has occasion to use the train instead, the tickets will, in all probability, be collected by an alert and smart-looking young woman. Hurrying through the street one may even have to dodge a motor car driven by a lady chauffeur, and when one arrives at a place of business it is not at all improbable that a bright-faced young girl will have taken the place of the ordinary lift-boy. Clerical work too has been passing into the hands of the women, and more than one important business establishment to-day has a staff composed almost wholly of women clerks. Women as ticket-collectors, car-conductors, chauffeurs, clerks, and even as gardeners and farm-workers—such is the extraordinary transformation that has taken place in the industrial life of Britain during the past fifteen months.

It is true that the employment of women in some of the occupations mentioned is not by any means a new thing. Women farm-workers, for example, were fairly numerous in certain parts of Scotland and in the north of England, but there has been a very considerable increase in their number since the outbreak of the war. At clerical work, too, women had previously proved their efficiency.

although there was on the part of many employers of labour a stubborn bar of prejudice which the war crisis in industrial life has effectively broken down. Occasionally, too, one might have seen in remote rural districts a robust countrywoman going the daily round delivering and collecting letters, but it is not until very recently that the post-woman has become a fairly familiar figure even in large towns, notably in the Metropolis. On the other hand, it would have been almost possible before the war to have counted the women railway workers on the fingers of one hand, while women car-conductors were, I think, wholly unknown.

As car-conductors women have proved a conspicuous success. At the conference of the Municipal Tramways' Association held in London last summer, it was stated that there were 1,700 women engaged in traffic work alone in the tramways. Since that time the number has been increased by at least fifty per cent., in all probability it has been nearly doubled, and there is every indication that the number will be materially increased in the near future. Mr. J. Dalrymple, the general manager of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways, stated that he had had 12,000 applications for situations. At present Glasgow employs 818 women conductors. Under the auspices of the department there is a school, with a ticket-inspector as teacher, where the women are instructed in their various duties. Every pupil has to go through the order of inquiring the destination, issuing and punching the tickets, and calling out the names of the stations. The remainder of the women sit round on forms as passengers. A further period of training on the cars, under the supervision of a male conductor, follows, and in the course of eight days or thereby they were deemed qualified to take full charge of the cars. The influence of the women, even on the "roughest and toughest" routes, declared the manager, was all for the good, and they could handle unruly men better than the male conductors. It was, in fact, the unanimous opinion of the conference that women conductors were a great success, and when a delegate said there was no suggestion to employ women as motor

men, there were cries of "Why not?" It is more than doubtful whether such an extension of women's work on the cars would be advisable. The task of driving a tram-car through crowded streets demands not only care and skill, but also a considerable amount of physical strength. So far as the conducting of the cars is concerned, however, the women have assuredly justified the confidence that was placed in them.

On both the English and Scottish railways an increasingly large number of women are being employed, as ticket-collectors and porters. Their duties, of course, include only the lighter and less dangerous branches of railwaymen's work. They have neither obtained an entry into the signal box nor encroached on the footplate, but as cleaners of carriages and in loading and unloading the lighter kinds of luggage, and as ticket-collectors, they have proved their general usefulness, and the officials speak well of them. When this work was first thrown open to the women of Glasgow the wage was 14s. a week. Since then it has been advanced to 17s. with a "war bonus" of 2s. weekly.

To the other departments of "war work" with which women have identified themselves it is only possible to refer briefly. It has been computed that an army of 100,000 women have taken the places of the men in England and Scotland who have gone to the war; accurate statistics are not available, but the number mentioned is probably, if anything, an under-estimate. In almost every branch of industrial life where there has been a temporary shortage of men, women have been offering their services. A considerable number of Scottish women teachers spent their hard-earned summer holiday at berry-picking. In the south of England several groups of young women left college and university to take part in hop-picking. Their number was augmented by several women of the professional classes, organised by the National Political League and working under the National Land Council. These hop-pickers were engaged on piece work and earned from 12s. to 16s., or perhaps occasionally as much as 20s. a week. Similar groups of women were

also trained and sent out to take their share in every-day rural work—milking, dairying and general farm work. It must be confessed that the British farmers did not look enthusiastic over the scheme, sharing perhaps the suspicion of the Countess of Warwick that some of the “war-workers” were scarcely the type of women who would be of much use at real hard work. Naturally the women workers whom the farmers preferred were those familiar with rural life—the daughters of agricultural labourers and country tradesmen, and hundreds of this class have rendered yeoman service in the hay-field, at harvest work, at potato-lifting, at turnip-singling and similar tasks. Both in England and Scotland, however, a woman at the plough is still a sufficiently rare spectacle to be regarded as one of the “ferlies” of the countryside.

To this little army of war-workers must be added the thousands of women and girls who have been engaged ever since the outbreak of the war in making the khaki uniforms of our soldiers. By night as well as by day the combs and looms of the big worsted factories have been turning out khaki cloth not merely by the thousand, but by the million yards. Other factories have been equally busy making “army blankets,” bags, materials for tents, and the hundred-and-one other requisites for provisioning the greatest armies which the world has ever seen equipped for war. Even in normal times, however, such work is almost wholly done by women, and the enormous demand for the class of war-material referred to has not involved any departure from the usual industrial methods.

WHAT THE WOMEN OF FRANCE HAVE DONE.

It must not be assumed from what has been said that the women of England and Scotland are displaying a greater zeal and enthusiasm than their sisters across the Channel. That is not the case. The spirit of the Maid who once marched on Orleans still lives in the hearts of the women of France. In France, too, when the soldier laid down his civilian duties and shouldered his musket, the burden was cheerfully taken up by the women. Even

before the women of Scotland had mastered the "bell-punch," women were conducting the cars and selling tickets on the tramways of Paris and other large towns in France. In other departments of life a similar transformation was taking place, and for more than a year now the lady chauffeur has been a familiar figure in France. Practically the whole business life of Paris and other large French towns is in women's hands. As for the peasant women, theirs has ever been an arduous life, and the war has added another heavy burden of labour. Two harvests have been reaped, largely through their efforts, and the work of the farm has been carried on even with the cannon roaring in the distance. The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:

"This year, as in the past, there is, in the whole of France, outside the zone of their armies, scarcely a patch of land, where cultivation is possible, that has not been cultivated. In the greater part of the zone of the armies, the work of getting in the crops and ploughing and sowing fields has been accomplished, while right up on the fighting line, only a mile or so from the Germans, a certain amount of agricultural labour has been done. . . . Much of the work, of course, has been done by women and children. In Champagne I have seen the women in their picturesque sun-bonnets working among the vines well within the range of the German shell. It was largely, thanks to the women, that the unhopèd-for harvest of 80,000,000 quintals of corn was gathered in in 1914 despite the invaders, while the vintage produced 62 million hectolitres of wine—17 millions more than in 1913."

Nor should it be forgotten that it was the agricultural efforts of the women of Serbia that saved their land from famine. Both in Italy and Russia the woman at the plough is a familiar figure. There is less direct information about what the women of Germany have been doing since the outbreak of the war; but it is evident that beyond the Rhine, too, full advantage is being taken of the big reserve of female labour. The "war work" of the German women has ranged from sweeping the streets, loading the refuse on the carts and labouring in the fields,

to collecting tickets on the railway and taking the place of the Kaiser's conscript soldiers in the offices and factories. The *Vorwärts*, the official organ of the Social Democrats, states that, according to official statistics, 400,000 more women have been employed in the factories of Germany than during the corresponding half-year of 1914.

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER.

This abnormal influx of women workers into industrial life raises several vitally important questions. Will woman keep her new place in industry after the war is over? Is it in the interests of the physical welfare of the race that she should do so? What effect will the employment of women have on the wages of the men when they lay aside the rifle and the bayonet and return to the plough and the factory? These are questions which are already arousing a good deal of attention both in Britain and in Germany. British trade unionists speak in sullen tones of the menace of women workers, and the *Vorwärts* declares that many of the women in the factories are worked night and day, and that the question of their health is a serious one for the future of the country. It also complains that the profits of the contractors are swelled by lower payments being made to the women for the same amount of work, and that this will ultimately have the effect of lowering wages for men in Germany. All that sounds just like an echo of the speeches of some of our British trade unionists!

So far as this country is concerned, I think the fears of the men are, to a large extent, groundless, though not wholly so. It is scarcely to be expected, for example, that women will retain their positions in the engineering works to any great extent after the war is over. Apart altogether from any Government promise to the trade unionists that they will not suffer by the relaxation of their rules during the war, it must be borne in mind that the making of shells is presumably not going to be continued at high pressure after peace has been established. Shell-making in normal times is merely an incidental

branch of engineering work, and the ordinary duties of the mechanics demand, not only a high degree of skill, but also a considerable amount of hard physical labour. A few minor jobs might continue to be done by women workers, but it can scarcely be pretended that they will ever become serious competitors with skilled engineers.

Some of the other occupations to which I have referred are, however, eminently suitable for women and girls. There is no reason, for example, why they should not continue to act as car-conductors; and the women ticket-collectors might well become "permanent institutions" on the British railways. These are occupations which are perfectly suitable for women—much more so than many of the tasks at which they must earn their bread in the factories and curing-yards. Even at farm-work there are many little tasks that a woman's nimble fingers can do much better than the clumsier hands of the agricultural labourer; and both farm-work and gardening—given reasonably humane conditions—are much healthier and pleasanter occupations than the ordinary drudgery of the factory.

In the report on Women and War-Work submitted to the Economic Section of the British Association it was stated that the extra employment of women was regarded in the main as a temporary measure. The investigators found that "employers almost unanimously state that it is their intention to take back those of their former employees who return after the war." It was assumed, however, that many soldiers will not desire to return to their former occupations, so that it might be anticipated that "after the war the proportion of women in industry will be greater than before, and the competition of men and women will increase." That I think is inevitable. In many cases, no doubt, the young men now fighting in the trenches may return, like Cincinnatus, to the planting of cabbages, but there are others who will prefer a more adventurous life, and will refuse to settle down to the hum-drum round which they abandoned at the "call of the drum." In certain industries, too, the extra employment of women will probably be necessary long after the

last shot has been fired, as there will be "an enormous demand for commodities and equipment to make up for the ravages of the war." That was the conclusion arrived at by the investigators of the British Association, and it is, I think, a fairly sound one. All this lends strength to the view that woman's invasion of "fresh woods and pastures new" will not end with the war, but that in industrial life as well as in professional life, her sphere of usefulness will be widened and her position improved as a result of the social upheaval occasioned by the war.

WILLIAM DIACK.

Scotland

MY WESTERN WINDOW.

THE name over which I write is much more to me than a mere *nom de plume* to conceal identity. When I think of "my western window" I have no house of stone or lime in mind, for of such a house I have never yet been the proud possessor. I have never even had a rented house of my own. Once, indeed, for a period of twelve months I lived in a house which, in a certain sense, might have been called mine, but I am bound to confess that in all my wandering, homeless life, I never was so utterly without a home as I was then. The responsibility of ownership sat so heavily upon me that I was robbed of all the pleasures that are supposed to make ownership desirable. During that year I spent as much of my time as possible out of doors, for I found it irksome beyond description to keep house in either sense of the term.

It is then clear that the house, whose western window I wish to write about, is not of stone and lime, nor of brick nor wood, nor indeed of any material substance whatever. And yet I cannot call it, as at first I was inclined to call it, a house of dreams, for it is to me the most real thing in the world. It is wonderfully situated, this house of mine, strangely designed, and peculiarly built. It is a moveable house and comes with me wherever I go. In fact, now that I think of it, I live in my house and carry it with me, in much the same way as a tortoise lives in and carries its shell. I and my house are really one, although I am compelled to separate the two in thought. At present it is situated on the sloping ascent of a high mountain whose summit seems to reach the sky, and whose

base, for aught I know, reaches down to the nether abyss. The summit is snow-capped, and the ascent thereto, though steep, is not inaccessible, but there is no pathway leading straight or zig-zagging up to the summit. The mountain is still unclimbed nor can pathway be made by any foot but mine. The name of the mountain, if you are curious to know, is *Life* and the snow-clad summit that dazzles the eye when the sun shines full upon it is called *Fruition*.

My house has an eastern aspect and thus looks up to the long lone mountain. The view towards the east is, on the whole, a pleasant one. There are, no doubt, bare bleak stretches of sand, but when the sun shines upon them, each grain of sand resembles dust of gold and each pebble sparkles like a polished diamond. There are also frowning rocks and yawning gorges, but there are so many beautiful trees surrounding them that in the distance they can scarcely be discerned by the naked eye. There are green grassy glades that invite one to rest, there are murmuring rills and sparkling fountains, and the side of the mountain is pleasantly clad with trees, and inhabited by birds that sing in their branches. Of course the sun does not always shine, and the prospect differs with change of weather. Sometimes clouds obscure the view, sometimes rain or sleet or pelting hail come sweeping down the mountain, and then the outlook is somewhat dreadful. To the south of the snow-capped summit there is a gap in the mountain through which on very clear days I can see from my upstairs window away into a world beyond. How much I owe to that gap and the glimpses it affords me of worlds away, beyond at the back of the mountain! I do not always see the gap, much less see through and beyond it, for there are days and weeks together when impenetrable mist envelops the mountain. But on clear mornings when the mists have rolled away it often seems to me that I have climbed to the rim of this world and can see away across immeasurable gulfs of space to other worlds that have never yet come within the range of the astronomer's vision, or as if I were looking away beyond time's horizon upon the panorama of eternity.

Every time I see through that gap I feel that for the time being I have snapped all the bonds that bind me, and have pushed out all the boundary walls that surround and confine me. The name of that gap is *Hope*, a name with which you are no doubt familiar. My eastward view is on the whole, then, magnificent and impressive. The vastness of the mountain, its solemn grandeur, its imposing stateliness, its snow-clad peak dazzling in the sunshine—all these are impressive, but the dread mystery of it when it is enveloped in fog—that is simply indescribable.

How different the view from the western window of which I want to write! The back of my house faces the west, and the western wall is penetrated by a solitary window, which admits the light to a pleasant little room in which I love to spend the evening. West of my house there is a stream which, gathering volume from many tributaries as it goes, flows into the abyss at the base of the mountain. The western window commands a full view of that stream whose colour changes with the play of light upon it, and with the condition of the weather in the vicinity of my house. Sometimes the stream is lovely, now olive coloured, and now dark green. When the setting sun shines full upon it, it looks like polished gold, and in the moonlight it resembles a stream of molten silver. But when rain falls and a storm rages round my house, it grows sullen and turbid, and at times becomes a raging cataract, muddy, noisy and angry. Sometimes it affords me supreme delight and at other times it terrifies and unnerves me. The name of the stream is *Memory*.

This stream and the abyss into which it flows are periodically haunted. Perhaps they are always haunted, but it is only in the evening after sunset, and only at the season of the new moon that the diabolical ghosts that haunt them play their most hideous pranks. Of course it is in the evening that one naturally wants to look through a western window. Then one wants to see the golden sun go gently down, to see the glory of the departing day with its afterglow, to see the rich variety of nature's genius as day by day she puts forth new creations that far outstrip anything the most versatile human mind can

MY WESTERN WINDOW

conceive or the most skilful human hand execute. One wants to see nature's inexhaustible resources, and her inimitable skill in mixing colours, and above all to see her lavish expenditure of all that is most excellent, and the more than regal generosity with which she throws open her gallery of priceless masterpieces to all alike, careless of appreciation, content with the silent praise of excellency. To see all these things one wants to look out through his western window at eventide. But as I have said, the scene upon which my western window looks is haunted by the most hideous of ghostly shapes. No sooner has the sun sunk below the horizon, no sooner has the crescent of the new moon appeared in the western sky, before the stars begin to peep, then thousands of spectres arise from the haunted stream like mist from some tropical swamp. They make the most ugly grimaces, dance a hideous dance, and give utterance to the most fearsome and unearthly noises. I have seldom, if indeed ever yet, met the man who, on such nights, is brave enough to look through that window unmoved. Without laying myself open to the charge of cowardice I unhesitatingly say I cannot bear to look upon the scene. It is no use telling me to go forth like a man and "lay" these spectres; they are illusive and impenetrable. During the seasons when I know the stream is haunted I seldom go into my western room after sunset. If by any chance I should go in, I never fail to pull down the blind. But a strange thing is that I have never yet discovered any means of keeping the blind permanently drawn. If I stand and with my own hand hold it down it is all right, but as soon as I relax my hold upon it, or go and lie down in my easy-chair to meditate, it creeps slowly and imperceptibly up, so that when I open my eyes I look out upon the haunted scene. Oh! what would I not give to the ingenious man who could contrive some means of keeping that blind permanently drawn; for I love my western room, but alas! these grinning spectres that hover over the stream spoil my peace of mind, not only during the season when they are there in force, but for many nights afterwards. To-night I am haunted, to-morrow night I shall remember

I was haunted, and the third night I may dream of it. Perhaps you would like to know the names of these spectres that haunt the stream called *Memory* upon which my western window looks. I cannot tell you the names of them all, but here are some of the chief: *Regrets, Disappointments, Irreparable Mistakes, Lost Opportunities*. These are but a few of them, but they are among the chief of that hideous crew, and I fancy you are not altogether unfamiliar with their names.

I have written of the distant view. Just outside my window is a little garden planted with different kinds of shrubs and flowers. The planting of it and the tending of it has been the chief pleasure of my life. If you look you will see that many of the flowers and shrubs are common, just such as you will find in any garden, but a few are rare, especially my evergreens, and it is of these rare, uncommon specimens I feel proud. One rare plant that is difficult to cultivate gives more real pleasure when it takes root and grows than a dozen ordinary plants that may be found in the hedgerows. But if you look again you will see that some of my rare evergreens are beginning to wither and one or two that occupy a central and conspicuous place are dead. I have not removed them from their places, for I entertained hopes that with the spring they would revive, but they seem quite dead. Why they withered and died after having flourished so well for a while, I do not know. Perhaps the climate is unfavourable, for the nights are chilly. Perhaps they have not been tended with sufficient care, for it is not always easy to remember how sensitive some plants are, and how they may be quite destroyed by digging about them or by pruning them. Or it may be that some secret enemy, some cankerworm or some parasite is at work. I do not know. I cannot explain it. I only know some of my most prized evergreens upon which I laboured with care have withered, and my very best one is dead, and with them has largely died my interest in gardening. That haunted stream does not trouble me more on the night of the new moon when I see it through my window than do these faded plants when I look at them through

the window by day. What are these withered evergreens? They are *Broken Friendships* and *Lost Love*, names with which I trust you are not familiar.

Do you wonder now that I like to draw down the blind of my western window? I cannot bear to look through it. Therefore I rise early on clear mornings and look out through the eastern windows upon the long ascent, the snow-crowned summit, and away through the open gap to the fair land of promise. With my mind thus occupied I am able, to some extent, to forget the spectral forms that haunt the stream of memory and the withered evergreens that disfigure my western garden.

Rajkot.

A WANDERER.

ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

A STORY OF STRANGE MEETINGS.

I.

AFTER THE MOTHERS' MEETING.

NOT so much as a whispered allusion to yesterday's sensation had been permitted. Under the sharp eye of the lady cutter-out, supervisor and reader, these meek matrons had remained automatic. True, that a stifled yawn, a furtive glance at the clock and nudging of the nearest elbow bespoke impatience. Except for occasional little breaks—the inspection of a baby's pinafore or of a boy's shirt—only the reader's voice was heard. And heard so drearly, so entirely without interest! Yet the story-book belonged to a category of beloved writers, mostly authoresses whose novels abound in love-making and always end well. An unhappy *dénouement*, the final severance of devoted lovers, under ordinary circumstances would have kept these hard-working wives and mothers awake at night, a tetchy baby not more so. On this particular afternoon none cared a straw for hero or heroine. The two hours' routine for once seemed a penance. With what juvenile alacrity did all jump up when the rector's hall-clock chimed five, how lightning-like were pocketed scissors, hussies—as the oldest present still called their needle-cases—bees' wax, and spectacles. How Epicurean their smiles as they filed off to the maids' parlour there to be regaled with strong tea, hot cakes—and to regain the privilege of speech! Nor were the ladies less eager for release from self-imposed bonds. "Never, fortunately, was such a thing heard of in this town," pathetically sighed Mrs. Shergold, the ex-rectoress and President of the monthly assemblage.

"Say instead, never *unfortunately*," sharply put in Mrs. De Lacy Gee, moneyed widow of a rich Squire, whose one object in life was to keep hardened philanthropists at bay. "Would you believe it, ladies," here she shot almost a vicious glance at some present, "incredible as it may seem, for the very first time since my dear husband's will was proved six months ago, twenty-four whole hours have passed without a single call on me by the—so-called benevolent."

"I perfectly agree with Mrs. De Lacy Gee, but on quite other grounds, the worse for me," cried Miss Bannerett, an admirable type of George Macdonald's "sweet little woman of fifty." "Anyhow, we have something to talk about more interesting than the east winds."

Had the words been pointed they were not so taken.

"Ah! these March winds," almost groaned out a fourth speaker, Miss Comber, this time no dapper little spinster like the other, but a somewhat freezingly good woman. "Not so easily forgotten when in one's bones, Miss Bannerett! And for my own part, the girl not belonging to my own set, I cannot take much interest in her fate——"

"Well, Miss Comber," roughly interrupted a jolly matron, "I suppose it would upset you a bit to learn that the poor thing had been murdered?"

Next to the ex-rectoress, the rector's wife being perpetually engaged with her yearly recurrent baby, Mrs. Thompson was the great parochial authority. Wife of the churchwarden, a flourishing butcher, both devoted church-workers, she was always invited to the drawing-room tea following a Mothers' Meeting. Between the very stand-off Miss Comber and the worthy tradeswoman there was invariably a little sparring. So much did the former plume herself upon belonging to the ranks of gentility that she had returned Mark Rutherford's latest novel to the Pier librarian with the remark: "I cannot possibly interest myself in an ironmonger's daughter, the heroine."

"Murders are always shocking of course," was her tartly superior reply, "but of almost daily occurrence, and we cannot cry our eyes out concerning folks read of in the newspapers."

"I don't know about that," Mrs. Thompson retorted, "never under any circumstances to be put down. I shouldn't like to be murdered myself, nor I s'pose Miss Comber would either."

A second rebuff was cut short by what always occasioned a mild thrill in these feminine divans, namely, the intrusion of the masculine element. A sprinkling always infused animation, it seemed a whiff from an outer world, especially on George Macdonald's "sweet little women of fifty," in this place well represented, did the charm work.

"Ah! here comes the rector, he is sure to know something," ejaculated Miss Comber in a voice of relief.

However much the other sex may be criticised in novels or decried in real life, one attribute is willingly accorded every son of Adam. Men are always sure to know something! These favoured beings, and these only, have the key of the human arcana, are beyond question the depositories of its inmost secrets.

Now the ex-rectoress's son-in-law, Mr. Cyril Ashley, was the reverse of a know-all, indeed outside a Mothers' Meeting he would probably pass for the unknowingest among the unknowing. But he was a traditional authority; like the Pope he wore a triple crown, in other words, exercised theological, moral and social jurisdiction throughout his domain. No up-to-date ecclesiastic was the incumbent of St. Timothy's. Artless as the homilies of lay Methodists on the beach o' Sundays was his preaching. But it suited his audience to a T. On the foregoing Sunday had he not drawn copious tears from penitents of both sexes by a funeral sermon? Therein he had described the death-bed repentance of an aged parishioner, his haunting offence being two motor-trips on the Sabbath!

After shaking hands all round, the reverend gentleman sank wearily into an arm-chair and accepted a cup of tea. That tired-out look was natural enough in the father of twelve children, all living and enjoying excellent appetites.

"We are dying with impatience, Mr. Ashley," began Mrs. De Lacy Gee. "Is it really true she vanished as if the earth had swallowed her up?"

His answer was a melancholy gesture of acquiescence.

"And the fortune she has—I won't as yet say—had—just come into, for quite a fortune it is to a young woman so circumstanced, a poor, friendless lady's companion. Any news of that?"

This time the lady got an equally depressing shake of the head.

"I suppose you don't happen to know, Sir, how much money she is supposed to have had about her when she left the house?" Mrs. Thompson ventured to ask.

Just then, before the rector had time to answer, another visitor was announced, his unexpected arrival being vociferously greeted. Now, indeed, everyone present felt that suspense would be put an end to and curiosity more than gratified.

In these early George Fifthian days, Dr. Winterbottom, time-honoured practitioner and medical officer of health, may already be described as a survival, indeed he was next door to a curio. Still adhering to the silk hat and frock coat, also the bedside air of former days; his grey-haired coachman, shabby Victoria and aged nag, being of a piece with their master. Outwardly, indeed, the doctor had nothing in common with his engaging contemporaries of a later generation, one and all looking like so many country squires as impeccably tailored, a smart chauffeur in top boots beside them, they fly like despatch riders in their motor cars.

The good old doctor retained another obsolete but genial characteristic. He was a perambulating newsletter, a walking chronicle, the greatest gossip in the place. His patients could feel mathematically assured on one point. He might not cure their dropsy or sciatica, he would quite certainly enliven their spirits with the latest tit-bit of news or scandal. Ah! those good old antediluvian doctors. One never heard the words, neurotic or neurasthenic, during the much-abused but wholesome Victorian *régime*. Our old practitioners had a better card up their sleeves than scientific nostrums or hypnotism. They knew that the world is made up of grown-up children, from cradle to grave agog as bantlings for old wives' tales and neighbours' goings-on.

"Well, doctor," asked Mrs. De Lacy Gee, Mrs. Thompson giving way to the moneyed *doyenne* of the place. "Now what about this extraordinary affair? Any news of the runaway? The police at work?"

Glancing at the appetizingly laden tea-table and smiling with the consciousness of an authority more than able to satisfy all demands, Dr. Winterbottom cleared his throat. "A my... when he chose and a bit of a wag to boot; a well-known fact made his listeners understand that he was in no hurry."

"An extraordinary affair and in certain respects more extraordinary than any event I ever heard of. On my word, I am here confounded, for once flabbergasted, at a dead loss, on my beam ends!"

"Good gracious, doctor, you don't mean to say that she has hanged herself with her"—garters—was on the lady's lips, just in time she substituted the more decorous words, "motor veil?"

"Humph! ma'am, that would be a conclusive end of the matter, a long-stop as cricketers say. Just a police enquiry, an inquest and a case of *felo de se*, suicide whilst of unsound mind, the whole affair forgotten before the week is out. But to day we are all faced with an unprecedented situation. A young lady just puts on her hat and gloves and in broad daylight sets out, as she says, to do a little shopping, and—ahem! No trace to be heard of her and what is even more bewildering, nobody cares to go to the expense of an investigation!"

The doctor's news or rather death of news came like a thunderbolt. Everyone was dumbfounded.

"How terrible to think that a person we drank tea with only two days ago, we should never see or probably hear of again," Miss Comber at last said with a deep sigh. One might have supposed she was alluding to a bosom friend.

"My dear young lady," interposed the doctor, for unlike the rest of the world he was always amiable enough to antedate rather than forestall anniversaries. "how many individuals there are we should all be delighted never to see or hear of again!"

"Tea is served if you please ma'am," said the spick and span parlour-maid to Mrs. Shergold.

Whereupon rector and doctor sprang to their feet, doing their best to make up for want of more youthful civilities, and for the moment mild conviviality reigned. Miss Carisbroke's oddly fallen windfall in the shape of a fortune and disappearance, were forgotten.

(To be Continued)

HINDU-MUSLIM RELATIONS

IN 1871 the late Dr. W. W. Hunter discussed in a book a question which sounds remarkable and strange at the present day, namely, whether Indian Musalmans are "bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen!" He asserted and claimed to have established two great facts—a standing rebel camp on the Frontier, and a chronic conspiracy within the Empire, and it appears that for nine months the newspapers in Bengal were engaged in discussing the question which sounds so singular in our ears. However, the point was seriously raised, and the opinions of learned Moulvis were obtained. The decision was that "the Indian Musalmans are bound by their law to live peaceably under the British rule." Dr. Hunter added the proviso that "the obligation continued only so long as we performed our share of the contract and respected their rights and spiritual privileges." He then proceeded to examine the various grievances put forward in the newspapers and in formal petitions to Government, and admitted the justice of some and denied the truth of others. Several of these grievances are now quite forgotten, while others exist, but it is more and more recognised that the remedy lies in the hands of the Musalmans themselves. Thus the Muslims are said to have accused the Government of having "closed every honourable walk of life to professors of their creed," because the admission to these walks was possible only through a system of education which was more readily accepted by the Hindus than by the Musalmans. The "share of power and of the emoluments of government which had been almost monopolised" by the latter under the Moghul Empire, and other advantages of life, passed visibly into

the hands of Hindus, and it appears that the discontent engendered by this turn in the wheel of fortune made the community, in the opinion of all officials from the Viceroy downwards, "a source of permanent danger to the Empire." A change of policy was advocated, and whether as a result of that change or otherwise, the mutual confidence established between the Government on the one hand and the community on the other gradually improved, until when the National Congress was started mostly by Hindus, and the Musalmans started their own independent, if not altogether rival, organisations, many officials began to think that the Muslims were the more loyal and reliable of the two great communities. This opinion must have been confirmed by the rise of anarchism in Bengal among Hindus and its influence in other provinces, chiefly in the same community. The Musalmans of India, however, are not as isolated from the rest of the world as are the Hindus, and whenever the fortunes of their co-religionists elsewhere are adversely affected by strained relations with Christian nations, the effect of the course of history in other parts of the world on the attitude of Indian Muslims gives rise to curious and suspicious enquiries, and questions are asked in the British Parliament to find out whether the officials here are awake or are nodding. The Secretary of State, of course, replies that nobody ever heard of the Himalayan gods closing their eyes in sleep: if they ever close them, they do so only in meditation. It seems to be the general opinion now that elements of danger may exist in either of the great communities, but neither can be suspected as "a permanent danger to the Empire." And, indeed, it would be foolish to express distrust of any community as a whole.

Was there ever a nation that had no grievance to be redressed by its Government? Can anyone undertake to say that the days of conspiracies are past, or that political fanaticism is less dangerous than religious fervour?

Hunter laid down certain maxims which, as they have recently acted upon, seem to embody perennial

He wrote that in the first place an attempt to suppress conspiracies by wholesale prosecutions, without

enquiring into the causes of discontent, would only fan the zeal of fanatics and array on their side the sympathies of the more sober sections of the population, and therefore the necessary enquiries must be made and the "distempered class must be segregated without the slightest feeling of resentment, but with absolute strength." This was Lord Morley's famous policy of "rallying the moderates." When the causes of disaffection are not formulated, as in the case of the mysterious anarchists, the precept about avoiding resentment may demand the psychological attributes of a Yogi. However, there may be fanaticism in putting down fanaticism, and in theory, at least, it may be possible to imagine a line between sagacity and want of tact. Secondly, Dr. Hunter wrote that, though an enquiry into causes of discontent would be conducted with more dignity and gracefulness before pressure was brought to bear from without, nevertheless, it would be mischievous vanity to allow such considerations to delay justice, where injustice was fairly obvious. This precept was illustrated by Lord Morley's policy and has been even more conspicuously acted upon by H. E. Lord Hardinge. One result of acknowledging that it is never inopportune to rectify a wrong is that even the war does not suspend a discussion of controversial political questions outside the legislative councils. Many of the Bombay Musalmans were unwilling to hold a meeting of the Moslem League during Christmas, while their co-religionists of northern India were in favour of following the example of the National Congress. The dispute was settled at a private conference under the presidency of H. E. Lord Willingdon. The reason of His Excellency's presence at such a conference probably was that certain newspapers had attributed the opposition to the proposal of the northerners to official inspiration and the head of the presidency wished to show in a practical manner that his government apprehended no danger from the legitimate exercise of their rights by the Moslems of his province.

A more important and abiding result of the policy of treating the Hindu and the Musalman demands

in the same spirit,* and lending an equally ready ear to both, has been that the two communities are coming more and more to perceive, not only the harmlessness, but the utility of pursuing their common ends in harmony with each other. The personal influence of certain Muslim leaders in bridging the gulf between the two communities cannot, indeed, be ignored or undervalued, but besides the personal factor, the trend of events both in India and in other countries, and the Government's declared policy of discountenancing rivalries and deprecating the danger to the public peace therefrom, have given a new direction to the political activities of educated Musalmans. Right up to Lord Minto's time they were in the habit of emphasizing their separate interests more than the general interests represented by the National Congress, and their demand of special electorates marked the acme of their distrust of acquiescence in the reforms advocated by what has been called the Hindu Congress. Their separate interests are indeed watched by the Moslem League. According to Dr. Hunter, the Musalmans of Bengal "with one consent spurned the instruction of idolators through the medium of the language of idolatory," and to this day the demand for instruction in schools by Muslim teachers, through Urdu or other vernaculars specially favoured by their community, is put forward with unabated persistence, even where the Musalmans speak the same language in their homes as their Hindu fellow-subjects. The comparison between the loaves and fishes of Government Service and of the rewards of public life that fall to the lot of the two communities, is carried on with the same vigilance as it was forty-five years ago. Nevertheless, a large number of Musalman leaders feel that, not by clogging the movements of their more agile brethren, but by trying to march with them are the interests of their community advanced along with those of others. The Hindus constitute the majority of the population, and when their educated spokesmen ask for a concession, the possible negative circumstance of Musalmans not having actively co-operated with them in sufficient numbers would not justify a refusal, as long

as that concession is of advantage to both communities ; and when that is granted, every community that has reaped the benefit is bound to thank those who have laboured to secure it. The concessions demanded by the National Congress are, many of them, of more or less equal benefit to all communities, and when the Government is disposed to grant them, it would be ungracious for the Moslem League to belittle the services and repudiate the aspirations of the more forward political thinkers and workers. Thus the League has adopted even the ideal of "colonial self-government," with a slight reservation. Certain writers are fond of speculating what would happen if that boon were granted now and the British were to retire immediately from India. Some are of opinion that the Hindu majority would sway the destinies of the whole nation, and others that the more virile Musalmans would lord it over the rest. Some are impressed by the heterogeneous composition of the Hindu community and the mutual antagonism between various castes, while Mr. J. C. Oman, for example, reminds them of the bitter animosities between Sunnis and Shiahls, and the various nationalities from which the Musalmans are drawn. If these speculations are ill-advised, they are also irrelevant, for no responsible leaders have hinted at the desirability of British withdrawal, nor have British statesmen threatened the country with so portentous an eventuality.

Those who have seriously thought of gradually working towards the ideal, and not merely recording it in resolutions, are confronted at the outset by the frequent broils to which certain Hindu and Mahomedan festivals give rise and the difference of opinion even between the educated leaders of the two communities on certain political questions. The attempts made to compose the differences have so far produced no tangible results. For the amicable settlement of the disputes which arise between the less educated sections, the Government of India was some time ago requested to consider the feasibility of appointing conciliation boards wherever necessary. The Local Governments consulted, pointed out the obvious difficulty of selecting arbitrators who would

be accepted by all parties and of ensuring obedience to the awards of the boards. This difficulty could not have been absent from the minds of the originators of the proposal: it is so patent. They do not seem to have been confident of the immediate success of the scheme, though in view of the infrequency of religious disputes between Hindus and Musalmans in the Native States, they might have hoped for beneficial results to accrue from the association of Indian leaders with the British officers who are called upon to settle the disputes. A more comprehensive and far-reaching object of the proposers of the scheme appears to have been to *educate* the communities gradually in the difficult task of compounding their differences—a kind of education without which self-government is not possible. Lord Ripon's famous Resolution on the extension of municipal self-government explained that the reform did not contemplate immediate and unqualified success of the experiment, but was intended to provide the necessary preliminary education to the people. In the same spirit are conceived some of the reforms recommended by Sir William Wedderburn and his school. The creation of advisory boards to assist district officers and the appointment of assessors to help income-tax collectors are among the suggestions of this school. While the promise of a fair measure of immediate success is undoubtedly a necessary recommendation of every reform, its educative value is, from the standpoint of the ideal of autonomy, even a greater recommendation. The official reply to the proposal in favour of conciliation boards for the settlement of religious disputes takes no note of the higher and more remote ambitions of those who are so troubled in their minds by the want of harmony between various sects, castes, and communities. Perhaps it is not within the province of local administrators to recognise and encourage those aspirations, and only a Secretary of State or a Viceroy may be competent to address himself to the delicate responsibility of countenancing far-reaching political ambitions. However, if conciliation boards are likely to be effective in pouring oil on troubled waters, it is open

to the National Congress and the Moslem League, and their branches in the provinces and districts, to appoint such boards, and if these be ready to act on their own initiative, will their assistance be spurned by the officers who are responsible for the maintenance of the public peace? Will not the appointment of such committees by the political organisations provide more valuable education in self-help than when the boards are officially brought into existence? Perhaps the experiment will be doubly educative.

H NARAINA RAO.

Bombay.

THE REED WARBLER.

I asked the quiet hills if they knew Peace—
The fair and beautiful who loved the wood?
That I might find her and my searchings cease,
I heard a whispering—they understood!

But what was meant only the dreamers know.
The shy reed-warbler sang that Peace was Christ;
I longed to tell you this some time ago,
For they, and we as well, must bide the tryst.

I thought I'd found it, wandering alone,
Where drifting lilies crown the leafy edge
Of that still pool, which like a moonstone shone
In the enamelled green of grass and sedge.

Long time I mused—then would the silence break—
So struck the waters, when from every breast
Came melody so sweet, my heart did ache
Because I could not follow it—nor rest.

But it had been! this soft ethereal song,
And stirred my spirit as a dream will sleep,
Would my soul sing if Christ should pass along?
I cannot think it would—thereat I weep.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE

Oxford.

RANGI'S WEIRD.

A TALE OF MAORILAND.

RANGI was drunk, but Rangi was glorious. Not that the drink made him so. It would rather have lessened his glory, if anything could; but nothing could. Nature had made him glorious. She must have been in an extravagant mood when she fashioned Rangi, for he was beautiful, as New Zealand half-castes sometimes are.

He was tall and straight, squarely but slimly built, lithe and graceful as a young tiger; and he had a face a god might envy. No wonder people turned to look again as he passed.

He came down the street with unsteady step, his hat rakishly askew, a smile on his lips, and there was a roguish twinkle in his eye, for he knew he would meet some more of his friends at the hotel.

As he turned the corner, a chorus of eager voices greeted him. They gathered round him, slapping him on the back, with "Hello, Rangi!" "How goes it, boy?" "How is Dandy?" "Come and have a drink, old chap?"

But with a graceful gesture he waved them aside.

"No, boys, no!" he said. "I've had enough already," and his manly voice was somewhat thick. He certainly had enough, and he knew it. It was a sign of their regard for him, that his friends urged him no more.

It was not a habit of his to take too much. He had met too many friends that day, for the town was already filling for the races.

"Besides," he continued, "I'm riding Dandy, and must get home. It is getting late. He is going to win his race to-morrow, boys, so put all your money on him. He can't lose, for he is as fit as I am."

They all laughed—Rangi was always so fit.

"I will go and bring him round and you can see for yourselves."

Presently he came again, leading a beautiful bay horse. Rangi was right when he said Dandy was fit; there was no doubt about that. Impatient to be off, the splendid creature stood arching his glossy neck and pawing the ground, his sensitive ears moving to and fro, his nostrils quivering. His skin shone like satin, and very proudly Rangi stroked his nose, talking gently to his favourite.

"Well, boys, what do you think of him?" he asked.

There were so many replies that Rangi got mixed, and the wine was making his head swim.

With a light, quick movement he sprang to the saddle, more at home there than anywhere.

"Look for me after the races to-morrow, boys, and we will have a merry night," he called back.

Many admiring eyes followed them as they went swinging along.

"By Jove, what a splendid pair of thoroughbreds they are!" one remarked. "It seems queer to call a half-caste a thoroughbred, but Rangi certainly is one, any way you like to take him."

He was right, for in all things Rangi was fine. His big noble nature looked out through his fearless eyes. No man had ever gone to him for aid and been refused. He was as lavish with his gold as with his smiles. Old and young, rich and poor alike, loved Rangi.

As he rode joyously along he met a little bare-footed boy. The little fellow suddenly threw up his hat, shouting "Hurray, Rangi, 'ray!" He always greeted Rangi thus. He never forgot the night—it was Christmas Eve—when he stood looking in the window of a toy-shop, longing for the toys he could not get. He was turning sorrowfully away when Rangi asked, "Well, my little man, what would you like?"

The child's eyes grew round, his cheeks flushed, his lips parted, but he did not speak. He had been taught never to ask for what he could not have.

In half an hour, excited and happy, he left the shop with his arms full. There was a lovely doll for his sister, a box of

kerchiefs for his mother, a pipe for his father, and for himself a beautiful little toy-engine.

As Rangi left him at the gate his little heart felt bursting with gratitude he could not express. All at once a thought occurred to him. Placing his treasures gently on the ground, he snatched off his hat, and throwing it high in the air, yelled at the top of his voice, "Hurray, Rangi, 'ray!" And ever afterwards, no matter when or where he met Rangi, he gave him that hearty greeting.

The smile lingered on Rangi's face. He felt unusually happy that evening. Life to him was like a song. It ran smoothly on with a joyous feeling; he was enjoying that ride, though he occasionally swayed a little from side to side in the saddle.

He knew he was one of Fortune's favourites, for from his Maori mother he had inherited considerable lands, so he was wealthy. Educated at college, his manners were gracious and courtly, making him a favourite wherever he went. He owned his motor car and race-horses, he had all he desired and not a care in the world—excepting one

Yes, there was one, and it was a secret trouble and shame to Rangi. He guarded it jealously, fearful lest it should be known. To no one had he ever mentioned it, excepting to his particular college chum and friend, an engine-driver.

Besides his wealth, he had inherited from his mother a great superstition. When a child she had told him many strange and dreadful tales of a monstrous wicked creature called Taipo, which haunted dark, deep places and devoured men. As Rangi grew older, this superstitious fear grew with him. It was in his blood, part of his being. His college education had left him quite unaltered in that respect. He had reasoned with it, fought with it, wrestled with it; but he could not conquer it. He hated it, and there were times when he despised himself for a coward. He was ashamed of it.

The evening shadows were growing lengthy, as he entered a long stretch of road, bounded on either side by wire fences, which curved sharply behind a big plantation.

Half way along the road he noticed something in a scuffle, which proved, on nearer approach, to be several dogs worrying a great black cat.

Rangi at once drew rein—he liked to see fair play. The

dogs were four to one, so the cat had no chance. There were no trees near for it to climb, no hedge to hide in, and the dogs could run the faster.

Stooping in the saddle, he tried to beat them off with his hat, but they were bent on a kill, and only grew more savage as the man interfered.

Rangi dared not stoop too far. His head was light, and, even as it was, he had some difficulty in regaining his upright position. As he righted himself, the horse suddenly reared, and plunged madly forward. Had Rangi been a less skilful horseman, he certainly would have lost his seat. With an effort he recovered himself, wondering what had frightened Dandy.

He could not know that the cat, divining a friend, sprang to the saddle behind him, one of its claws sinking deep in the horse's flank. He tried in vain to pacify his steed, and as he bent forward to pat its neck, he felt something crawl up his back to his shoulder.

Then his blood ran cold, the old fear caught him and held him in its vice-like grip. Fearfully turning his head, he caught a glimpse of what appeared in his muddled state to be a black head, gleaming teeth, great savage glaring eyes glowing green in the dusk, and claws sunk deep in his coat. Something in him seemed to give way—to snap.

With an unearthly yell of "The Taupo!" he jammed his heels in the horse's flank, and lashed his neck with the reins.

The beautiful creature, unused to such treatment, already in a frightened state, became terrified, and was soon quite beyond Rangi's control.

Along the road they flew like a whirlwind, and as they reached the plantation something loomed gigantic in the dusk and came throbbing round the corner.

It was a harvester's outfit--traction engine combine, chaff-cutter and cook-house. Above the throb of the engine, the driver had heard the hammering of those iron hoofs on the metal road.

"Look out you chaps!" he called to his men. "Something is going to happen!"

Three times he blew the whistle, but Rangi heard nothing. Mad with wine and terror, he rode straight to destruction.

The impact was terrific. There was an agonised scream from the horse, a dull sickening thud, a groan—and silence.

The engine stood still. With a quick unconscious gesture the engine-driver covered his eyes with a shaking hand, as if to shut out that dreadful picture. He had recognised Rangi whom he loved as a brother. When the driver could speak, he called to one of his men: "Run quick to the nearest house and telephone for a doctor!"

Then he went to where Rangi and the horse lay, a mangled, battered, shapeless mass, and as he bent over them, something black sprang forward and bounded into the plantation.

"God! What was that?" said one of the men. "Did he ride a race with the devil?"

Again the engine-driver covered his face with his hand. Something made him feel suddenly sick. On Rangi's beautiful face, ivory white now in death, there was stamped the most awful look of terror.

When the doctor had looked at Rangi, he said: "I can't understand it. He was such a magnificent rider, and could do what he liked with any horse, and there is frozen such a look of horror on his face as though he had gone mad. Can you tell me how it happened?"

The engine-driver shook his head. He felt crushed beneath the weight of something he could not understand, but which he divined Rangi had felt and vaguely understood. Almost he felt tempted to tell the doctor of Rangi's superstition, but—

"No," he said to himself. "No, Rangi, I will not tell. I kept your secret while you lived, and for your sake I will keep it still. No man shall know it from me."

There was no race meeting in the little town next day, but instead, a very impressive funeral, where white man and Maori, drawn together in one common sorrow, followed with mourning hearts and loving memories.

They buried him and his steed side by side on a little hill in the heart of his own property, and there a tall white tombstone marks the place where Rangi and his fears and his favourite lie for ever at rest.

JULIA SUTHERLAND.

Hawera, New Zealand.

FOR ANY SAD SOUL.

O smitten Soul, be comforted !
 God's Heart hath bled
 From thrists man's ancient Enemy
 Designed for thee.

O lonely Soul, be of good cheer !
 A Presence is so near
 That thy most gracious Company
 Thou can'st not see :
 But thou can'st feel
 The touch with power to heal
 All thine infirmity.

Rise up, O fainting Soul !
 Think of the Goal
 Beyond the cramping fence
 Of Time and Sense
 When, with thy last tired breath,
 Thou leap'st the barrier, Death,
 Thou in the Land of Vision then wilt be,
 Where thou wilt see
 The Loveliness
 Thou dost possess.

O most rich Soul,
 Now thou hast won thy Goal !
 For He, indeed, is thine
 Who saith : " All souls are Mine.

JEAN ROBERTSON

Oxford.

THE SILVER LINK.

A SOCIO-RELIGIOUS STORY.

PREFACE.

IT was the month of May in the year 1913 when I was sitting by my father's death-bed. It was a bright moonlit night, approaching dawn. I was watching with a vague sense the losing struggle which that noble soul was fighting with grim Death.

The whole period of twenty-three years, the period between the realisation of my senses and the present, was represented before me like a succession of pictures on a film. I realised with a pang that the happiness and kindness that I enjoyed were the outcome of my deeply-loved father's never-ceasing care, and that he who did so much was fighting an unaided, single-handed fight, and I was a powerless witness and I cursed my fate!

I came out into the verandah to cool my heated brain. My heart was going pit-a-pat. I thought of the instability of life, the fallacy of "this is mine, this is yours." I remembered the lines of an Indian poet: "O God, there is nothing that is mine, everything is Thine. Handing over Thine things to Thee, why should I feel anything?"

Then I realised the great truth, "The world is sad, everything in it is sad. Truth is sad, the great fundamental facts are not only sad but hideous." That is why nature tries to hide them in gay colours. Even the universal riddle can be explained precisely by sadness and nothing else. Take the history of Christianity, it is about the saddest thing in existence—God betrayed, outraged,

murdered by the Creatures of His own making, whom, with infinite compassion, He came down from heaven to save. Though lies are sad, truth is sad also; yet truth implying virtue, purity, honesty, is adorable, lies damnable all the same.

The noble soul rallied and grim Death hastened its retreat only to triumph a few months later.

But what a change! My father confined to bed, gave himself up to deep studies and when tired, I had to read *Savanorala* and *The Light of Asia* for him.

The sight of money became unpleasant to him and he exerted his utmost to cut off all earthly connections and tried to merge his thoughts in Him. We, in our idle moments, used to discuss various problems of this world and the other.

The present story is a result of this discussion as far as it lies in my power to narrate it. He used to say: "Organisms imbued with Moral Fitness would ultimately rise above those whose virtue is Physical."

If I have succeeded in illustrating this in *The Silver Link*, I am amply repaid. I may add that the story is purely a socio-religious one. May the day soon dawn when Religion becomes a synonym for Brotherhood, and men of all shade and creed stand on the same platform, just as so many children of Mother India for her glory and her fame!

CHAPTER I.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

O—OOO— O—OOO ! O—OOO ! Thrice shrilled the sacred conch-shell from a cottage in a small village at the base of the hoary Himalayas. It was a winter morning and the village men, mostly agriculturists, were sitting round the happy fire when that holy note set the calm and pure air vibrating. Some were startled, across the face of some a smile flickered, but everybody sat still, for they knew what that note meant. They were resuming the topic of their small world when a smart, neatly dressed young man came up and took his seat.

"Friends, what is that O—Oooing for?" he inquired.

"O Swamiji, thou art a stranger and hence this query. A son is born to our esteemed friend, Rama. May Rama die before his son expires, because he shall have heaven then. Death in the presence of a son means heaven. Is it not so friends, and am I not voicing the Shastras?" replied one of the village men.

"Yes, yes, friend," shouted all. "But why dwell on such gloomy thoughts? Why not take a brighter view? Think of the golden hours and the feasts, and think of Rama's joy. This makes us giddy with sheer pleasure."

The chattering came to an end as the daily existence demanded its toll. They must work for their bread or starve, because very few of the agriculturist class can afford to lie idle in India. They are the poorest class in the world, far poorer than even their comrades of the East end.

* * * * *

Swamiji was left alone with his thoughts. He had had a smattering of education in a large city and possessed a sound brain. He was given to musing and this musing cost him much. During the time of unrest and fermentation he was tracked by the Police for his unwise utterance, though he was very young then. His only relation, a step-mother, died a short time after. She carried the proverbial step-mother feeling beyond the grave. She bequeathed all her earthly possessions to her only son who was a notorious character. One day Swami was called by this debauchee. As soon as Swami arrived there, he saw two policemen whom he used to call cock-heads on account of their red puggies. He was much alarmed for his cousin's sake, thinking that they were there to arrest him for his drunken brawls, so he naively threw his arms round him and said: "Cousin, what can I do?"

"D—D—Damn you, what is this show for? Here are two trusted servants of the Government and they have given me a good report of you, vagabond and"

"Silence, not a word more!" burst forth Swami, unable to keep in check his anger, and then added politely, "Cousin, what is all this for? Why insult me before my servants?"

This was sufficient for those ill-paid, illiterate policemen.

They said in an arrogant tone: "See, how your cousin has insulted us, and by God the Thanadar Sahib shall hear of it. If

"will be a pretty treat for you." So saying they made a pretended move towards the door. That was enough for the drunkard who said, "Gentlemen, please wait a minute," and then, turning towards his cousin, gave vent to his wrath: "You hound, curse on you. Do you wish this noble house branded as disloyal, and we, the loyal and obedient subjects of His Majesty, to be hated by *Sahib logs*. Out you go from this house. I disclaim and disown you. Not a penny shall you get from me in future. Here you are gentlemen," turning to the policemen, "inform the Thanadar Sahib of my decision and convey my respects to *Sahib logs*? Please accept this," (giving them a five-rupees note) "for your *Pun Supari*."

Defiant and unrepentant stood Swami: "Cousin, I go. Your orders shall be obeyed. No more shall this house shelter me. May it shelter you long is my wish and not my curse. You have called me names, but I did not deserve them. I only said one day to a chum of mine, "Home products and industries must be encouraged. The Government must be made to feel and to"

"Go out of my sight and never show me your face. Dare you say this before me? Thanks to the Almighty no *Sahib logs* are present or else what would have been my fate?"

"Good-bye, Cousin," said Swami, with unruffled temper, and with tears in his eyes he looked once and only once at the grey walls which had sheltered him so long. Thus ended the childhood of Swami! In search of peace, begging from one village to another, drifting hither and thither, he reached the village above referred to.

* * * *

Yes, Swami was left alone and fell to musing: Oh that these men who live such a childlike life, pure and innocent, free from the action and re-action of civilisation, knowing no morrow nor blushing for the past, true and loving, should have such a fate! From time immemorial they knew no care and led a contented life, but now a shiver ran through his body, for his musings were akin to those which severed his present from the past, but no, he cannot fight shy, he cannot be a coward. He must think and think, or die. It was his nature, he could not help it.

Yes, but now, the Government had laid restrictions on their pasture lands which Nature gave them as if to compensate for their hard lot. The Government had wrested from them the right of "free-land" as the forest is termed. The forest supplied them with fuel, with fodder for the cattle, with timber for their thatched house, with leaves to serve as carpets—in short, with every necessity of life and thus from day to day they passed their lives in sweet contentment. The Government had settled the question of "forced labour"—a labour not for love, not for money, but brought into existence by sheer force, the weapon of the mighty. Thus discontentment reigned supreme where contentment ought to have had full sway.

"Panditji Pranam (Salutation to thee, O learned!),” said Rama humbly and stood respectfully at a distance. This brought Swami's reverie to an end, and with suppressed emotion he said, "Be seated, my friend, and accept my good wishes on this joyous occasion. May your son be worthy of his country, of his parents, is my genuine wish for you."

"May your wish be realised!" so saying, Rama took his seat by him. Rama was the only city-man in his village. He had a flourishing business in honey and hide as far as the trade goes in a poor hill city. With this and a few acres of land in the village, he was comfortably well off. It was not his wealth that attracted many to him, but his sterling qualities of head and heart, his love and his piety and his notions of equality and justice that made him a personage in the village. He had a wife worthy of being called his better-half. Simple in attire, plain in her mode of living, she used to visit any house where there was sickness or misfortune. She carried cures with her. In fact, she was a Florence Nightingale in her own little world. No wonder if honour paid homage to such a divine pair.

"Panditji, I have noted the exact time when 'the welcome guest' came. Will you draw up the horoscope?"

"To-day, my friend?"

"Yes, Panditji, for the better the day, the better the deed."

"A moment please, Rama. Do you think this horoscope system should terrorise the minds of the people any more? It is high time that this system should come to an end, because I believe in the saying that 'The wise man rules his stars, the fool obeys them.'"

"Panditji, what do you say? The Shastras are full of these things. In fact, my priest says that they sing of nothing else but this."

Alas! how few have read these sacred books and how many after reading, have grasped their pregnant significance. Nevertheless, parrot-like repetitions of lines are very common among the people.

"Nay, Rama, don't be serious. I was only thinking how, when horoscopes tally, misfortune creeps in. Look at horoscopically matched pairs, how many of them are happy? But I shall do thy bidding to the best of my ability."

"This is enough, Panditji. Will you accompany me to my house?"

"With pleasure."

On the way, Rama unfolded his plan: "Nothing short of a couple of thousand rupees would satisfy my wife. In fact, our position demands that and see, Swamiji, we are getting old and may not have another new face to see. What prayers we offered, and what sacred places we visited and what an amount of money we gave to the priests to pray for us and bless us! Now the prayers have been heard and the dreams realised and we shall do our best. You will see now we shall do it. But Swamiji, our city friends who will be coming up are eager that dancing should be one of the main items. One of them has gone so far as to threaten that he won't come if that amusement is not provided. Well, I have yielded as it is better to yield a little, for they made so many demands on this happy occasion, some of them saying that wine should also be provided. Well, I could not consent to this as my relations and friends here would boycott me socially, and as I have to live and move among them, I could not do that, but I hope Swamiji they will not cause any unpleasantness over this dancing affair."

"Since you ask me, Rama, to give my opinion, you should not take umbrage by what I say, that a capitalist and a business-man like you should waste a couple of thousand rupees over such an affair is, I think, pitiable. This affair is not your affair. The son is not yours, since he lives by another's breath. He is to be removed from this planet when He likes, allowed to exist if it pleases Him. He is a sort of trust in your hands. You will be charged for the negligence of your act if you don't stand well."

by him. This programme that you have drawn up cannot, in any way, better his condition. You stand guilty, my friend."

Rama was silent, for he could not say anything in answer to this sagelike utterance, but as they neared the house he said, "Swamiji, it is too late for me to give up the whole show. Invitations have been issued and I am in no better plight than a passive straw lightly whirled hither and thither by the playful ripples. Besides this, I can easily afford this sum." This last remark went home, and for once disturbed Swami's mental equilibrium.

"You think you can, Rama, but you can't. Permit me to say that nobody in India has the moral right to indulge in such luxuries. India is a poor country, the poorest in the world, and the caste and the social customs are so inextricably woven here that what with the joint family system, which has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, and other kindred systems, even the richest (if that class exists in India) are but the crawling paupers compared to those in other countries. With this couple of thousand rupees you can form a snug capital and leave something substantial for your son. This would be more useful to him than all this show, nay, let me say, farce. Besides this, you must realise that you are the central pillar of your family, in fact, the only earning member, and if, perchance, you fall ill, what would be the fate of these deserving dependents? Take my advice for what it is worth, save all you can, for you never know when the sun of prosperity may disappear behind the clouds of adversity, and it is always best to be prepared for a rainy day." They reached the house, and there was a great bustle. Nearly all the village women were assembled there and rustic songs floated in the air.

The music and dance of the city played, if not an all-important, at least an important, part in Swami's life. Having a drunkard for his cousin, well supplied by his step-mother, dancing was a common amusement in the house. He simply abhorred it. But this music of the village, without any regard for the octaves, tones and semi-tones, was a source of pleasure to him. The dancing was splendid, unaffected and simple. He then realised the truth that work for love is always of a better quality than work for money. His enthusiasm was so great that with childlike intensity he exclaimed: "Rama, have this dance, have this music."

But do not pollute your house and this noble occasion by the presence of mercenary men and women." Rama, who up to then had a notion that Swamiji was dead to this noble art which the Vedas have so highly enjoined, began to waver and said: "Friend, I am glad you are among the living. I shall certainly see to this."

Thus a great load was taken off Swami's mind and he went in with his friend to see the "welcome guest." The inner apartment was almost chokingly full and there was little regard for ventilation. The newcomer was wrapped in clothes round and round as if his very existence depended on them. His forehead was painted black and red by the priests regardless of consequences. The mother was lying all alone in a corner and nobody dared to touch her, for she had become untouchable as soon as she gave birth! Swami could not say anything to this, as he knew the potent force of tradition and custom. He, however, much against his will noted the time and date and went to his home to prepare the horoscope at leisure. Moreover, he had school duties to perform. On his way he reflected on what he had undertaken—a task that he by no means favoured.

"Microbes," he murmured, "what are we but microbes? To think that a supreme power should placard the skies with the details of our future, and that our marriage, our misfortunes, and our crimes should be written in letters of suns on the background of limitless space—the very thought reveals the supreme audacity of man. Knowing all this, realising this patent and obvious fact, we still believe in star-reading."

After a hasty meal he started for his school. There were a score of boys sitting cross-legged on the ground. They paid homage to Swamiji and began their daily work. Swami found that, try how he might, he could not concentrate his thoughts. They were running riot. A couple of thousand rupees, dancing girls, horoscope, and other kindred things were puzzling him much, so he dismissed the class early. The boys were jolly glad to get leave earlier than usual and became boisterous—for boys must make a noise or else they are not boys. In the evening Swami went to his friend's place and found a large number of his city friends already making themselves at home. Rama, with a troubled expression, greeted his friend and said, "My friends do not appreciate rural music and are demanding a dance. They are

asking me for a fire-work show as well. I do not know what I should do."

"Hallo Rama, that won't do. Sulking disallowed. Come here," burst forth Chandan, a tip-top city man. Rama took his friend Swami with him and introduced them. Chandan was all graciousness and politely put forward his programme of the three D's—Drink, Dance and the Devil. He was taken aback by seeing Swami's frowning countenance and for a moment did not grasp what he had said to give him offence. Rama stood smiling, for who would not laugh at the grotesqueness of such a meeting? "Worthy of your name you are," tauntingly observed Swami. "You require so many Satanic things to immortalise such an occasion. How many families could save their honour and life by the money that you propose to spend in devilry, besides leaving a sad precept to our people here."

Chandan just expressed a difference of opinion and moved away, for the first meeting was becoming unnecessarily heated. Swami was a welcome figure among the village folk but was taken for an old fool by the city men. The reverse was the case with Chandan. After a time, Swami bade farewell to all and reached his house. He took his food and sat down to draw up the horoscope. To his great surprise he deduced from his calculations a chequered career for the child: a happy childhood, a troubled youth, and a good happy old age. What other horoscope-drawers generally do is that they base their calculations on these three stereotyped facts, but not so with Swami; he found them out by actual calculations. Having finished it, he prayed and went to sleep.

There, at Rama's house, a great tumult was the order of the day. The city friends were putting up their tents in the garden and in a central place the dance and music were going on. Chandan was in the best of spirits. Making one party gay here, jolly there, that was his sole errand it seemed. So the show was kept up for a full fortnight and the inmates of the house, unaccustomed to such a treat, were pining for their calm and peaceful hours. The mother was much pulled down and fever played havoc with her for a week, leaving her wan and weak. Nurses were not available and Indian physicians in the village could not touch her as the purification ceremony had not been performed. The poor soul, fought for her own restoration of health.

During these weeks of village carnival at his friend's place, Swami made himself scarce and indeed very few were the greetings that he exchanged with Rama's city friends. Chandan could not leave his bantering, and with mock humility he used to ask Swami, "How sing the Holy Shastras?"

"About what, friend," put in Swami, eager to acquire any fresh knowledge.

"Dances and public women, of course. Are these women not the forerunners of happy occasions?"

"They are, but of joys and happiness temporary and ephemeral in nature. Whoever heard of their presence being tolerated where permanent mingling of the soul is sought after? In actual fact, they have been the instrument of frustrating many good and noble actions."

Amidst numerous guests, chief among whom was the landlord, the "naming" ceremony came off. The boy was named Hari, after the deductions from the stars, and the landlord who was loved by none, but feared by his tenants, stood godfather to the boy for the simple reason that Rama was the only prosperous city man in the village.

It was a current rumour in the village that many sahibs would have come to join the festivity if it had not been for the cursed caste distinctions, for Rama knew many of them personally. Perhaps this was the outstanding feature which made the landlord do a good turn to his neighbour as he used to say. Rama was highly flattered by this act, as to the uneducated mind it predicted a bright future. One by one the guests departed and the usual tenor of life prevailed. The days wore on as usual. Hari grew in beauty and health much to his parents' pride and joy. How Nature sometimes compensates for the lot of the much-persecuted village men? Free fresh air and healthy surroundings go a long way in shortening the doctor's visits. In fact, as once a city man remarked, the village men can't afford the luxury of falling ill.

Hari had a garland round his neck composed of "charms" gathered from far and wide to ward off evil—a living monument of Indian superstition!

Swami was bitterly opposed to Amulet wearing, for he knew that this simple system can surely make one a coward and nervous and is powerless in doing good. He repeatedly exposed his

views, particularly in the presence of his friend Rama who, though realising the unreasonableness of such a practice, found himself utterly unable to do away with it. The other sex believed in such a system, and they had perfect confidence in its reputed efficacy.

"What! let my only boy be taken away from me by the witches only for your thick brains. Do you think your forefathers had not sufficient wisdom to view the thing aright?" Such were the comments showered by the members of the other sex, and the sterner sex has nothing left but to bow.

So the thing, in spite of its being unhygienic and full of evils, did continue as an antidote for evils. Hari was highly pleased with those chequered pieces of stuffs and used to play with them in his many solitary hours.

CHAPTER II.

THE POWER.

The landlord who stood as a sort of godfather to Hari was the real power in the village. Plump, dark-complexioned and flabby, were the external characteristics of the landlord, Gur Charan. He was a slave fettered to his passions, rude, licentious and illiterate. His whole education consisted of a few simple rules of Arithmetic and a rough hazy idea about his Zemindari. In the heyday of his youth, he followed to the very letter his guiding maxim: "Make hay while the sun shines." At the age of eighteen he had a son and this joyous occasion was celebrated with great pomp and show. The villagers give even to-day a glowing picture of that memorable day and the picture forcibly recalls the scene which made the Emperor of India, Shah Jehan, exclaim in a mood of ecstasy: "If on earth be a heaven of bliss, it is this, it is this, it is this." Why not have a peep at the picture then? "Some fifteen years ago our Sarkar had a son whom you may have seen at his father's palace. He goes by the name of Kampta. Well, the day when Kampta saw the light, was the day when we poor people saw darkness, for our lord Gur Charan sent his sepoys to all of us pressing us to have a gala day. You will be wondering at this satire, but those of us who felt the pressure brought on us know it well. We were ordered to take a holiday, and to feast and to make ourselves merry at our own cost. It was the harvest day and every

one of us had to do the full toil because we are so poor that we could not afford the luxury of a holiday.

"Nevertheless, the words of our lord are unwritten laws here and woe be to the man who dares to defy them. As sure as the sun will rise, so surely will he live to rue the day. This was not all, but the treasury being empty, as is the case with those who live beyond their means, we were forced to pay our long-standing arrears and something in advance, too, to show our loyalty. Some of us had nothing to pay and were turned out. Their belongings were pawned which hardly fetched even five rupees. To add insult to injury, we were asked to make ourselves merry. Pots of money were borrowed and the villages were mortgaged. The villagers suffered hardship and untold miseries at the hands of money-lenders. Hosts of city friends and brother zemindars were invited and with them a locust swarm of sycophants devastated the fair village. Dancers, musicians, wrestlers and a large number of public women, and various other entertainments, were provided. Wine also flowed freely. We cannot grumble against these items, for our lord may do as he likes, but certainly we all murmured against wine and public women, but who is to hear our grievances? And the beauty of the arrangement struck us as queer and rather romantic. The jugglers, dancers, musicians and other noble enjoyments were carried out under a large canopy where the invited took their seats, while the public women were scattered all round the principal places in the village. We were refused admission to the canopy, we who subscribed our mite for the show. Alas! the lord knows not from where he derives his real dignity, his very living. By a freak of nature he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but it was the true heart and brawny arms of our forefathers who gave the silver spoon to his family. Yes, we were refused admission and so we naturally turned to take enjoyment from where we could. But strolling past the public women we found every one of them surrounded by our young men and some of us older folks pushed ourselves in the crowd, but very soon found ourselves horrified there and so we had to go home. Our feelings grew bitter against the lord seeing that a bad example was set for our young men, and we who had not seen any fun and there being no hope of our seeing any, for we were nearing the grave, our hearts were filled with indignation. Moaning and

cursing our fate we passed that joyous memorable day. But our lord was happy—happy as a lark. Fresh consignments of fruits and various edibles were coming from the big cities far and near. Firework displays “put to shame the sun” as a boy gaily remarked, everything was in a grand style and this brought numerous congratulations to our lord who was growing in conceit. Parasites sang his actions loud, praised him loftily and showed numerous protestations of friendship. This lasted for three days, for fully three days, and a cousin of mine who was in the service of the lord told me confidentially that “Eighty thousand rupees were turned into water,” thereby signifying the complete waste of money. And that was Shah Jehan’s Eden of bliss! There were various charitable institutions that needed help from the lord’s purse, but it was shut tight. Hospitals, educational institutions and other noble works met with the lord’s contempt, and the funds thus saved went to fill the pockets of the sycophants. This is the outcome of having a puppet for a lord who must be made to work according to the pull of the string pulled by wise and able heads if the good of the country is desirable. But who is to bell the cat? Thus the coming of our young master was celebrated. In due time other ceremonies came off. In one of them the unknown became the known—Kampta became the ruler of our ancient village”

* * * *

Rama could not be on friendly terms with Guru Charan. Who ever heard of the two poles meeting? A simple, innocent life on the one side and an intrigue-loving, tyrannical nature on the other. But the position of the two in the village was such that each deemed it advisable to be on knowing terms with the other. Kampta’s age was about ten years when Hari came into existence, and at that very tender age Kampta was showing a decided tendency towards the wrong side. He was always surrounded by his satellites who repeatedly dunned into his ears the alphabets specially invented by Lucifer. His parents were very fond of him, in fact they doted on him. One day a friend of Guru Charan, Mr. Varma, an enlightened young man who happened to have acquired some academical distinction, came to see the boy whose fame for naughtiness had spread far and wide.

"Hallo, Guru Charan, why don't you send for teachers to teach Kampta? He is getting restless and I am afraid will surely go wrong if you don't take care of him," said Varma.

"Worthy son of a worthy father, friend, why should I trespass on his few jolly hours? Thanks to God, he has enough to live upon and that even decently," retorted Gur Charan in a rather unpleasant tone. The subject was dropped and next morning Varma left for his village near by in a huff. Thus any attempt to bring the boy to the narrow path of virtue met with utter failure. Kampta grew up a greater tyrant than his father, inasmuch as he never tortured the villagers but exacted any amount he liked from his parents much to their displeasure and annoyance. But Kampta was not the boy to care for his parents' displeasure. He was not brought up that way. One day Kampta needed a large sum of money to pay back a debt of honour; the debt was generously advanced to him by a bosom friend of his without interest. He went to his father in a rather sorry plight, but his father then happened to be in no better condition. Guru Charan's temper was ruffled and he chided Kampta. In fact, he took him severely to task. This being the first time that Kampta had received such treatment so naturally, it had a great effect on his mind. He was thinking what to do when a happy idea struck him. He went to his mother and said, "This is my last day and to-morrow I shall be no more."

"Silence, boy, don't be so silly. What makes you think of death? May you never die," said the mother.

"No, no mother. I must die. I have been thrashed by my father and I am disgraced before my friends and all this for a paltry sum," sobbed out Kampta.

This melted the mother's heart and she asked for details. She had not the cash, but there were jewels of enormous value. She consented to part with a few of them provided he would not stoop to such dirty games again. Needless to add, the promise was then and there given. As soon as Kampta was out of the Zenana, a smile flickered across his face. The crocodile tears were not visible, perhaps it was the sight of the jewels in his hands that removed them at once. He reached his drawing-room where his friends were waiting to hear of the success of the plan. All of them congratulated Kampta on such a brilliant success—a success that boded success for the future as well. All

of them dilated on the truth of Divine Right, on the saying "Money must come," on the validity of the saying "Live for the present and live it well," and a particular friend of his went so far as to say that he had come to know an unfailing antidote to stop the voice of conscience and the remedy lay in following strictly this aphorism: "Drink and the devil will do the rest. Yo—ho—ho and a bottle of rum." Kampta agreed with him and the rest did the same. Wine began to flow freely. Clink and drink became the rule of the table. It so happened that Swami who was on his way to see Gur Charan to lay before him some vital questions for his prompt action, was passing by the room in which Kampta with his satellites were making themselves merry. He heard the shouts of laughter and a few scraps of conversation as well. He was rooted to the spot, and with no intention of playing the eavesdropper he tried to go his round. But a second thought made him, much against his will, give up this idea, for he reasoned that by grasping the full significance of the unusual mirth, he would try to bring Kampta to reason, for he knew all too well that Kampta was going astray. He heard all. He found the ground literally slipping under his feet, but with a mighty effort he kept himself under control and realised the stupendous mission on which he had come to see the lord. As soon as Gur Charan heard of his coming, he called him in.

"Blessing on you, my lord," said Swami.

"Pray be seated and let me know the cause of your taking this trouble," said Gur Charan. From formal conversation they drifted to the talk of the village.

Here Swami got his occasion and said: "Gur Charan, you must have heard of the new law passed by our benign Government regarding the facilities of transmission in our hilly district. How kind and considerate of the Government!"

"No! no! Swami, I have not heard anything of the sort. But it is not to be wondered at. Our Government is most thoughtful, a real parental Government, I should say. How I would like to see Rama and get the information first-hand. But he keeps himself aloof, I do not know why. The other day I heard he was here, but he did not put in an appearance. I must send in a note congratulating the Government on their wise step. You know I am expected to do that."

Swami smiled and thought inwardly what children of the mountains these hill men are. Though advanced in age they are yet children, but this is characteristic of Indians: confiding; credulous and easy to please, sentimentalists, fatalists, and God knows how many 'ists' they are.

"Yes, do, Gur Charan, but I am afraid that this new law does not hold for you or men of your type. It is purely invented and then patented to smooth the troubles of the officers, the majority of whom are Europeans. You very well know the "Utar" for supplying coolies and other necessities to the officers on tour. You have yourself received various orders for the same, and might well you like the job, hey."

"No, Swami, I hate it. Did not I tell you last week what an awful mess they made of it? It appeared that a big official was touring in his jurisdiction. The village monarch (Patwari) who by-the-bye, you know draws the fine salary of Rs. 8 per mensem but has the luck to possess an Aladdin's lamp (for the very devil cannot tell how he manages to live in a right royal manner otherwise,) received the order to supply coolies. He as usual sent it over to me for compliance. It was harvest time and I could ill-spare any hands, but still somehow I managed to send twenty hands with Rs. 10 to the Patwari; the Rs. 10 was to appease his anger for the thirty more hands that I could not send. He accepted the sum and by sheer brutal pressure managed to gather the coolies. I wonder why they require so many hands."

"Gur Charan, that is another trick. The Government does not really require so many men, but what the Patwari does is to increase the number of hands sent for. Now let me make the point clear to you by an illustration. You say the Patwari asked you to arrange for 50 coolies, you should rest assured that the Government required only 40 coolies; as you could gather only 20 coolies you paid him ten ruppees. By his unlimited authority he gathers fifty coolies just to make his selection, some of them perhaps cannot go owing to one of their relations dying or to some other calamity, and it often happens that coolies do not wish to go of their own accord as they are ill-paid and receive scant courtesy. Many fell at the feet of the Patwari begging him to excuse them. He lets ten go and charges 4 annas or more per head that means pocketing about Rs. 3 with a show

of authority. Again, twenty seers per head is fixed by the Government. He gives each, say, between 30 and 40 seers and realises the fixed rate from the Government, thus he gets roughly Rs. 10. Now, my poor friend, Gur Charan, in one tour of a sahib he earns Rs. $10+3+10=\text{Rs. } 23$ in all, and you know how many tours are made in a season. Thus is the income from one item alone and believe me there are one hundred kindred items at his disposal."

Gur Charan in his humdrum unthinking existence never saw the matter in such a light, and he praised his friend for this mathematical description.

"Yes, the law empowers the Patwari to drag you, your father and your son Kampta to act as coolies to the *sahib logs* in case hands fall short of the required number. Alas! they do not know what power they have vested in such a low servant as a Patwari."

"Hold on, Swami. Do you mean that they can actually do it? By Jove, no. We are bent, but not broken. If such is the attitude of the Government, we must try to correct it. It is our duty as loyal subjects to put forward our views with vigour and courtesy."

"Rightly spoken, Gur Charan, we shall call a meeting to-morrow and we look to you for every support."

"Ay, ay, depend on me. My Kampta to act as a coolie!"

"Ours is a parental Government, the best Government that we have had since we lost our independence. It is a pity that many things are carried out in practice in the name of Government of which it is altogether unconscious. To its honour and fair fame it can be said, and said with force, that it always sides with righteousness and justice, ever willing to crush and sweep out wrong. But it is to the doors of men like Kampta, who are unfortunately common here as well as elsewhere, that many a wrong move of the Government can be attributed."

These were the thoughts that disturbed Swami's pensive mood while on his way back. As he lifted his bowed head he saw Kampta passing him. He called him. Kampta did not like his calling, but ordinary courtesy made him go to him reluctantly.

"Kampta, what is your programme now-a-days?"

"None of your concern."

"Boy, don't lose your temper, but listen to me. Your so-called friends are not fit to mix with you. Leave them and turn over a new page in the book of life. Do something for the good of the country, for——"

"Thanks, Swami, but you hardly know gratis advice is never welcome. Please do not trouble yourself about me."

"Fool, you want to go and break your head against the rock. Better die than live in disgrace and dishonour."

"If it has come to that, Swami, let me be plain. Please in future do not tease a snake, for who knows where and when it may bite. You have called me names, well and good. Woe be the day when you next cross my path."

Swami was stunned by his evil attitude, and for a moment did not know what to do but he bade him a loving farewell nevertheless.

Kampta went to his father and with a rueful countenance, said, "Swami has abused and threatened me. Father, one boon do I ask of you and this is you should not receive him. If you do, well, my farewell to you."

Gur Charan was late in coming to a decision, but the fact that Swami had abused his own flesh and blood made an impression on him.

Perhaps it was this that made the meeting a failure.

Alas! his Kampta had ruined the cause of millions of Kamptas, but that is where the lack of education plays its part of destruction.

If Gur Charan had had a little education, a little experience of the world, he would have succeeded in this cause, and would have also turned his own Kampta from the wrong path on which he had set his feet, to the path of virtue as yet untrodden by them.

Swami went to Rama's house one day to consult with him on a certain project. He had now often to go to Rama's as he was the next most influential man in the village.

Being at war with the most influential man in the village, Gur Charan, it served his purpose to be on good terms with the next best who happened to be Rama. And moreover, he liked Rama. That evening he found Rama in a gloomy mood. He was sulky as well as morose.

"Friend, why are you sitting in such a deep thought? The

thought does not appear to be pleasant. Am I right in my conjecture?"

"Alas! You are, Swamiji? A week ago ornaments of great value were stolen from my house. I kept silent and thought to make good the loss somehow, but the coming-off of the marriage ceremony of my neighbour a fortnight hence showers a cold douche on my determination."

"But who is the thief, friend, and why did not you make a complaint about it?" In fact, I heard it just now, and so even you will not open your heart to me."

"Ay, ay, Swami, do not take any ill please. The news was not pleasant at all. I had much to do in keeping it back from my wife, but you are my truest friend in the village and you shall hear it all, but please do not press me to take action, for I will not take any. I was out on business and Hari's mother was in my neighbour's house where the marriage ceremony will come off. Kampta came to see Hari. Hari is a mere child you know, and so he asked Kampta in. Kampta just asked him to show him the place where we keep cash and ornaments and then sent him on a wild goose errand. After a time I came back and found the house deserted. I went to the place to deposit my earnings and found to my dismay almost everything gone. There was a piece of cloth as well which was probably torn in the act of removing the ornaments. The cloth was from Kampta's coat! I went to see Gur Charan in the evening and God alone knows my intention was never to report his Kampta's conduct. As chance would have it, Kampta was there and with that very coat on with that tell-tale piece of cloth wanting. I do not know what it was, but there was something at least that actuated me to take out that piece of cloth from my pocket." As soon as Kampta saw it, he shrieked aloud and would have confessed the whole plot if I had not warily suggested: "Be careful, Kampta, and never do a thing in a hurry. You have torn your coat." This brought him to his senses and like a guilty soul he made his exit. Gur Charan was much puzzled by what he saw and after Kampta's departure pressed me much. But I told him a tale which he swallowed like a bitter pill. After a short chat, I came home. Swamiji, it is not the loss which, heavy though it is, kills me, but to think that Kampta should have so far forgotten himself as to stoop so

low ! Now Hari's mother is pressing me for her ornaments, as she had to go to her neighbour's to-day. Though obedient in everything, she is obstinate where ornaments are concerned. I do not know why she has got such a taste, because I think ornaments are not very desirable things."

"You are right, Rama, the ornaments are only the next worst thing to hoarding money. But then in old times when honey and milk used to flow like water through the vast domain of India literally, and we were so rich that how to spend money was a problem for us, luxury came in and, friend, however much you may grumble, you will not deny that it is the best and the highest form of luxury. After enjoyment this leaves you something material and that is the utmost that can be said of any other article of luxury. Moreover, the law can't force its sale, so its existence even in this down-trodden country and adverse times is explainable. Now how do you propose to meet Hari's mother's wishes ?"

"Friend, I shall go to the goldsmith where those things are pawned and shall pay him their price and get them back. These goldsmiths live in opulence, while the real worker, the blacksmith, lives from hand to mouth. This is injustice to labour, the true salt of the nations."

"Rama, I tell you a standard by which you can judge the worth of a country ; Goldsmiths' prosperity marks its fall and blacksmiths' prosperity its rise."

"True it is, Swamiji. Look at our own village. The treasury is empty and hardly half a dozen persons here can boast of a half-penny as their own, but the goldsmiths, one and all, are rich, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. And yet what is the condition of our village, nearly the whole of it is mortgaged ?"

(To be Continued.)

DEVI DATT PANE

Lahore.

THE MONTH.

IN reply to a question Mr. Asquith is reported to have said in Parliament that if the Central Powers

The War. propose peace either directly or through a neutral Government, the Allies will consider the terms. Apparently, therefore, the crushing of Prussian militarism will not be a preliminary condition of discussing peace proposals, unless it is meant that it is already crushed, or that the terms must be such as to ensure the impossibility of the peace of Europe being again threatened. The hopes originally entertained by the Kaiser have been frustrated, and attempts to break the unity of the Allies by means of a separate peace have also failed. Italy and Japan have joined the three Allies in insisting upon a united peace. At the same time Germany does not seem to be in a mood to admit her anxiety to discontinue hostilities. On the contrary the German Chancellor would persuade the world that the Allies are beaten and they must be anxious to sue for peace. There is some show of reason in his boast, for the Central Powers are in occupation of the greater part of Belgium and a slice of France in the west, and of Poland in the east; in the latest development of the war they have, with the help of Bulgaria, overrun Servia and driven the gallant little army of the latter into Montenegro, Albania and Macedonia. The Anglo-French troops could not help the Serbs in time and they have retreated. Fortunately the Greeks did not hamper the retreat, which is said to have been carried out in admirable order. However, the fate of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, "hardly a man of whom escaped," it is said, in the defence of Kevis Bridge,

shows that the Bulgarians at any rate are not yet on their knees and anxious to sue for peace on any terms. The Allies are perfecting their plans of defence in Salonika and appear to receive facilities from Greece. Fresh spirit seems to have been infused into the Turks. They could score nothing like success in Gallipoli, but the Allies retire. At Ctesiphon, in another part of the theatre, they were beaten, but the victors also suffered rather heavily, 630 killed and 3,330 wounded being among the casualties. The enemy submarines caused considerable havoc in the Mediterranean during the month, though the newspapers nowadays do not announce the sinking of merchant vessels in large headings. German plots in America continue, notwithstanding prosecutions and threats, and in Persia German agents have not been altogether unsuccessful in stirring up trouble, though the Government is neutral. In the circumstances peace proposals on behalf of Germany may be put forward in the American press so as to influence or gauge public opinion among the allied nations, but the time does not seem to have arrived for us to expect Germany to take a hint from Mr. Asquith's declaration and to make official overtures for peace. On the other hand, it is believed that she is concentrating men in the western theatre and transferring huge quantities of ammunition in the hope of delivering an irresistible attack, such as drove Russia from Galicia and Poland. The Russians also are reported to be contemplating a renewal of offensive, though in the month of December we received little news of military events from the eastern theatre. The tone of Mr. Asquith's reply is perhaps due to Mr. Churchill's exit from the Cabinet, to Lord Kitchener's visit to Greece and Italy, and to the repeated conferences of the British and French ministers and generals. General French has voluntarily given up the command in France and Belgium and the precise reason remains a mystery. The strain of his duties was as great as his responsibility and he is succeeded by a soldier who is believed by the French military officers to be more pushing, and hence perhaps more acceptable to men of their temperament. General French will, of course, have

much scope to make himself useful in England, where the new army has to be trained and organised, and Lord Kitchener cannot have too much assistance. Lord Derby's scheme of recruitment is said to have succeeded remarkably well and Mr. Asquith is perhaps spared the necessity of urging conscription for the present. It will take at least six months to train the recruits, and therefore the benefit of the boom in recruiting cannot be immediately reaped. As long as England can count upon the co-operation of efficient allies, the voluntary system may entail only the effects of delay, and the present war shows how serious they can be, in the shape of waste of money, if not also needless sacrifice of men. Whether she can always count upon such co-operation is another question. How Germany will emerge from the present contest is also a matter for speculation. The friends of to-day may be enemies of to-morrow and *vice versa*. Three Austrian ministers resigned shortly after the Kaiser's recent visit to their Emperor and apparently as a consequence of his interference in the ally's affairs. The time may come when the relations between the two Powers will be the reverse of cordial; the one may domineer a little too much and the other may resent. One of the alleged peace proposals of Germany is freedom to deal with Turkey as she pleases. She will seek to be as paramount in Turkey as England is in Egypt. The traditions of the two nations are entirely different and Turkey may not quietly submit to be bullied by the masterful Teuton. The future is as uncertain for Germany as for England.

THROUGH the efforts of the Hon. Mr. Webb, a War League has been constituted at Karachi. Its objects are patriotic and laudable, and if it had been proposed at the beginning of the war, it would perhaps have received almost universal support. But now we all hope that we are hearing the end of the war; and one may be doubtful about the effects of spreading the belief in a country like India that "the end is not in sight," though His Majesty the

King-Emperor, perhaps with a view to stimulate recruitment and for other reasons, said so in his message to the people of the United Kingdom in October last. "More and more men are wanted to keep the armies in the field and through them to secure victory and an enduring peace"—so ran the appeal and it proceeded to urge: "I ask you, men of all classes, to come forward voluntarily and take your share in the fight." If the Government in this country had considered it expedient to issue a similar appeal here, it would have been officially issued. A Relief Fund was started at the beginning of the war by H. E. the Viceroy, and it was handsomely supported. Indian Chiefs have come forward with offers of help of various kinds and recruitment of Indian soldiers appears to be proceeding briskly without the efforts of a War League. Whatever is appropriate in England is not necessarily expedient here and the Government may have reasons to advise the people to attend to the means of promoting their own prosperity peacefully instead of exciting themselves with thoughts of a war which is carried on thousands of miles away. Lord Derby, who has had so much to do with voluntary enlistment in the United Kingdom, has expressed the hope that the new army will bring about the end of the war sooner than is generally expected. This can hardly be the time when private efforts, in utter independence of official countenance, may be put forth to stimulate the interest of the deeper and larger strata of the population in the vicissitudes of the hands contest between the European Powers, as if it lies in the power of the people of this country in any considerable measure "to bring about the quickest possible downfall and extermination of the enemy invaders." There are no invaders here and sentiments of this kind expressed in the vernaculars may create false impressions in the minds of the ill-informed. "To organise and concentrate the efforts and resources of those who are anxious to assist Government in every possible way" is certainly a patriotic object. But surely the best thing to do at the present stage is to ascertain what assistance the Government would like to receive and to endeavour to provide the specific kinds of assistance considered most urgent by

Government, and not to waste time in discussing undefined undertakings. The specific suggestion that has emanated from Karachi is to "mobilise India's money-power." Some correspondents in newspapers have expressed the hope that the Government will borrow at 5 per cent. There is not much of loyal sacrifice in lending to Government at that rate. If the League can popularise loans at the usual rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., we wish it God-speed.

AN important gathering of leading Hindus and Musalmans in the Punjab was addressed by the Lieutenant-Governor last month on the prevalence of dacoities in the Jhang District. **Lawlessness.** His Honour referred to no fewer than sixty dacoities, in which the assailants were almost invariably Mahomedans and the victims were nearly all Hindus. The causes of this outbreak of lawlessness appear to be somewhat mixed. Attacking women for the sake of their jewels, cutting off their ears if necessary, plundering money-lenders and burning their books, raiding post offices and other places where money is likely to be found—all such acts may point to economic distress as the main cause of the unrest. His Honour, however, called attention to the circumstance that no change was noticeable in the demand for agricultural loans from Government or for suspensions and remissions of land revenue, and though the war had affected the prices, the rise was not so great as to drive the people to acts of lawlessness. The burning of the Sikh "Granth Saheb" and other acts of a like nature indicated religious fanaticism. It is probable that the despatch of Indian troops abroad has encouraged the belief in the temporary weakness of the protectors of the public peace. The occasional abetment of crime by village officers would also suggest unpleasant conclusions. Whatever the causes may be, the recrudescence of crime has to be put down, and His Honour announced that both troops and the police would be instructed to use fire arms against dacoits, that extra gun licenses would be issued to those who could defend themselves and their villages with fire arms.

and that special constables would be employed to guard the places liable to be attacked. In Bengal the dacoits are becoming more and more daring and skilful in plying their trade : in one instance they used a motor car, broke into a house and carried away the booty while a marriage procession was passing by. These dacoits must have become a terror to many : otherwise how can they obtain revolvers and motor cars ? They are sometimes pursued by the people and if fire arms could be prevented from passing into the hands of dacoits, perhaps the policy of issuing more gun licenses would be as appropriate in Bengal as in the Punjab. However, there is a good deal of mystery about these dacoits and their ways.

MUCH dissatisfaction has been caused and has found vent in the legislative councils by the working of the laws recently passed in certain provinces to prevent the practitioners of the indigenous systems of medicine from enjoying the advantages conceded to the Western methods of allopathic treatment. In so far as the aim of the legislatures is to enable the people to distinguish between the two classes of practitioners, so that they may not be deceived by misleading titles assumed by unauthorised persons, no one can object to Government interference on behalf of the science represented by official advisers. But legislation has gone further than this in the past and fettered the discretion of local bodies and Government servants in patronising or countenancing the indigenous systems. The uproar caused by this policy could not be ignored by the Local Governments concerned and a change is likely to be adopted. The Ayurvedic and Yunani "systems" may not deserve that name, but the efficiency of certain drugs and methods of treatment cannot be denied. A responsible officer like Sir Pardey Lukis said the other day at a public gathering : "I wish to impress upon you most strongly that you should not run away with the idea that everything that is good in the way of medicine is contained within the ring-fence of allopathy or western medicine. The

longer I remain in India and the more I see of the country and the people, the more convinced I am that many of the empirical methods of treatment adopted by the Vaidyas and Hakims are of the greatest value, and there is no doubt whatever that their ancestors knew ages ago many things which are nowadays brought forward as new discoveries." And the speaker instanced the recently discovered value of dechlorination in cases of dropsy, well known to Vaidyas and Hakims for ages. It is asserted by less experienced allopathic doctors that the empiricists get credit for cures effected by "nature" and enjoy an undeserved reputation. The present writer knows an instance where a European Civil Surgeon gave up a case of pneumonia as hopeless after treating it with much care and personal interest, and at noon one day predicted the death of the patient in about eight hours and declined to prescribe further. The relatives of the patient then ran to an old Hindu lady who was reputed to have a specific for pneumonia: she was persuaded to take the case in hand at almost the last moment, and she cured it. The Assistant Surgeon, who was helping his chief, when asked to explain the occurrence on the theory of natural cures, was obliged to admit the value of certain empirical methods of treatment. The only alternative was to suppose that the experts in western medicine knew nothing about "nature" and their own treatment could also be discredited with equal show of reason. That the Vaidyas and Hakims are ignorant of physiology and they cannot in all cases be trusted as much as the students of western medicine, may be true enough. This view does not meet the question why a university graduate, who has learnt physiology and western medicine, should not adopt or supervise a method of treatment of proved value, if western doctors do not happen to know it. The advisers of Government may answer that the value of the method must be proved to the satisfaction of experts adjudged by them to be competent. If so, the Government must appoint such experts and obtain competent opinion on the methods recommended. If the Government is not able to undertake that duty, the official advisers must suspend their dogmatism and allow to graduates of fairly good medical

education the liberty of using their individual judgment ; and the benefit of the public funds should not be denied to them, because the necessary research has not been carried out by authorised or recognised experts. Men of science are not always above bigotry and narrow prejudices. Dr. J. C. Bose told a Calcutta audience the other day how for ten years he had to fight against caste feeling among the physiologists of the West. The value of his researches is at last recognised and Lord Hardinge's Government has sanctioned a fairly large grant to enable him to pursue his researches further after retirement from the educational service.

**Impediments
to Education.**

IF no immediate action will be taken on the memorial which the Secretary of State received the other day from Mrs. Fawcett and others, and which must have been transmitted to the Government of India, the Governments here will at any rate be ready with their replies by the time some action is taken, perhaps after the war. At a meeting of the Association for the Higher Education of Women in the United Provinces, Sir James Meston explained that "in the matter of boys and men, we, both officials and non-officials, have by experience a fairly intimate knowledge of what they want, what they are driving at, what education they can take, and what education will be useful to them." But it appears that in the case of girls this knowledge is defective and we cannot go back to the records of experience. Therefore His Honour would act on the principle that in the matter of male education Government should lead and induce the public to follow, whereas in female education the Government should rather look to the public to lead and be ready to follow and help. What would be the bearing of this admission on the proposal to appoint a committee for the investigation of various questions relating to female education? How is the public to lead? Should the different communities or philanthropic associations and individuals start private schools on the lines which commend themselves to them?

best and then ask Government to aid? Sir James indeed referred to the work of certain enthusiastic private educationists. He could, however, have hardly meant that this is the only way to obtain the lead of the public. Investigation by a committee may bring to light the best public opinion on the subject, if previous investigations have not done so. The Director of Public Instruction summed up the causes of the backwardness of female education in the words "the dearth of women teachers." That cannot be the final cause. Why should the dearth exist in one province or in one community more than in another? Why should the women of the United Provinces think that the teaching profession is "degrading," or perhaps that it is degrading for any lady to pursue any profession whatsoever? The root cause of the backwardness must be traced to certain social customs, which prevail in different degrees of stringency in different provinces and communities.

Presiding at a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Education among the Masses in Bombay, Lord Willingdon remarked: "It is my sincere hope and wish that in future years there should not be one single child in the Bombay Presidency who cannot secure ample education, full or sufficient to allow him to be, if he has brains and ability, a useful citizen, a capable citizen, and perhaps in many cases, I hope it will be, a brilliant citizen of the State." What comes in the way of realising this ideal? The Education Department answers that teachers cannot be trained and buildings cannot be erected, even when the money is forthcoming, with the necessary speed. The war, however, has interposed a fresh difficulty—sufficient funds will not be available for some time to come and the payment of grants already promised will have to be delayed, except where building work has been commenced and cannot be interrupted.

At the last prize distribution of Mayo College at Ajmere, Principal Waddington mentioned that the number of pupils showed a tendency to decrease in that institution. It appears that the admission of boys at the age of 14 is now regulated by a certain test which did not exist before, and

this partly accounted for the decrease. But the Principal also thought that among the nobility of Rajaputana the desire for the better education of their sons and relatives was not sufficiently conspicuous. He could not understand the reason. The College offered education on terms which in England would be considered extraordinarily cheap. Nevertheless the nobility did not take full advantage of it and appeared to think that an English education was unnecessary. Here there was no difficulty about suitable teachers, no failure of funds, no ignorance of the kind of education that would be useful to the boys. But the parents did not realise the use of it. Does not this explanation apply to female education as well?

Numerous meetings, which represent the activities and aspirations of New India, are held in the last week of December every year.

**Christmas and
the War.**

Time does not permit us to notice them till next month. The Mahomedans of Bombay were generally very unwilling to put forward political grievances and raise controversial questions during the war, but as their brethren of the north were not prepared to break the continuity of the history of the Moslem League, they agreed to join the usual annual meeting on certain conditions, one of which was the adoption of a resolution emphasizing the loyalty of Indian Musalmans to the British Raj. The question at issue was not quite one of loyalty, but rather one of taste. A couple of days before Christmas Mr. Asquith had to announce that the waste of life in the war had been enormous, that operations in Gallipoli had to be practically abandoned, and for the time being the war appeared to go against the Allies, though he was confident of final success. The Empire was not only engaged in a war, but was mourning the loss of a large number of men, and was passing through a period of anxiety and of that distress in many cases which was bound to follow the loss of life and dislocation of business. Though India is rather far away from the scenes of contest, Indian soldiers are engaged in

the conflicts, and it does not require much imagination to feel a measure of sympathy alike with the sufferers, the fighters, and the men at the helm, which would paralyse anything like the ordinary zeal in discussion of controversial political questions. Loquacity in a place of mourning may be injurious to none, but only unbecoming as a matter of taste. Precedents have established in this country the practice of suspending the sitting not only of a court, but of a legislative council in honour of the memory of a recently deceased member. It is a matter of sentiment and taste. If the Congress and the League could distinguish between controversial questions and routine work, they might avoid the former and get through the latter. But inasmuch as such assemblies do not meet once a year merely to clear off arrears of routine business, the Bombay Mahomedans must have felt that the best course would be to suspend the annual gathering during the war, and their sentiments were marked by the nobility of self-restraint. However, it was possible to conduct the business of the meetings in the spirit of getting through unavoidable routine; moreover the object of the Congress and the League is not merely to ventilate grievances. Apart from emphasizing loyalty to Government, they afford an opportunity to heal internal differences and to cultivate a spirit of unity. Whatever one might think of the political meetings, the social and religious assemblies, which are indirectly connected with the Congress, and the industrial and commercial conferences could all transact their business as usual as if the shadow of the war did not fall upon them. The suspension of the conferences might have been impressive, and its moral effect from an imperial standpoint might have been very striking. Nevertheless, inasmuch as the very proposal to interrupt the normal course of events would have evoked acute controversies, in the absence of a general consensus of opinion, the best procedure was perhaps not to exaggerate the importance of a matter of taste.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY IS WAR PERMITTED BY PROVIDENCE ?

To The Editor of EAST & WEST.

Sir,—Reading Swedenborg's *Divine Providence* I came across the following explanation on the above subject, and I feel sure it will prove interesting to many of your readers.

He says in paragraph 251 : " A worshipper of himself and of nature confirms his disbelief in the Divine Providence when he reflects that wars are permitted, involving the slaughter of so many men and the plundering of their goods. Divine Providence does not cause wars because they involve slaughter, plunder, violence, cruelty and other monstrous evils, which are diametrically opposed to Christian charity ; but still they are inevitable because the life's love of man since the time of the most ancient people (signified by Adam and his wife, see Para. No. 241) has become so perverted as to wish to rule over others, and finally over all, and to possess worldly wealth, and finally all wealth. These two loves cannot be kept in bonds since everyone is permitted by the Divine Providence to act in freedom according to reason (Nos. 71-99) ; and without such permission the Lord cannot lead man away from evil and thus reform and save him ; for unless evils were permitted to break forth, man would not be aware of them, and therefore could not acknowledge them, and so could not be led to resist them. This is why evils cannot be

prevented by Providence, for they would remain shut in and, like a cancer or gangrene, would spread and consume all that is vital in man. For man is from birth like a little hell, between which and heaven there is perpetual discord. No one can be withdrawn from his hell by the Lord unless he sees that he is there and desires to be delivered and this cannot be done without permission the reasons for which are laws of the Divine Providence. This is why there are wars, great and small, the latter between the owners of estates and their neighbours and the former between the sovereigns of kingdoms and their neighbours, the only difference between a small and a great war being that the former is kept within bounds by the laws of the nation, and the latter by international law and that while in both cases there is a desire to override the laws the lesser combatants cannot do so, while the greater can at least to some extent. There are many other reasons stored up in the treasury of Divine Wisdom why the greater wars are not stopped by the Lord either at the beginning or during their progress but only when the power of one or the other combatant has been so weakened that he is in danger of destruction. Some of these reasons have been revealed to me and among them is this that all wars even those relating solely to worldly affairs, represent in heaven the states of the Church, and are correspondences. For all events in the natural world correspond to spiritual events in the spiritual world, and all spiritual things relate to the Church In the natural world the character of the Church on earth, and the evils into which it falls and for which it is punished by wars, cannot be seen at all . . . but in the spiritual world the internal states which constitute the Church itself, are revealed and there all men are united according to their various states. The conflicts of these states in the spiritual world correspond to wars which are regulated on both sides by the Divine Providence of the Lord, according to the laws of correspondence Successes also, and lucky strokes in war are commonly called the fortunes of war, but this is the Divine Providence, which is especially operative in the plans and preparations of the General, even though he then and afterwards ascribes the whole to his own sagacity. This he may do if he will for he has full liberty to believe in Divine Providence or not and even to believe in God or not, yet let him know that no detail of his plans and pre-

parations originates in himself ; they all come to him either from heaven or hell ; they come from hell by permission, they are sent from heaven by Providence."

SIGMA.

Bandra.

ORIGINALITY

- VERSUS -

ELECTRICITY

Is not that Heav'n's Imagination,
Mother of Originality:
Any way More paying to Nation,
Than the propos'd Electricity?

Is not originality,
The soul of scholarship?
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THE "FAILURE" OF CHRISTIANITY.

WE have heard, during these war times, many people expressing opinions as to the failure of Christianity. If, these people say, the Christian Church has been teaching the brotherhood of man for nearly two thousand years, is it not a sign of failure that its teachings and its powers are unable, at the end of all these centuries, to prevent this terrible, bloody war of devastation and death? Mr. Galsworthy has said something of the sort in *Scribners*. A friend of mine who is a journalist, writes to me from England, "This war seems to me to have smashed both Socialism and Christianity." A Protestant preacher even voiced these sentiments not very long ago from the pulpit of what he deems a Christian Church. So, Christianity is accused of failure and of complicity in its own failure. For, our critics tell us, in a whisper of scandal, are there not even Catholic priests on the firing line in Europe, killing men instead of saving souls?

In the first place, these frantic detractors are demanding too much. The human race is thousands of years old, so many thousands of years old that if we should compress all time up to the present into the hours of the day and imagine ourselves standing at the very dawn of history, at the hour when our historical records begin, if we could imagine ourselves backward thus, the time would

be, as my old history professor used to tell us, twenty minutes to twelve midnight! Think of it! Twenty minutes out of a day! Twenty minutes for a shave before the work of the day! And is twenty minutes spent in shaving enough to alter the whole of our human nature? We are the products of countless eons of time and we could hardly expect to change completely in six thousand years, or in the two thousand years that Christianity has been amongst us. It must of necessity be a slow process and the process of complete transformation has been made slower by the natural limitations of space as well as by the limitations of time. The modern world, historically, is barely three hundred years old the Christian world, geographically is not as old as that. For with the exception of the pioneer Jesuit explorers of France and Spain, civilization and Christianity have followed after the explorers and settlers and conquerors.

But this fact of the social growth of the world is at the bottom of the whole question. Any idea, the brotherhood of man in this instance is accepted by the age to which it is preached to apply to the conditions of that age. We look at life and see theories coloured by the glasses of our time. And I believe a close student of the idea of brotherhood would find that different periods in the world's history have taken this idea in different ways. I mean that a cannibal of the South Sea Islands or an American Indian would first be brought to think that he must not kill his own natural brother, as, for instance, Cain killed Abel. Brotherly love must have started between brothers. Then our savage might dimly be made to understand that his uncles were to be included in the same category. Then it might be made slowly to dawn upon him that it is quite wrong to take the life of another man in the same tribe. But it would be a long, long time

before we could bring him to understand that men of other nations were also his brothers, that the Dakotah was the brother of an Ojibway, the Iroquois the brother of an Algonquin. No, I fancy—I mean that this instance of the South Sea Islander or the American Indian will stand as a true sketch of what has happened and what must happen in the history of humanity as a whole. The idea of common interests, the commonality of life, are conceived as facts only after intercourse has been established. And intercourse within the family is naturally the earliest and the most readily understood. The intercourse between nations and races comes last as witness our slowness to take the negro or the Oriental as a man with interests equal to our own. The Jew has come to be accepted as a decent member of society only within very recent years. It is the idea of intercourse which is the fundamental point behind all this. And it is only the larger, more extended, international social consciousness of modern times which can even dream of universal brotherhood as applying to men of all races, men of all creeds.

The modern world, geographically, as I said, is only three hundred years old. The modern world, in business intercourse and social interchanges, is less than one hundred and fifty. To the industrial and commercial revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to the international demands of manufactures, to the rapid and safe transportation and communication, we owe an original point of view peculiar to our own time. For commerce, though it has done harm by creating rivalries, has at the same time aided in establishing intercourse. The international mind is a very modern thing and it is not strange that international application of the idea of brotherhood should also be a very modern thing.

'Some gentle scholar may, at this point, raise his head from musty tomes and say something about the advocacy of peace by Peter du Bois, Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More. To him I would say that these are isolated cases, not in any way representative of the generality of public sentiment. They and others of their ilk are so often referred to as men "in advance of their time" that the phrase has become trite. And I would also point out that the objections against war of Sir Thomas More, Catholic martyr as he was, were chiefly based on economic results in one of the warring countries—his own England. His was an age of Nationalism, not of Internationalism, and though the people of Utopia took care to avoid the economic evils of war, they prosecuted it vigorously when required.

But, as I have said, this idea of internationalism is a very modern thing. It was only in the eighteenth century that people began to live internationally and so it was only in the eighteenth century that the so-called British radicals began to apply their ideal of brotherhood internationally. It was a recognition of the artificiality of boundary lines that led Holcroft, Godwin, Bage, Frend, Gerrald and Hardy, to sympathize with the French revolutionists. It was a profound feeling of the superficiality of nationalism and the commonality of labour interests that led Marx and Engels to offer their Communist Manifesto to the "working men of all nations." The broad extensiveness of modern social intercourse has been the foundation of all our modern ideas of international conciliation.

Modern commerce has made possible transportation and intercourse, and the converse is also true, but modern commerce has been one of the strongest supports and causes of the intense nationalism of Germany and

England The rivalry of these two nations in a commercial way and the desire of Russia for a commercial outlet are the chief reasons for the present struggle. So, we find commerce in a curious double role the social intercourse which has grown out of it is a force towards international brotherhood, and the element of competition is an influence toward international enmity. It is a strange and tremendous paradox commerce has helped and it has hindered. Commerce has done a great good, but it has ever sown the seeds of rivalry in labour conditions, in class distinctions, in desire for world markets. For though the modern state is very democratic, it is a national and not an international idea which education and the press are fostering. The very history books used in our schools, the very newspapers read at breakfast, foster a conception of patriotic and commercial nationalism. The Christian Church has been the only force which enters into every nation and preserves a true and equal catholicity. "The Peace of God" in ancient times and the Church attempts at an unimpassioned resolution of labour hatreds stand as good examples of the role of Christianity. The *ideal* of Christian brotherhood among men has not been, and never will be, bounded by the natural boundaries of the Rhine, the Carpathians, the Rio Grande, and the Alps. We must rise, we Christians, against narrowness before we can achieve our ideal. We must do away with the hatreds of modern commerce and modern nationalism as well as retain the benefits of that intercourse among men which commerce has introduced. And we should feel encouraged because the idea of universal peace has been gaining ground of recent years against the principle of competition, rivalry and hatred.

But the fact that this acceptance of brotherhood in an international way is a very recent thing, and justifiably

recent, is not offered as an excuse. It is the best example which we can furnish of the triumph of the Christian ideal of brotherhood. Human organisms, human conventions, human ideals, human societies, must change slowly, for they are very intricate things. But they have changed ! Consider the general attitude toward the Continental Wars of a hundred years ago and compare it with the general attitude of to-day. Now, as President Butler has said, there is not a nation in Europe that is proud of the war. Each country is trying hard to prove that it is acting in self-defence, that war was forced upon it. Is not that a change, and is it not a change for the better ? Even in this last hundred years we have changed : and it is all the more to the credit of Christianity that this ideal of brotherhood has gained ground even in a very small portion of our twenty minutes. As we read the newspapers of the various nations we find sentiments deploring the necessity of this brutality, this slaughter by cold scientific machinery. It is very significant that there is little emphasis, almost no emphasis, placed on the harm done to commerce, but a great deal of emphasis placed on the harm done to the individual and the family. What is this but the human interest of brotherliness ? What is this but the triumph of the Christian ideal ? And, far from being an excuse for the failure, the shortness of time in which this ideal has had opportunity to gain acceptance, is a great and forceful proof of the triumph of Christianity.

So, we are improving. Man is perfectible ; and, by "perfectible," I mean capable of continual improvement. I do not mean that man can be perfect ; no human thing can. If we were once perfect, there would be no more improvement—and this improvement must be a perpetual thing. And so, when we consider this fact of perfectibility,

we get a reason for the lack of perfection to-day ; we get a view of man's improvement over yesterday ; and we feel a hope for this improvement to-morrow.

There is one thing which I forgot to mention. We are asked why these presumably Christian nations engage in an un-Christian war. The answer is easy. It is the historical exploitation by Treitschke of the non-Christian philosophy of Nietzsche that is responsible for the conflict. It is the Spencerian popularization of the non-Christian philosophy of Darwin concerning the continual struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, which must bear the blame. These things are responsible—not Christianity. It is the fault of those nations which have insisted on an ardent nationalism, on militarism, on an armed peace. The international mind has developed to a remarkable degree ; but the national patriotic mind is not yet eliminated. The intense nationalism of Germany and the ardent imperialism of England are to blame. It has been said that conditions between England, France, Russia and Germany have been such that war was inevitable. And these conditions which have created and sustained the inevitability of war are artificial things ; they are the products of a narrow, dogmatic, selfish nationalism—the pride of the German, the insularity of the Englishman, the smothered ill-feeling that has remained in France since 1871, the Russian dreams of expansion. They are not the products of international thought ; they are not the products of international intercourse ; they are the products of commercial rivalry and of limited and artificial barriers. To the nations which fostered this idea, nationalism prevented internationalism, their sense of brotherhood was national, not international. And to learn that this prevention is an artificial thing, we have only to see how naturalised immigrants of all countries

meet and mingle in American business with common interests and friendly relations. The barriers are swept away and to a German-American an Irish-American is not so much an Irishman as he is a business man and a social equal. It is not a question of race, for race traits are born in a man and remain. They are neglected in America because social intercourse transcends them. In Europe these artificial barriers still remain. Therefore we have internationalism, therefore we cannot have internationalism in brotherhood or in society, therefore we have war.

And then if you ask me why the Christian ideal of brotherhood was not able to conquer these narrow limitations in the different countries, I shall reply that Christianity has failed in these cases because Europe is not Christian, that divided Protestantism in England, egoistic Neitzschean philosophy in Germany, political irreligion in France, and primitive autocratic barbarism in Russia have prevented. But is not this prevention an indication of failure? I have tried to point out that a distinctly national state cannot have an international ideal of brotherhood. But I can only, in the case of an individual national state, frankly admit the failure of Christianity. And that is no discouragement! Christianity has been a succession of failures, but after each it has risen triumphant. That dark day on Calvary, Christianity was a failure. God was crucified: Peter, the rock on which the Church was to stand, had denied his God. There was no failure in all history so tremendous as this. Yet afterwards the Church rose triumphant. And the reason is to be found in the strange paradox that, though a human failure is only a failure, a divine failure is always a success. A preaching and ministering Christ could declare the miracle of Transubstantiation and have the Jews turn away.

unsatisfied. A Crucified Christ could transform the world. The failure of these human philosophies will be complete because they are human philosophies. The "failure of Christianity," which people are now deploring, will follow as a glorious and divine triumph.

There is another question which I must consider: what has been termed the complicity of these priests in this general war—their active participation at the very hour perhaps that so many other priests are taking time to repeat after Mass certain specified prayers for peace. Again the answer is easy. These armed priests are human beings as well as divine agents, according to their church. They act in this war as human beings, not as divine agents. Firing a gun is not a matter of faith; it is a human action. Each priest and each Christian layman is—according to his environment and his education—a Nationalist as well as a Catholic. As a human being, as a Nationalist, he takes up arms. As a human being he is liable to error, and so the Christian who fights may be in the wrong. But each one of these embattled Christians considers that he is in the right. Each one of them, as a Nationalist, fights for what, as a Nationalist, he considers a worthy and just cause. The Englishman fights in support of his country's obligation of honor, the Frenchman in support of his country's very right to live free from Prussian domination, the Belgian in support of Belgium's violated territory and his own familiar hearths and homes, the German in support of Teutonic right of existence as a great cultural and commercial nation against Russian encroachment and English perfidy. They may all be deceived: but they each fight for a high ideal, for what they think of as justice and right, not for personal gain, not for personal enmity, not for the love of slaughter. *They deem the wrong which they fight to correct, a thing more terrible than the wrong of war itself.*

The glory of the angel of liberty shines on every battlefield and in every hospital of agonized pain.

The Christian is a man of decided stand: he has a firm station of spirit. What he likes, he loves: what he hates, he hates utterly. It is the Church Militant.

"Peace? When have we prayed for peace?....

Ours is the white-hot war."

Christ came not as a man of peace, but with a terrible sword which cut a sharp line between right and wrong, between daylight and darkness. Good and evil are distinct opposites and the good perpetually wages war on the evil. Christianity is one long battle, bitter and exalting. Though the men of all the nations may be deluded and may be wrong, the men of each nation conceive that they battle for a fine, true ideal of the right. There is nothing mild about Christianity: it is an avenging war against evil. And if these men think they fight to overcome evil, they are justified and there is nothing in their Christianity inconsistent with a fight in the light of high ideals. They both cannot be wholly right: but until our enlarged international social consciousness becomes more firmly established than it is to-day, until rivalries are eliminated, we cannot expect any international brotherhood to govern such international affairs.

I believe that we are marching towards better times. I believe that this year, not in the war itself, but in the general attitude toward the war as a deplorable thing, shows that we are approaching that enlarged social consciousness and the necessarily accompanying international ideal of brotherhood. Commerce is a destroyer of barriers as well as a creator of them. The reaction following this war will help in the downfall of nationalism, and another century of intercourse will reveal common interests and common ideals which will allow us to achieve the sense

of international brotherhood. In the meanwhile, the "failure of Christianity" in the present war with the accompanying necessary reaction—a reaction well illustrated in the absolutely astonishing revival of religion which is going on in France to-day will turn out to be a step in the ultimate triumph of Christianity

HENRI PAUL.

America

A CALL TO RAJPUT BOYS.

Child of the Rajput race,
 Why do you wait so long?
 Does not the din of battle call you
 Does not the sun of fear appal you,
 Why should you care if death befall you?
 Hark to your forebears' song!

Child of the Rajput race,
 Why do you stand aside?
 Have you forgotten your fathers' story,
 Gaping wounds, and bodies gory,
 Thankful to die for India's glory,
 God, and then Rajput pride

Child of the Rajput race,
 You are a man right through,
 Harder than ever is now your fight,
 Think of your *Dharm*, and your Rajput might.
 Stand by the Loyal, and Pure, and Right,
 Still to yourself be true!

T. LYELL

Agra.

Silence—her brooding spirit—cleans'd the air,
 And hush'd the waves that softly kiss'd the shore
 Such was the aspect—hidden the despair
 Beneath a yoke that Freedom never wore.

The future Padishah was Suleiman,
 Whose mixed obedience and cunning grew,
 Until its blending made a perfect map
 According to the Sultan's point of view.
 But in the Harem from behind the screen—
 A younger son found favour, for the spell,
 Of youth subdued by Fate, marked Izzeddine;
 The women liked him—Why? no one could tell.

'Poor Izzeddine!' said they, and then would melt
 To tears, or laughter tinged by faint regret,
 Had they not loved in vain! so now each felt
 He too had lost—but men so soon forget
 The Pearl of the Seraglio, soon to be
 The bride of Suleiman, his should have been;
 The hopes of yesterday were changed, but he
 Thought of the war to come, and would not dream

A high-domed chamber soften'd by the sheen
 Of Persian rugs, and woven portières
 With Turkish sentences wrought in between—
 Such as the pious murmur in their prayers:
 An ivory lute lay on a table—where
 A page of Hafiz—an illumin'd scroll—
 Sang of high chivalry, and here and there
 Some nobler love, that touched the poet's soul.

The lofty windows drap'd in creamy white
 Held trailing creepers, orange shrubs 'mid these,

Behind the golden lattice—cold moonlight—
The starry heavens, and the cypress trees.
Upon a low divan Sobciha sat
Among blue cushions—though she sought not ease,
Her faithful nurse was kneeling on a mat
Stroking her feet, so apt is love to please.

Istar's dark eyes proclaim'd the race oppress'd,*
Deep, fathomless as sombre pools of fire,
Yet groans and rage are useless when distress'd,
Despair succeeds then tragic bursts of ire,
Is hell on Earth! those here of alien creed
Know but too well, at least for them, it's near,
No agony unpar'd, Great God! the need
Of something more than pity—on a tear!

'Shall I sing softly to my dulcimer?'
'Yes, lady, if you tell your secret there,'
At this Sobciha turn'd and said to her,
'They've stabb'd the Sultan's double in the chair,
'That caused the tumult heard by us last night,
'The eunuchs entered just to draw a blind,
'When Selim very nearly died of fright,
'Seeing the Padishah stabb'd from behind.

'Someone, of course, who did not know the scheme,
'Nor how we guard our Sultan from the spy,
'In this case, a poor woman, it would seem,
'Who miss'd the deed—was tortur'd—proud to die
Thus did Sobciha whisper; with a moan
Her small fine hand then struck the dulcimer
To sweeter sounds—so heavenly in tone,
That Istar failed to speak, or even stir

* The Armenian massacre of 1915

When Selim came, and with much courtly grace
 And that peculiar movement of the hips,
 Touch'd first his feet, and then his breasts and face,
 Brushing the maiden's tunic past his lips,
 To Istar gave a key,— to her unknown
 The secret door which he descended by,
 With orders that 'the key should not be shown,'
 They both look'd at it, without asking, Why?
 The cusps of the bright moon were almost round,
 The stillness deeper, greater than before,
 The sentry's measur'd footstep made no sound,
 But through the silence crept a muffled roar,
 Some noisy fireworks display'd at Pera,
 The Unbelievers liked such tricks and games,
 Yet, how! where! why came it nearer, nearer?
 They turn'd, the Sultan's Palace was in flames.
 An empty wing—that finish'd the legation
 Fell with a crash, from which the leaping fire
 Swept round the court and chas'd the men on guard
 Back from the gates, and forc'd them to retire.
 What pen could paint the riot, or the smoke?
 The screams of those who would not, could not die:
 The childish multitude to this awoke,
 Questions and answers ended in a cry!
 But where was Istar? She true to her trust
 Had dress'd Sobeha in so many clothes
 To hide her youthful slenderness, as they must
 Try to escape, but how she hardly knows.
 They heard the tearful cracking and the walls
 Were filtering the smoke above the beam,
 Their usual door seem'd jam'd, the wide bare halls
 Truly of Eblis†—and—such was the scene!

† Eblis, king of the fallen angels. In the Mahomedan mythology a wicked Jinn whose body was fire.

The moments still were theirs--the corridor
 Was not on fire--the key! the secret stair!
 Sobèiha touch'd the panel, found the door,
 The lock seem'd yielding but someone was there!
 To Harem women who protected are.
 The greatest dread is man, unknown, unseen,
 They gently push'd the door, though not too far,
 There on the dark stone step, stood Izzeddine!

'Belovèd One! speak not but follow me'
 And down the secret stair he led their flight,
 By flicker'ing shades and falling sparks they see,
 Then reach'd a tunnel where it's always night,
 But on they rush what matter: now the way,
 Is he not there, 'the man who would forget.'
 'Twere sweeter than with Suleïman to stay,
 The Merciful will guide then nail ki-met.

The stifling atmosphere had chang'd, the Dawn
 In her grey robe, slid down the sleeping seas--
 Without her glory of her beauty shorn,
 A pilgrim traveller like one of these;
 'A moment's rest', said kindly Izzeddine,
 'The Sultan order'd me a week ago,
 'To leave for Syria, but to start unseen,
 'The ship must sail to-day, that much I know.

'Pray wait in patience, well within the time
 'An Officer arriving from the quay--
 'Will guard as treasure, women folk of mine;
 'None else must know that you belong to me;
 'His Majesty had promised the Command
 'At fair Damascus--troops are gather'ng there,
 'Your Uncle's palace on the Nile island--
 'Might shelter us--still I've the fortress there.

‘ Ah ! my beloved, I leave at thy feet,
‘ All that I am, whatever that may be,
‘ For banishment, the desert, both were sweet
‘ Yea, even Paradise—if shar’d with thee :
‘ Hail as an omen yon bright sun above,
‘ Listen Sobeiha, loveliest and best,
‘ His warm beams light the world so shall my love
‘ Shine over, round thee, draw thee to my breast.’

Through the warm night, rising above the plain
Beyond the palm grove and encircled well,
I saw the minarets and long dark chain
Of bare Mokattam, where the moonlight tell
Bathing in its pale beauty earth, and air,
Hushing their sorrows to forgetfulness,
Till the grey city* seem’d without a care,
Her grief and tears assuaged by its caress.

Yes ! she has tears, for vice and falsehood dwell
Under the glorious gleam of her bright sun,
And those who live there could strange stories tell
Of deeds not yet forgotten, though ill done !
Where Justice struggles, and for honour fights
Stabb’d through and through by greed, Virtue by sin ;
Betray’d, or bought, mans’ immemorial rights,
While crime, if beaten back, still hopes to win.

But I hold dear, this garden on the Nile
Long since forsaken : Roses once its pride
Have grown neglected, Nature for awhile
Paused in her work, and then threw far and wide
Strange creepers over summer-house and sill,
Festoon’d the windows, draped the massive door

O'er balconies—now hidden—grew at will :
For watchful eunuchs kept the place no more.

Orange and citron screen'd the outer wall,
A pousiana wreath'd in crimson flames,
(Grew near a grotto where the fountains fall
On Persian tiles with histories and names),
Its fiery bracts dropp'd in a flutt'ring veil
Over the limpid waters crystal blue,
And there some idle slave would drone a tale
Of legendary things --she said were true.

O blissful magic of that hour of hours,
Filled with a joy so near akin to pain,
But time stay'd not, the sun's declining powers.
Shone through a silver palm --that waved again
Until its graceful shadows danc'd at will ;
The scented cassia shook her yellow balls,
Champak and pomegranate alone were still
As the grey desert---when the darkness falls.

A thousand blossoms open'd to the night,
A thousand perfumes blent that have no name,
The lotus-buds were nodding, pink and white—
Rock'd by the breeze that after twilight came,
But this time not alone, for wan and weak,
A maiden stood, whose golden hazel eyes
Laid long curled lashes on her pallid cheek,
Now tinted by the glow from burning skies,

The inner petals of a rose's heart
Were not, I think, more delicately fine,
And as that other queen, she stood apart,
A lily pure, unstain'd, untouch'd by Time,

Some filmy gauze was twisted round and round
Her small dark head, from which two plaits of hair
Partly conceal'd, fell nearly to the ground,
The tassels of her girdle rested there.

O wond'rous eyes ! so clear and so serene,
Eyes that had held the blissful light of love
But lost its ecstasy, what came between
The dream and its fulfilment ? This lost love
So slight, yea, like a spirit—more than fair—
Kin to the Angels, and such surely are,
Why should she grieve alone and no one care,
More than yon crescent moon, or evening star ?

O pure, sweet eyes ! that seem'd of thought bereft,
Though unafraid, yet holding secret fears,
What passion had then reason swiftly swept
Into some region unapproach'd by tears ?
Enough ! I cross'd the path of sunburnt sand,
' A Giaour thou art,' she said, ' Yes—come to me,
And as she sank, I clasp'd the small white hand
That felt so cold, I held it tenderly.

This was Soberha ! lovely in her woe,
The weeks had passed, each with her ebbing life,
I heard it whisper'd—now some time ago—
That she must wait awhile to be ' his ' wife :
Alas ! the Sultan sent for Izzeddine
Back to Stamboul to feast at the Bairam,
He *dined* with Suleiman, and next was seen
Upon his bier—so fell a gallant man.

Yes ! she had heard—I could not fail to see
That scarcely rising breast, and failing breath

Under the shadow of the Champak tree,
I knew-- I felt --I saw --Love conquer Death ;
The radiance of her face was as the light—
That awful light so full of the unknown—
Its inner gleam, where all is purest white,
The garment Allah weats, and He alone.

Ere the stars paled her weariness was done,
She shiver'd slightly, so did every leaf,
Ah me ! for her the day had well begun
A life so short --an agony so brief !
There crown'd she lay with fallen champak bloom,
That chosen flower --the sweetest of the sweet,
While patient Istar sat within the gloom
Of the lost life, and strok'd the little feet.

Where had she joined him whom intrigue had slain--
We may not know, down this old Empire's creeds,
Those striving to find Truth found it through pain,
But Love Himself for love still intercedes ;
In a great Mosque with shawl'd and turban'd tomb,
Rests her heart's choice, while here Sobciha stays
Sleeping beneath the roses and the moon,
None know the spot so no one ever prays.

But fragrant perfumes fill the garden stairs,
Magnolia leaves drop on them, one by one
Kissing the silence, while the swift Nile bears
Their blossom onward to the rising Sun,
Perchance they both are there for Izzeddine
Called it ' their omen,' this then was the way,
They now walk hand in hand with naught between,
Where no sun sets, for it is always day.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

THE NEED OF REPRESENTATIVE HINDU SOCIETIES.

STUPENDOUS as Hindu Society is, its multitudinous ramifications appear to the superficial observer to be entirely disconnected and isolated. There are a great many things which account for their isolation. A total absence of a common tongue which may be spoken by each and every section of the people claiming to fall within the colossal sphere of Hinduism; the great diversities that exist in the observance of customs and manners of different provinces; the rigidities of caste that cannot permit inter-dining and intermarriages within the different Hindu classes; and a lack of uniformity in the dresses of the Hindus of the different parts of India, all these must be responsible for keeping one class of Hindus poles apart from another. There is hardly any other religion on the face of the earth which can claim to accommodate within its gigantic fold people holding such divergent religious views and bound by social laws which the numerous branches of Hindu society have so differently twisted and interpreted to suit their own conveniences and requirements. And we find that in a religion which is so elastic and pliable as to include within its fold people who, on account of vast differences in faiths and customary observances, will not even suffer to inter-dine among themselves, there is no common link which might keep the different divisions of it in close intimacy.

with one another and govern them alike as parts of one homogeneous whole. Has Hinduism grown so unwieldy as to render impossible any chance of bringing about adhesion and coherence among its countless sub-divisions? A careful analysis of the facts shows that the entire defect is due to an utter lack of organisation and sympathy on our part.

Is it not a pity that no earnest attempt has been made by so many votaries of such a great religion to harmonise and coalesce its numerous divisions by some sympathetic chord and common principle? What bond of union do we find at present between the different sections of Hinduism? Surely none. One religious society has no sympathy for another. How indifferent one sect is towards the interests of another! Day after day we notice a marked increase in the number of sectarian books and treatises and denominational magazines and periodicals. Every religious body will speak in laudatory style of the all-round accomplishments of our forefathers and of the ancient glory of this land. But to-day we find that the glory has vanished, the good old days are gone; and, in place of all that, one section of Hinduism has, in the zeal of its individual cult, become callously unmindful of the interests of another, and, at times, is even prepared to enter into an unseemly brawl with a compatriot cult, perhaps owing to the exchange of some hot words in a theological logomachy. What friendly relation does there subsist between a Madrasi, for instance, and a Kashmiri or a Sikh? Perhaps it will be argued that this is due to a difference of language spoken by them. If so, what concord is there between a member of Sanatanadharma, and say, a Radha Swamist or an Arya Samajist in the Province of Agra where the question of a difference of language cannot arise? The speech of both is common, a commixture of Urdu and Hindi; both are nurtured in the same soil; both profess

themselves to be Hindus; and yet the sectarian element has confined them within their own narrow pales, and prevented them from extending their helping hand to one who is outside their favoured circle. Is such a state of affairs desirable? Can the entire Hindu community of India boast of the existence of any central Sabha or Association of the type of the Muslim League, so ably conducted by our Mohammedan brethren, which could be said to be the common institution of all Hindus, irrespective of caste and creed? Is there any Body or Society created and conducted by us to which every Hindu sect, whether flourishing in Kachmir, the Punjab, the Gangetic plain, Sind or the extreme South, may look for support and guidance in matters of difficulty touching their social, religious or educational affairs? If the interests of Sanatan Dharma of any locality, for instance, be menaced by some extraneous agency, will it be too much to expect the other Hindu sects, religious persuasions, to come to its rescue?

We, Hindus, have ever boasted of our ancient civilization and ancient glory. This is not denied by any one. But it were wisdom now to put a restraint upon our chauvinistic spirit, to look into our own domestic affairs, and to realise that if we want to be held in esteem and honour by other people, we should at once set ourselves to create and foster amongst us feelings of sympathy and fraternity. We are not one, but divided and disunited. We have to put before our eyes our own shortcomings and foibles, which cannot be done so long as we do not cease, for a time at least, showering eulogiums on every thing past and hoary. Of course, it is true, that, in order to get an impetus in our undertakings, we should occasionally cast, with appreciation, retrospective glances upon our remote glories. And this is all the more desirable

in our case, for our past is not obscure, but illumines and throws lustre all around it. But, unless we practically show that we are one and united, our encomiums upon our past glory must smack of hollowness and mockery.

A healthy and sympathetic relationship between the various Hindu religious societies, between people of one caste and another, is what is urgently required. And it is really inexplicable why the Hindu community has not yet adopted measures to meet the requirements. Nothing short of a well-organised representative all-India Hindu Sabha or Society, somewhat on the pattern of the Muslim League, will save the honour and repute of Hinduism, maintain the civilisation of the community and promote amongst the Hindus of diverse religious denominations, feelings of love and affection for one another. A central representative all-India Hindu Sabha or Society, with a network of similar smaller bodies established throughout the country, in towns as well as villages, will certainly bring the jarring sections of Hinduism in closer comradeship with one another, remove the galling bitterness and rancour which one religious party sometimes happens to entertain against another, and generally promote the material interests of the oldest race History has record of. Of course, the bare existence of an all-India Hindu Sabha represented, as suggested, by the many Hindu religious bodies, cannot be expected to work wonders if its members, throughout the land, show themselves incapable of sustained endeavour and whole-hearted application in unifying the disconnected sections by feelings of sympathy and friendliness. But, it has been not infrequently urged that we are so "hopelessly divided" amongst ourselves that any attempt to associate and unify the numerous social or religious bodies, must end in a fiasco. A dispassionate study of the

subject will, however, bring out the truth that the disparity that is said to exist between the different parts of Hinduism is not so great as it has been made out. The differences—and there are many and not a few worthy, no doubt—that are brought vividly to our notice, must, on close scrutiny, turn out to be of a flimsy and unsubstantial character. They are subject to the law of adaptation to environment, and have not affected the essence of Hinduism which vitalizes each and every sect that has emerged therefrom. Indeed, when the forms and practices originally belonging in common to a class of human beings are, at a subsequent stage of civilisation, altered and diversified with facility, the presumption arises that that class has become bankrupt of any underlying vital principles which could alike govern and regulate its diversities and subdivisions. But, in the case of Hinduism, the facts effectively rebut any such presumption. Putting out of consideration the fact that even to the present day there are a good many customs and usages which are literally observed by each and every Hindu, so wherever a distinct branch of Hinduism he may belong it is undeniably true that all the religious bodies—Sanatan Dharma, Radhe Swami, Theosophy, Jainism, Aryasamaj, Sikhs, Buddhists etc.—entertain the same convictions as regards the truth of the cardinal doctrines of Hinduism. Our faith has, fortunately, never produced materialistic atheists. The principal tenets of this great religion, namely, belief in God, Transmigration of Souls and the essential *Nishkarsa*, the performance of which is quite necessary in this life, are accepted, with equal ardour, by one class of Hindus as by another. And here lies the great difference between the religions of the Occident and the Orient. In the West men of different religious convictions are outwardly subject to some social rules and exhibit a uniformity of discipline in the obser-

vance of the external and formal part of religion, though every man may be guided, in religious as well as in material departments of human activities, by thoughts, motives and sentiments quite different from another. In the East, on the other hand, while the intuitive part of our nature is almost the same in the case of everybody, the ceremonious side of our activities in every walk of life has been fully developed and permitted free scope to accommodate all the possible crotchets and idiosyncrasies, however fantastic they might be. With an ample and stable base, therefore, the superstructure of Hindu society cannot be said to have been raised with any undue celerity. And this is why the most tremendous shocks which this ancient religion has, in past centuries, occasionally received, have proved to be but mere jerks.

Everybody knows that the spirit of tolerance in all matters, particularly religious, has been marvellously cultivated by the Hindus in general. While a slight alteration in religious service, a trivial modification of the stereotyped formularies of a litany or a capricious deviation from the settled forms of rituals, is viewed with horror by a zealous follower of some infant religion, it conveys no significance at all to the broad-minded Hindu. He views all that with unruffled equanimity. He will remain a Hindu even if he were to change any number of opinions for which his catholic faith gives him perfect liberty. Each one of the four brothers of a Hindu family may belong to a different religious persuasion: one may be an orthodox Sanatanist, the second a highly liberal Brahmo, the third a Radha Swamist, and the fourth a Theosophist. This is not an extreme case, but one often met with among the Hindus. Can it, then, be said that if Hindu Sabhas, representative of each and every Hindu cult, are organised

and set in working order, they will not be productive of highly beneficial results?

Let us all agree in our differences, because the basic principles governing the entire host of Hindu cults and creeds are the same. It is necessary that the ties which connect the numerous divisions and sub-divisions of Hinduism should be strengthened and consolidated by free and open-hearted intercourse and inter-communion with one another and by a frank interchange of thoughts, sentiments and aspirations. This will enable us to generalise our needs and requirements pertaining to Hindus in common, irrespective of the clashing interests of particular castes or creeds. And ours should be a constructive policy. The great aim we should have in view ought to be to exert our utmost to construct our own fabric. We should not seek destruction of what others enjoy and are in possession of. And our past history abundantly testifies to their great instinctive repugnance towards seeking destruction of what appertains to others. We have to settle our own domestic differences and adopt measures to ameliorate our condition. We want to adjust and organise what belongs to us, not to appropriate or endanger others' possessions. Since the Hindus, nurtured by the cosmopolitan dogmas of a generous faith which requires them always to refrain from villifying any religion, have never in the past given offence to other religionists, they should even now be safely relied upon to respect the feelings of other and not to do anything that might give rise to any religious irritation. In pleading the creation of Hindu Sabhas in all parts of this country, represented by highly cultured men of each and every Hindu sect, what is meant is that such Sabhas would undertake to do their level best in establishing a happy, friendly relationship between a crowd of disjointed social and religious

bodies, and in devising plans for the domestic requirements of the Hindus in general.

In viewing the many caste and other social evils and our present educational and other needs, what strikes us most is that they are common to almost each and every sect. Whatever social reform is desired by one class of Hindus, it is, more or less, needed by another. The raising of the marriageable age of boys and girls; the total stoppage of marital demands, which had its climax in the tragic martyrdom of Snehlata; the curtailment of unnecessary expenses during marriage; the relaxation of caste rigidities, the settlement of the vexed question of foreign travel, the education of our boys and girls, the *Lingua Franca* of the Hindus or a common script for them, the elevation of the depressed classes; the removal of superstition and poverty from our midst; and last, though not least, a closer intimacy between one section of Hindus and another—all these are pressingly needed by each and every class of Hindus residing in any part of India. It is certain that, in order to carry out these reforms, the Hindus have to depend upon themselves. They cannot seek guidance in their domestic affairs from any non-Hindu Association. It is true that some sectarian and religious bodies in every province have been for generations trying their utmost to eradicate social evils and introduce salutary changes in the existing state of affairs, but their accomplishments have, to put things very mildly, fallen far short of our expectations. And it is easy to understand why they have not been successful in their projects. They have failed because each one of them acted independently of the others. Had all these bodies been subject, in the discharge of their allotted functions, to one grand organization of the type contemplated here, there is no reason why they could not have satisfactorily acquitted themselves of what

was entrusted to them, and, by bringing into nearer relationship the numerous castes and creeds, given a glory to, and enhanced the prestige of, Hinduism. Again, isolated and unaided as they stood, they could not hold themselves accountable to any higher body for their doings and achievements. The necessity, therefore, of fully representative Hindu Societies becomes indispensable, the more so when the domestic requirements of each class of Hindus are entirely similar. It is, however, not intended that the creation of these representative Sabhas should dispense with the existing sectarian societies.

Great tact will, indeed, be needed to carry on the smooth working of the suggested representative societies, for religious susceptibilities and ingrained feelings of individual cults have to be taken into account and liberal allowances made therefor. Only those social reforms should be permitted to be discussed and introduced which are urgently needed in common by each and every class of Hindus, and without which their progress *as a community* is at a standstill. What obviously appears to be insurmountably hard to do, can undoubtedly be effected with amazing facility by means of toleration, ungrudging co-operation and a feeling of sympathy. When our social evils and our social requirements are common, we have every right to be optimistic of most brilliant achievements if the selected representatives of the entire Hindu community of India work together whole-heartedly, brushing aside all considerations of caste, differences in religious convictions and languages spoken, and distance between one Province and another. Just as the organization of these representative Hindu societies will never, in any way, affect the interests of any non-Hindu association, similarly they should prove themselves perfectly innocuous to each and every society amongst the Hindus themselves. They

may do their best to promote amongst the Hindus uniformity in everything - in dress, in etiquette, in mode of salutation, in free inter-marriages within the sub-divisions of a caste, but they should have the foresight not to embark on a suicidal enterprise or experiment asking the masses to accept an innovation like free inter-marriages, irrespective of caste restrictions, hitherto unknown to the average Hindu. And the reason for this caution is not far to seek. The ordinary Hindu, far from being prepared to receive such revolutionary changes in time-honoured usages, strongly doubts any utility or expediency in sanctioning inter-marriages between one caste and another. Our primary aim, therefore, should be to bring all the varying cults and creeds of Hinduism into closer touch with one another and then to formulate plans to meet the common social requirements of all, based on their predilections or prepossessions.

As political and controversial questions will scrupulously be excluded from the purview of the contemplated representative Hindu Societies, their work, in the uplift of the community, must be peaceful, yet solid. Once the idea of the circumscribed limits of an organization is forgotten by its members or an undue latitude is given to them in the exercise of their powers, its failure becomes inevitable. Represented, however, as the societies must be by the most moral and enlightened Hindus of all religious persuasions, the danger of their abusing their powers should be put out of consideration. We should first settle our domestic, social and religious dissensions and further amongst ourselves feelings of amity and brotherliness. If the Hindus of all Provinces, without distinction of caste, have whole-heartedly supported the scheme of the establishment of a Hindu

University, it is all the more certain that they would, with greater zeal accord their support to found representative Sabhas; and the same Rajas and Maharajas who have done so much for the former, will now energetically support the latter, more particularly because it is a scheme which does not necessitate the incurring of vast expenditure.

The creation of Hindu representative Sabhas is of supreme importance to the entire Hindu community of India, for, at present, we can never do or say things in the name of our great community. If the Hindus have to say anything *qua* Hindus, they at once fly into their respective social or religious cages, and twitter in their invariable and immutable strains. Every one seems to speak for himself alone. We have up to this time failed to show that, being members of a great community, we can speak collectively *as Hindus* of the Indian Empire without reference to caste or creed. When each and every social, religious or other body sings its own song, the sectarian element is strengthened and the chances of unified representative Hindu Societies are rendered more and more remote.

Fortunately, we live under a peaceful and benign government. Every community has perfect liberty to improve its social, educational and other domestic affairs. We all realise and truly understand this, and cannot but be deeply indebted to the British Government for affording us facilities whereby we can ameliorate our condition. This gratefulness has recently been amply demonstrated. During the first few months of the outbreak of the present war, the Hindus, as other religionists, being sincerely convinced of the righteousness of the British cause and having implicit faith in the benevolence of the British rule in India, sent to the King-Emperor a series of messages of unflinching loyalty and devotion to his person and

throne. And had a representative all-India Hindu Society been in existence, all the social, religious, and other bodies, in addition to their individual noble utterances, must have conjointly sang, in a reverberating chorus, the melody of loyalty to the British Government, which, of course, would have had the additional advantage of proving that the different members of Hinduism are, in the twentieth century, united. Being thus protected from all evil influences under the gracious patronage of British rule, heavy blame will be on our shoulders if we fail to settle our domestic differences, and to better the internal affairs of our numerous castes by organizing representative Hindu societies which alone can harmonize the heterogeneous elements of Hinduism, and bring together into closer touch the Hindus of different provinces, speaking different languages and holding antagonistic views in matters social and religious.

A. N. GAUR.

Mirzapur, U. P.

NEW RUBAIYATS OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

Continued from our last Number.

III.

THE COOKHOUSE.

Him oft I'd seen, but never once, I wren,
 That Citadel he ruled as his demesne,
 That chimneyed Pile but twenty Paces from
 The back Verandah there beside had been.

For some had said, the wisest and the best—
 O never cross that magic Threshold lest
 Thou see those Things thou never dreamedst of
 In thy Philosophy—and all the rest.

And I had also heard the Proverb said,
 Though that same Proverb nowhere yet have read—
 An Anglo-Indian Proverb 'tis—and that
 Is why perhaps it is as good as dead:

With the Policeman never have a Rub,
 And never quarrel with your Doctor Sah'b,
 And never quarrel, never fall out with,
 Nor nig-nag at the Man who cooks your—Grub.

But then I said—whether the Love of Light,
 And first-hand Knowledge wrath-consume me quite—
 One Flash of it within the Cookroom caught,
 Better than in the Armchair lost outright.

Then through that same darkling Door I went—
And why not?—Isn't it mine?—Don't I pay Rent?—

But first—that so I might with greater Ease
Explore—him—him—on a long Errand sent.

Right through I went—nor did I hesitate
To lift a Lid here—turn up there a Plate;

And many a Thing I saw—and learned to know
How those Things looked—when afterwards I ate.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
Some on a low Bench—some along the Wall—

And some with Liquids, some with Solids—and
Open—not I opened—to!—and—Flies in all.

O never dream that any Thing may be
That hath one only Use, and Property

Each to a hundred Uses may be put,
And if you doubt it—come but here—and see.

And more I saw, the longer there I stayed,
Of what, and what, were on the Gratings laid—

And many a Knot unravelled by the Way—
But could not find out how the Soup was made.

But learnt how many Things beneath the Sun
In one small reeking Kettle may be done.

Eggs boiled—Potatoes too—and—Onions—
And the same Water to make Tea for one.

But Ah! the careful Soul—indeed 'twas mine—
So mindful of his Master's hard-earned Pice—

Free—gratis—not paid—writes—not by me—
Who says I paid for this—he lies—he lies.

And then amazed I stood, and wondered at
The generous-hearted Man—for look at that—

From his own Savings bought—I'm sure of it—
That Flask of Linseed Oil—that Lump of—Fat.

See how that Chicken goes on two Legs—Look!—
Two Wings—one Liver—as I've read in Book—
But truly it has one Leg—one Wing—and
No Liver--If you doubt it--ask the Cook.

Then looking round, I said—'O what's the Use
To go on any further--Never lose,

By searching too, too deep, your Appetite—
All Things are covered by the—Gastric Juice.'

And leave—O leave the Dekchies there in Rows,
Nor hit the Lids off—Turn upon your Toes—

And leave unto the Cook what to the Cook
Belongs--the seasoned Man--he knows—he knows.

And then I turned me round, and through the Door
Came out--and then my Cookery Book I tore--

And then--to Dante as Francesca said--
To this day from--'That Day I read no more.'

Vex not yourself with what you can't divine:
He knows too well the Sharp dividing Line

Betwixt the little More and little Less--
Ye cannot get at him with Hemp, or—Twine.

And what you eat, if that you cannot guess,
Think, is it not a pretty Riddle--Yes--

Think too you have To-day what Yesterday
You had--To-morrow it will not be less.

But if however much you roar, or shout--
No go--or fine--he won't turn right about--

Then catch him by his Windpipe--and your Purse
Take out--and pay him up--and--turn him out.

And fear not thus that after closing your
Account with him--his like you'll see no more--

Despair not--and To-morrow you shall get
A bigger Blackguard than you had before.

IV.

THE DHOBY.

What?—One Week only—hard—hard to believe—
And then I caught it by one single Sleeve,
And pulled it out—was Symbol of the War
Still waged 'tween those who wash and those who weave.

Now tell me—now—by one who gave thee Birth—
So little Time—and then for all its Worth—
The Bill not paid up yet—Is't really mine?—
I looked again—and lo! it was—my Shirt.

But Yesterday it Buttons had—upon
My Word—To-day not one of them—all gone—
And so unravelled at the Neck—and Cuffs—
And all these Streaks—How shall I put it on?

And then that Slit—I held it up to view—
The morning Sun came through it—through and through
And much I marvelled at the Thing—and more
At who in so short Time so much could do.

Now peering through this Rent—now through that Hole
Burnt through and through—Ah by a Piece of Coal
From out the red hot Iron as it passed,
And marked, and scarified, and flecked the Whole.

And then I asked that Artist—“Tell me—O
Whence all these Marks—like th' many-coloured Bow?”
And then the Man made Answer, proudly true—
“They came by Water—and by Indigo.”

Those pearly Buttons from some Oyster sick,
That made so late that soft twill Shirt look spick
And span—they lie beneath the flowing Tide
And some upon the muddy Bank they stick.

How like some passing Guest—just come—and sped—
How like the Rainbow, when the Cloud is fled—

Reft from their proper Places—still you see
Where once they stood—only a Lump of Thread.

This Tear was fashioned by the sharp barbed Wire,
Those little Holes—by Babul Tree, or Briar—

See what a Jag the envious Blind-rat made—
The Rest was made by Labor, and by Fire.

For I remember stopping by the Spot
On Maps Municipal marked Dhoby's Ghaut,
And long I watched the Gymnosophist at
His watery task like mere Hottentot.

Bare was he downward from the Waist, and bare
Up from his Waist to where his Shock of Hair
Fell tumbling all about his Headpiece, and
I something uttered more than "Well - I never!"

There as he worked - Ah! how like one possessed—
Strange Sound came deep down from his heaving Breast.

While all around him flew the silver Spray -
How ten the Brave - the others may be dressed.

And cheerfully he works - the Lute and Dog -
While sings the Bottle-bird - while creaks the Frog—

All Day when the liquid Scream - Ah now
I knew why all of them take so much - Grog.

He takes a Piece now from the formless Heap;
This gently in the Water he will steep—

Now cunningly he gathers up the Ends
And brings it - swish! - down with a swinging Sweep.

Still down--and down -it comes -then by the Hem
He holds it up--and looks - one bonny Gem,

One stubborn Button still left - Here's for you--
Swish!--down again - 'tis gone - the Last of them.

O gentle Housewives--gentler Maids--O you--
Spare--spare the Man--you know not what you do--

For if you did—I'm sure you'd throw away
Your Needles—Thimbles—Thread—and—Buttons too.

And then—as somewhere I have seen it writ—
Like Samuel Weller's Lady—every bit—

When suddenly the Bottom of her Tub
Came off—like her I said—"I see through it."

Admired of Mark Twain—for he hated Dirt—
And when he saw a Man he knew his Worth,

And marked the cheery Optimism of
Who labors so to break Stones with a Shurt.

Strange—is it not? that of the Myriads who
Before us groaned o'er what this Man can do,

Not one of them has felt inclined to tax
And feather him—or mark him black—and blue.

Of two great Evils 'tis the lesser which
We choose—and so we throw away the Switch—

Better be foun'd with the tattered Shirt—
And—than no Clothes at all—the Dhoby's Itch.

They say he always was the same old Coon—
To all Remonstrance sung the same old Tune—

So fare thee well—live long—for how get on
Sans Shirt—sans Socks—and—sans Pantaloons?

V.

THE DARK BUNGALOW

How like a Tent—that sloping Roof of Thatch—
There Sparrows chirp—there Mama-lay—and hatch—

O Layers of Thatch—one every Year put on—
And on the topmost Layer a goodly Batch—

Young Neem, and Pipal, and young Tamarind—
And green Grass waving in the gusty Wind—

O cunning Artifice—'tis Nature's own—

Green all the Ground—the Housetop also green—
 Surely in Olden Time some Fairie Queen
 Did here inhabit—and upon that Roof
 Bloomed Asphodel, and Amaranth, I ween.

Hark! 'tis the Sound of Feet—some run—some walk—
 One with a great Knife--doth he run amok?—

With horrid Clatter--loud Halloo--and then—
 The Hen was caught--and then I heard—a Squak.

Poor Fowl! --But how?-- or why?-- or art thou Fish?—
 Transmogrified by *jadhu* heathenish--

Alive thou hast two Legs--But never yet
 Have I seen more than one within-- the Dish.

I called the Man, and told him--“ Look at that—
 A real live and kicking Hen, and tat--

There--has it not two Legs attached to it?”
 And then he something said about--the Cat.

Late--late--I took a Brandy Box, and String—
 And made of Bamboo something like a Spring,
 And put some Milk within a Saucer--and--
 One pull and then I caught the horrid Thing.

The Cat came back no more--O never more.
 I made myself then easy on that Score;

But still the Fowl within the Curry Dish
 Had one Leg only--only--as before.

And still the Milk in Jug grew less, and less—
 And still I asked them--“ Can you--can you guess?

I never saw that Cat again--but did
 You?” And—O wonderful--they answered--“ Yes.”

And then I looked upon the whitewashed wall,
 And read the Tariffs categorical—

And then a long, and soothing Cigar, from
 My Pocket took--lit--and--smoked it all.

“O—well”—I said—“the Night still ends in Day—
O—well—I have but little Time to stay—
For otherwise—how shall I ever be
Quits?—O where’s my Purse?—and on this Pay!”

I sometimes think that never from their Lips
What issues one should e’er believe—the Rips!—
That only one sole Means remain to make
Them deviate into Truth—and that is—Tips.

Doth then th’ eternal Saki blow indeed
So many Bubbles from her soapy Reed
And all alike in Colour, and in shape?—
For truly they are all of the same Breed.

Whether in Deccan, or in Hindustan—
From eastern Sind to western Arakan—
They’re all of them alike—all every one—
O would the Cause were found out—by Trepan.

Yet pleasant in this Caravanserai
To sit—the Gates be open Night and Day—
And count the Buffaloes, and Cows, and Goats
That crop the green, green Grass—and go away.

But tedious ’tis—and some a Swear let fly—
To walk with Circumspection slow, and shy—
For never do these Creatures go away,
But something leave to be remembered by.

They say the Cockroach and the Lizard creep
Beneath the Mattresses on which you sleep—
And why not? And if that is all you have
To say—Ah, surely, then you’ve got off cheap.

This Saki Girl, I think she wields a Broom—
No Jug of Wine—no Wine Cup there—For whom?
One goes—another comes—and when he goes—
The Sweeper Woman comes and sweeps the Room.

Ah, when the Day shall come, when with one Look,
One lingering Look behind I sling my Hook,
As glad it was not worse --I'll take my Pen--
And --write my Name in the Ddk Bungalow Book.

And when like me, O Reader, you shall come
To this same Hole I have departed from--
And count the Days up I have tanned here--
Ah!--surely then you'll say--say what? -- "By Gum!"

CH. C. CUNNINGHAM.

Wardha.

“OM MANI PADME HAUM!”

(BY THE DISCIPLE OF A TIBETAN ASCETIC.)

Four weary years a chela have I lived
 And naught have learnt but this short line of pray'r,
 I understand it not, my Master says,
 Or I should love it fondly e'en as he—
 Who prays more pray'rs than I shall ever pray,
 Who knows more truths than I shall ever know.
 My *guroo* kind and holy, I would be
 Naught but his poor and low disciple e'er,
 Serving his will and seeking no reward,
 Living his life, though understanding naught;
 Saving the pray'r he taught me, day by day:

** Om mani padme haum!*

He picked me from the earth of sin and shame;
 He clothed me, fed me, made me whole, and then
 When I had sought to thank him for his grace,
 He taught me thus to thank another Power:

Om mani padme haum!

What other Pow'r had taught me how to live?
 What Pow'r had cured me of my sins and shame?
 My sight was blinded for ten years or more—
 What Pow'r restored it? 'Twas my Master, sure!
 Yea, thousand, thousand blessings on his head!

He cured my sight, and to my limbs gave strength ;
 My soul he cured of direst leprosy :
 But just to please him, morn, and eve, and night
 I e'er repeat with fervent constancy :

Om mani padme haum !

Over the snow-capped mountains, once I passed
 Leading, perforce, this leader born of men,
 By steepest passes, silent peaks, across
 Swift mountain torrents by great snow-lakes fed :
 Into poor village homes - where men were sheep
 And worked, or ate, or slept, and knew no more—
 I led him, and he humbly begged for food
 Which kindly given, he rewarded thus,
 By carving on a paving-stone these words --
 That walked upon, each time becomes a pray'r—

Om mani padme haum !

Profusely thanked for kindness such as this,
 We left the paths of men, and thence passed on
 To wooded heights, where down he knelt to pray
 And thank the Wisdom giving him a pray'r,
 So full, so sweet, so simple, yet so true,
 It filled his life from day to day with Light
 And made it one long Rosary of Pray'r --

Om mani padme haum !

I oft have asked myself : Who is this god
 Who gave the Jewel to the Lotus flow'r ?
 Some say 'twas Buddha, when he died, who came—
 A spirit pure—into the petals fair,
 And yields his happy soul for men's delight—
 He himself's the Jewel in the Lotus
 But have I not a score of times or more

Called loud upon the god to give his help,
To open wide the petals of the flow'r
And show himself a god of might and grace—
A living god—who feels for beasts and men,
Who sees my agony, and hears my cries,
Who feels my heart throb, and my eyes grow dim,
My lips parch, and my brain begin to reel
No sound, no stir! He cares not if I weep!
My sobbing pray'rs unheeded e'er pass by.
And yet my Master teaches me to pray.

Om mani padme hum!

As if my wailing sighs have more avail
Than pray'rs, that passion-wrought within the soul,
Were strewn upon the breeze before his face!

Om mani padme hum!

What mockery of pray'r it seems to me!
But yet I must repeat it till I die;
I know no other god, no other creed.
All through my life, my yearning soul has cried
To something deeper, better far than life—
Something to make life Pray'r, and give pray'r Life—
And still my lips will frame these senseless words,
Mocking my sad unrest until I die,
And from my ashes when my life is past
Shall rise and wail, the oft-repeated cry:

Om mani padme hum!

GWEN A. DE MELLO.

Dalhousie.

COMPULSORY THRIFT BY MEANS OF DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

MR. ASQUITH has admitted that the financial outlook is "serious," and we hardly need his note of warning to realise the extreme gravity of the situation. Our daily war expenditure largely exceeds three millions sterling, with an upward tendency. In other words, the annual cost of activities which, from an economic standpoint must be classed as unproductive, is more than the National Debt as it stood at the close of our long struggle with Napoleon I. It is obvious that if this appalling drain on our resources continue unchecked, Great Britain will be crippled for a generation to come; her functions as universal banker and carrier will pass to neutrals; and she may well be confronted with a collapse of her credit.

No one deserving the name of citizen would grudge his last shilling in furtherance of a cause so dear to his heart. But, before shouldering the burden cheerfully, he must rest assured that the money wrung from him is spent with due regard for economy. Such is by no means the case. For many decades before war broke out, the people of Great Britain lay open to the charge of extravagance. Man for man, they enjoyed larger incomes and saved less than members of any civilised community. Nor was the reason far to seek. Thrift had never been systematically taught in school or college. Young people

were launched on active life with very vague conceptions of its duties. "Money is power; and all power a trust for the public good." What proportion of our half-instructed masses has grasped this life-giving principle? Hardly one unit in a thousand! So, year by year, the capitalist classes lavished £300,000,000 on luxuries which fostered parasitism, and added little to national wealth; year by year wage-earners wasted £160,000,000 on intoxicants and at least £40,000,000 on coarse pleasures.

When Teuton ambition involved us in a struggle for existence, the self-same extravagance was displayed by our great spending departments. The Treasury's grip on finances disappeared in the panic caused by a crisis which found us, as always, unprepared. Instances of prodigality and lack of common business methods might be multiplied *ad nauseam*. The waste of food in British camps and at the front passes belief. So large are the allowances doled out to women depending on soldier and sailor that few of the recipient can spend them usefully. A Volunteer Army has the immense disadvantage of competing with more remunerative forms of labour, but this is no excuse for the enormous wages paid to non-combatants.

The truth must be told; our working classes seem incapable of realising that patriotism is a nobler stimulus to exertion than the Money Motive! By means of their Trade Unions they exact remuneration on a scale which is far beyond their reasonable wants. Boys of fifteen employed in Woolwich Arsenal are paid £2 a week; skilled artisans in munition factories can earn £5 and upwards; and unskilled dockers make £3 a week for four working days. The inevitable result is a progressive rise in prices and freight, all round, and every leap upwards brings a fresh demand for "war-bonuses." It is a "vicious circle," as the old logicians used to say, from which we must emerge

on pain of national ruin. The mischief arising from inflated wages would be less serious if a fair proportion were invested in anticipation of the time of economic stress which peace must bring in its train. Alas! the volume of small investments in our war-loans, and of deposits in saving's banks, bears no ratio to the increased resources of the wage-earning class. They fail to grasp the patent fact that the stimulus to production given by borrowed money is essentially abnormal and evanescent. With bird-like improvidence they squander the bulk of their substance in riotous living. While working men and women gladly pay 2s. per lb. for prime meat, 1s. 10d. per lb. for fresh butter, and 3s. per dozen for eggs, what chances have people with fixed incomes of balancing the family budget?

We stand at the parting of the ways. Shall we set our house in order, or go on as heretofore "muddling through" until financial chaos compels us to sheathe the sword prematurely? If the first alternative be chosen, we must lift our educational machinery from the ruts of the Literary Renaissance, and recast it with due regard for the exigencies of practical life. Sound instruction in civics would, in course of a generation, eradicate the fecklessness, snobbery, self-indulgence and ostentation which make this country, as it were, a garden choked with weeds. But root-and-branch reform is a lengthy process; it calls for brains which are otherwise employed at this crisis. Who would dream of reconstructing the interior of his dwelling while murderous brigands were battering the front-door? Mortal disease calls for heroic remedies; an empiric often cures while regular practitioners, obsessed by dogma, allow the patient to perish. A hoary sophism warns us that "people cannot be made virtuous by Act of Parliament"—as though the Penal Code, Bankruptcy Laws and Liquor

Control were not powerful incentives to virtue! We must not only preach but *enforce* thrift by introducing a system of Deferred Payments.

(a) Let the Income-tax Commissioners be empowered to demand 25 per cent. of all taxable incomes and invest such amounts in War Loans on the respective payors' account.

(b) Let employers of labour be required to deal with a similar proportion of all wages paid by them in excess of £2 per week through banks and post-offices.

(c) Let non-negotiable bonds be issued to payors, redeemable yearly by drawings.

Manifold are the advantages which would arise from deferred payments:--

(1) Public credit will be rescued from the gang of international financiers who manipulate it to suit their own ends; and be kept at a uniformly high level;

(2) The price of necessities, now inflated by abnormal demand, will return to *ante-bellum* standards;

(3) The cost of production and carriage of commodities will be proportionately reduced;

(4) All classes, except a vanishing residue, will acquire habits of thrift automatically, they will be welded into a community of capitalists with substantial stakes in the country and palpable motives for supporting its Government;

(5) When peace returns, the more general diffusion of wealth will facilitate the readjustment of economic relations dislocated by the stress of war; and

(6) It will be possible to provide State-aided emigration to our Colonies for millions of disbanded soldiers and sailors; and so to avoid a recurrence of fearful evils resulting from *laissez-faire* in 1783 and 1815.

We are locked in a death-struggle with highly organized foes; only by improving on their economic methods can we calculate on a decisive victory.

I. H. SKRINE.

Lesson

THE OLD PARLOUR-CHAIR.

The winters had buried,
 I thought they had buried
 A heart-ache so old it was scarcely a care
 Then what was the trouble
 Oh! what the sweet trouble
 That came to my dream in the old parlour-chair?

Was I foolishly dreaming?
 Of what was I dreaming?
 Of days long ago when the summers were fair?
 What trick of the weather
 And memory together,
 Now May had departed, brought back the old care?

'Twas the singing in bowers,
 The perfume of flowers
 The summer had taken my heart unaware,
 And all the love-making,
 All that heart-aching,
 Came through on the breath of the sweet summer air.

M. EAGLES SWAYNE.

Switzerland.

INDIANS IN THE ARMY.

A POPULAR adage advises the prudent man to strike while the iron is hot—a patriotic precept advises every loyal citizen to abstain from the discussion of controversial political questions when the country is engaged in a great war. Sir S. P. Sinha evidently did not perceive any inconsistency between prudence and patriotism when in his presidential address at the last National Congress he hammered away at the problem of throwing open the commissioned ranks of the Indian Army to all classes of His Majesty's subjects and of providing them with an adequate measure of military training. He did not deny that these questions were controversial, and if he had demanded an immediate consideration of them and a prompt declaration of policy, his sense of the fitness of things might have been impugned. With regard to self-government, he asked for a declaration of policy "at the moment when the victory of England and her Allies will establish for ever the triumph of free institutions over old-world doctrines of military absolutism." Old-world indeed! More than a year after the commencement of the war, after every device to secure a large enough fighting force on the voluntary principle had failed, the British Parliament has been obliged to pronounce in favour of compulsory enlistment. Is not the talk of crushing military absolutism a little too premature? The Congress President probably intended

his remark to apply only to the extension of self-government, and not to the solution of military problems. But he did not recommend that the latter should be considered earlier or forthwith, and therefore few can charge him with being unreasonably calculating for having struck the iron when the war had made it hot.

The question raised is old and familiar enough. Forty-five years ago, the late Dr. W. W. Hunter, discussing the grievances of Indian Musalmans, remarked that "sooner or later the native aristocracy of India must, under certain restrictions, be admitted as Commissioned Officers in the British Army." The phrase "sooner or later" cannot be repeated indefinitely, nor is British sentiment particularly partial to aristocracy at the present day. Sir S. P. Sinha would throw open the commissioned ranks to *all* classes of His Majesty's subjects that fulfil fair and adequate physical and educational tests, and of course he would make the admission to the volunteer corps at least equally free. The strongest objection which he combated in his address was that certain classes or races are wanting in martial spirit. As far as the Bengalis are concerned he charges Macaulay with having started the theory of their unfitness for the army. As a popular writer, Macaulay has, no doubt, given currency to the belief, but surely, it was not he that started the idea and military authorities would not have acted upon his opinions if they really originated with him. Much more responsible persons, Lord William Bentinck for example, had already recorded the very poor opinion that they had formed of the physical courage and the vigour of character of the people of the Lower Provinces as a whole. The faith of military experts at the present day may perhaps best be expressed in the outspoken words of Major MacMunn, who in his book or the *Armies of India* (1911) writes: "In the East, with

certain exceptions, only certain clans and classes can bear arms ; the others have not the physical courage necessary for the warrior. In Europe, every able-bodied man, given food and arms, is a fighting man of some sort.' It is extraordinary that the well-born race of the upper classes in Bengal should be hopeless poltroons, while it is absurd that the great, merry, powerful Kashmiri should not have an ounce of physical courage in his constitution, but it is so. Some of the most manly-looking people in India are in this respect the most despicable." So the military expert will not be content with measurements of chest and biceps. The gallant Major, however, does not attribute the defect to unalterable biological causes. He is inclined to think that political oppression and other adventitious circumstances have contributed to the degeneracy of the warlike spirit. Probably Bentinck and others too were of a similar opinion, for that Governor-General thought that when "emancipated from the chains and shackles put upon their minds and actions" by their social customs, the people of India "may no longer continue, as they have done, the slaves of every foreign conqueror, but they may assume their first places among the great families of mankind." He held that though the British Government might not be able to improve the physical strength of the weaker races, it was possible to raise their "moral energy to a much higher standard." A long spell of peace is generally believed to undermine the martial qualities of a race, and one sometimes reads that it is becoming more and more difficult to find suitable recruits for the army. At the same time if an atmosphere of political and social freedom, coupled with economic conditions which ensure health and strength without enervating, be conducive to the maintenance of the physical and moral qualities of warriors, then a time must come

for military experts to revise their estimate of the fighting qualities of the various sections of the population of India.

When Sir S. P. Sinha speaks of "the right to enlist in the regular army, irrespective of race or province of origin," and the admission of Indians into the "commissioned ranks" of the army, it is easy to understand his meaning. When, however, he speaks of the admission of all "classes" as soldiers or volunteers, the question arises how the word "class" is to be interpreted with reference to the formation of class companies or class regiments, according to the policy pursued since the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. The main object of this policy is said to be the maintenance of *esprit de corps* and the promotion of emulation. It may serve other purposes as well. But as long as the system continues, how is a class to be distinguished from a caste in universal enlistment? In India we have ever so many castes, and can any caste, as such, be denied admission to the Army under Sir S. P. Sinha's plan? If not, a question of great complexity will arise. The Congress President argued that "a State could not be governed on the same principles as you manage a shop," and the State must care for something more than getting its money's worth. Does this mean that the principle of selecting the best men, which the advocates of the competitive system recommend for the recruitment of the civil services, should have no application to the selection of the best classes for military recruitment? Though no competitive examination for classes can be held, the present policy is intended to secure the same results in the army as a competitive examination would secure in civil employment—the object is to obtain the best fighting material. If the main consideration is not to be efficiency, but efficiency modified by adequate representation of "all classes," then we shall have to ask

ourselves who these classes are to be, in what proportion they are to be respectively represented, and how much of unnecessary cost unnecessary from the standpoint of efficiency—may be saddled on the taxpayer for the benefit of the unfit. It may perhaps be said in reply that the population of India may be divided into Hindus, Musalmans, Buddhists, Christians, Parsis, and others, and care may be taken to admit a certain number of each of these sections in every province where they are found in sufficient numbers. This is not the sense in which the word "class" is understood when it is applied to groups of men in the Indian Army at present. It is clear, therefore, that if Sir S. P. Sinha's plan is to be adopted, the Army will have to be organised on somewhat different lines—at least in portions of it, intended to secure equity rather than efficiency. Then would come the question of cost, relatively to efficiency. It is not meant that difficulties of this nature cannot be solved, but the student of public affairs must know what the difficulties are and how they may be surmounted.

When the commissioned ranks are thrown open to all classes, when more classes are admitted into the army to secure a wider representation of those who are entitled to take part in the defence of their country, and when all classes are allowed to form volunteer corps, the question may arise whether, with a preponderance of the Indian element, "the National Army" may not prove a menace to the Government itself—a monster conjured up by Frankenstein, and this is the weightiest objection answered by the Congress President. Everyone knows that the history of the Indian Army under the Crown has been different from what it was under the Company before the cataclysm of 1857, in which nearly the whole of the Bengal Army disappeared. Sir S. P. Sinha appears to hold that

the Sepoys mutinied because they were ignorant mercenaries. While mercenaries too sometimes revolted under the Company. The Congress President is confident that "anarchists and seditionists will never succeed in winning over a truly national army, drawn from a people made increasingly loyal by the spread of education and liberal self-governing institutions." But pray, who are these anarchists and seditionists? Are they not educated? Will the Indian soldiers of the future be more educated than they? If "liberal self-governing institutions" will be necessary to keep them loyal, what measure of self-government will suffice to secure their allegiance? Sir S. P. Sinha has evidently not been unmindful of these doubts, and he hastens to explain that for the present he would be satisfied if only a beginning were made in the direction recommended, and that the privilege asked for would have to be granted "subject to such conditions and rules and regulations as to ensure proper discipline and control." It is worth while emphasizing these qualifications, for they constitute an essential part of the statesmanship of the address. Perhaps when the precautions are actually adopted, the Government will be accused of distrust; nor is that charge unknown at the present day. Without a certain measure of trust and trustworthiness, an army could have no existence. In 1857, the year so indelibly marked on the memory of military administrators, "all over the country," writes the Major already quoted, "officers professed the most profound confidence in their own regiments", and he adds: "This same spirit of trust between British officers and their men exists to-day, and only so long as it exists will the native army be a fighting force. With the great shadow behind, however, it cannot be carried to the blind extreme that so honoured the sepoy officers of 1857." When Sir S. P.

Sinha speaks of an army made "increasingly loyal" by education and self-governing institutions, he speaks of an army of which no one has any experience. We move in the region of hypothesis, where experience has still to be gained by experiment. The ex-member of the Viceregal Council is, therefore, perfectly fair when he stops at recommending the necessary experiments.

Meanwhile, it may be instructive to ask what has been the experience of the National Congress and the Moslem League in preserving the integrity of their loyal ideals. After the memorable Surat mutiny, has the policy of the Congress been one of implicit trust—not towards mercenaries, but certain men of high education, staunch patriotism, and luminous intelligence? And will not the Moslem League be more discriminating in its trust after the memorable Marine Lines mutiny? As long as the moral ascendancy of the forces represented by the Congress and the League is not sufficient to keep unruly elements under control, the trust will necessarily be selective and circum-spect. The Indian Army grew from "a force of door-keepers and watchmen," and when it was recruited only from "low castes," the higher castes looked down upon it. Then it was "brahmanised," and the educated patriots of to-day characterise the Rajput and the Brahman, the Sikh and the Gurkha, the Musalman and the Tamil soldiers as mercenary. As such they would not care whom they fought for: they would be loyal to their paymaster. This view is not quite just, for ignorant as most soldiers may be of political theories, they must see something good in the Government for which they fight. For whom will the better educated soldier of the future—the lover of self-governing institutions—fight? Military administrators and civilian statesmen alike appear to think that it is not profitable to answer such questions.

Two things seem certain- -after the war the fighting strength of the Empire will have to be augmented, and the opportunity will be taken to grant some fresh concessions to satisfy the military aspirations of Indians.

H. NARAINA RAO.

Bombay.

GLOOM AND GLEAM

Gloom :

- A chasm yawns before !
Slowly the lingering light in darkness dips,
Coldly the hush of Death from seals my lips,
That thrill of joy - that flush of Life no more,
Ah ! Never, Never more !

Gleam :

- Melts gold in subtle Blue !
Brightly in splendour wild bursts Hope above,
Sweetly resound the silver tunes of Love,
That Ecstasy -that Rapture swell anew
Oh Joy ! They swell anew !

BIOLA DATT PANT.

Allahabad.

ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

(Continued from our last number.)

II

MEANTIME a very different scene was taking place on the first platform of the Eiffel Tower, no spot in the world more conducive to romance, wild dreams, or exultation. How, indeed, are hum-drum reveries or low spirits possible on that artificial mountain top, so easily reached, yet so suggestive of remoteness and isolation from things familiar? 'Over the quite untravelled anyhow, this erst-while nine days' wonder still exercises its spell. Happily for themselves, here and there certain privileged individuals exist, who have not yet taken final leave of the unexpected, to whom the world can at times appear a raree-show.

"Oh! Letitia!" cried the younger of the two English tea-drinkers, as she gazed at the majestic panorama, all Paris spread map-like below, winding in and out the sun-bright Seine. "Do pinch my arm, prick me with pins, stamp on my toes—somehow make me feel that I am really myself—"

"But that is just what I was pledged to forget, for once and for all, to blot out of memory, Cecilia Carisbrooke, non-existent, her name changed in my birthday book, to-day a quite other personage, namely, Carrie Brooke."

With a smile, not wholly unanxious, the sedate, almost middle-aged, English teacher added— "That pseudonym, rather anagram, intellectually does you credit, my little friend; it is really clever of you——"

There was something in Letitia's voice as well as in her smile that sobered the other. Now ready to cry of dismay rather than of rapture she burst out:

"Is it wrong? You blame me, Letitia? You would not have acted as I have done?"

"Am I my friend's keeper? In unusual, extreme cases, how could any of us answer such a question—say, what we should or should not do? For the present let us leave matters where they are—"

"And every moment is a sort of ecstasy—if only all this was new to yourself, as to me, the being in Paris, I mean, the feeling of independence, of not having to put on cheerful looks at another's bidding, tied hand and foot to a whimsical old lady wearing a wig—I don't know how it is, but wigs always seem to spoil people, even a really good-natured soul like Mrs. Fitzmaurice. But let us forget all about her. Do tell me, Letitia, you who have never known dependence—are you happy?"

"Now, Cecilia, Carrie, I mean, how can you ask a question so preposterous? First explain what you mean by the word."

"Well," the girl said blushing, as she spoke, the blush a great embellishment to somewhat ordinary features and complexion, "I mean this, does freedom make up for what all of us, I suppose, look upon as the ideal blissful wedlock?"

"Carrie, we shall have plenty of time to thresh out this subject during our travels. You are twenty-five—"

"Twenty-three, please."

"I am twelve years older. You find me cheerfully plodding on, my means of livelihood procuring friends, sympathy and a nest-egg for old age. Why should I sit down and fold my hands drearily because I have never known a man's tenderness, because—except socially speaking—the other sex individually remains an enigma, my own existence that of a unit? I must confess that excepting boys, as pupils, to me always so much more interesting than little girls, I am no adorer of children. I look around me too and comfort myself with the conviction that schoolgirl's dreams of Eden-like love and marriage are all twaddle-dum-dee, that both sons and daughters as often as not prove the reverse of a blessing and that if here and there we do find a happy Darby and Joan, a dozen ill-assorted matches may be set against the exception. For all that I never wished to die an old maid. I should have preferred to solve the said enigma, to know both halves of life."

"For my own part, I envy you. So long as I live I intend to by * and as to a man's hypocritical vows, the very

recollection of them makes me feel inclined to jump from this very platform.

"Don't do that, in my company anyhow. My dear, whilst with me, no heroics, remember----"

The crushingly matter-of-fact tone changed suddenly to a cry of astonishment.

Springing from her seat with outstretched hands she advanced towards a pair of tourists in light grey suits, unmistakable Englishmen both, the one a mere stripling, his companion middle-aged.

"Archie, my dear boy, oh! how very glad I am to see you again and of all places to meet you here!"

"And what scumptions luck for me, Miss Letitia!" exclaimed the youth colouring and warmly returning her hand-shake. "Miss Elmore-- the kind French mistress you have heard me speak of, Harry. Mr. Moreton, my senior at the Bank - I got into a bank, you know - -"

"Miss Brooke, Mr. Wason, Mr. Moreton," added Letitia.

"May we sit down and order tea at your table, Miss Letitia, Miss Brooke?"

"Certainly, and do your old teacher credit by ordering what you want in good French. But do not open your mouth wide to shout a big O when asking for a jug of hot water, like Thackeray's snob."

A second tray was soon forthcoming, Letitia presiding with the remark--

"Out of doors, cigarettes are permissible, gentlemen," an invitation quite exultingly accepted. Over tea and cakes, the four soon became friends.

"This is something like, A. I. up-top, killing eh? Moreton," asked Archie as man-like he puffed away. "Just what you were longing for, an adventure----"

"And of a most gratifying kind, harbinger of good fortune to come, I take it," was the carefully enunciated reply. "I must explain, ladies," here Mr. Moreton's voice became apologetic. "I am a novice in travel. For the first time yesterday I crossed the Channel and tread the soil of France, realizing a life-long dream."

"Like my young friend here, Miss Brooke, you have much enjoyment in store. So much I can promise you." As she spoke, Letitia's practised eye pursued the new-comers. Yes, anyone less

experienced would have told at a glance that the pair belonged to the same category and were similarly circumstanced. Both had a sedentary, got-up look, a conspicuously tourist air, were evidently not yet at home amid these unwonted surroundings. Easy also was it to label their status. They emerged not from behind the counter but the high stool, their business was not with drapery but with parchment - traditional quill pen and arabesque writing. Do what we will, we carry alike calling and credentials with us! Years do not more certainly assert themselves.

"I say!" burst out the younger man, emboldened with every whiff, "Miss Letitia, do I won't ask--mother us as you did myself when I was in socks and knickerbockers--that would be rude."

"Thirty-five is not an age I blush to acknowledge, dear boy" was the tea-maker's dignified reply. "Go on, what am I to do, pray?"

"You were always the kindest, jolliest lady in the world and idle little beggar over French verbs as I was--you never boxed my ears. Go on your knees, Moreton, beg her and her friend to join us, make up a nice little party for the whole of our time--exactly a month from to-day, a week in Paris, say, and three in Switzerland--Miss Elmore speaks French like a native, we shall see as much in a day here as in a month by ourselves, and how dull for us two to do the thing with guides everywhere and not a soul to talk to."

"Nothing could delight me more, but the genuflection would be out of place here," Moreton replied, turning down, soberizing as far as possible his junior's exuberance. "This is no place for swearing affidavits," he added, with a look at loungers within hearing.

"What do you say?"

Archie's query now addressed to Carrie was only answered by a glance of enquiry. It was for her chaperon to decide.

"We will think and talk the matter over, but now tell me Mr. Moreton, what it is here and around that you most wish to see, and I will help you and my former scapegrace here with plans."

The middle-aged lawyer's clerk coloured with mixed pleasure and shame-facedness.

"To tell you the plain truth, ma'am, I really don't care a button what I do see, so long as I see something. I must explain

how it came about that I drew fifty pounds from my savings and got a month's holiday for this freak. Hitherto I have just had a week or so at Scarborough or Landisford for my rheumatism and never dreamed of going out the Continent. You see I speak no language but my own and know no-one out of the old country. But in the spring of the year I had to draw up the will of an old lady in our place-- I won't mention names-- a great traveller with a collection of curios which for the purposes of her testament, I had to go over. Well, when I saw all kinds of strange and beautiful things, pottery, embroidery, pictures and the like that she had, as she told me, collected throughout her various travels not only in Europe but in Africa and Asia Minor, I said to myself what an interesting life this aged maiden lady has led and how tame and cut-and-dry has been my own! How I envied her! Why did I scrape and scrow all these years in fear of an almshouse? Better to die there than go out of the world as much of a sawney as when I come in-- but by Jingo, there's a man I know-- excuse me, ladies."

Away he darted, the three on-lookers following him with their eyes.

A hundred or two yards off was standing a well-built evidently British figure lost in contemplation, his gaze fixed, now upon one feature, now upon another of the immense panorama. To Moreton-- call he appeared deaf and only when his arm was caught did he turn round. Then followed handshakes, greetings, and low-voiced, even whispered confidences, only after some persuasion the stranger accompanying his friend to the little tables.

"On my word this afternoon of itself is worth my fifty pounds," cried Moreton now excited as Archie himself. "Permit me, ladies, Miss Elmore, Miss Brooke, my friend, Mr.--" he stammered, "Mr.-- I really shall forget my own name here; so many things to turn one's head."

"Graydon," put in the other. Then without awkwardness, equally without the *nonchalance* of the cosmopolitan, he accepted a chair and a cup of tea.

"Yes," Archie cried after having proudly ordered more fresh tea and cakes in French. "I call this ripping. I only, I only hope one or other of us will discover an acquaintance that would make six, so much better than an odd number. But

now," here he appealed to the elder lady—"Remember, Miss Letitia, how short is to be our stay here, how precious is every moment. Where shall we all dine? What place of amusement shall we patronise—and Mr. Graydon must of course go too?"

"Well, fetch me an evening paper from yonder kiosk, here are two sous and I will see which programme is the most attractive—I mean the most suitable," Letitia answered with her quietly authoritative air. As for dinner, at a Duval's, of course. We won't spend too much upon eating and drinking. You too perhaps, Mr. Graydon, are a stranger here; Paris is unknown to you?"

"Absolutely, ma'am," was the reply in a voice just pleasantly reminiscent of the Colonial—Australian, Canadian, South African. Mr. Moreton's new-found friend evidently came under one of the three categories.

A man in his early prime, bronzed, neither handsome nor ill-favoured, his physiognomy the most benevolent imaginable, his whole attitude that of native, intelligent enquiry—such was Mr. Arthur Graydon.

"Four of us are in the same boat then," Moreton said looking round. "So many sleep under your amiable shepherding, Miss Elmore. Now I feel quite certain that no evil will overtake myself and young friend on the road."

"I will endeavour to keep my little school in order," was the sedate reply. "But, my word must be law, otherwise I'd refuse the responsibility."

"Agreed."

"Sworn to."

"My oath on it."

"Of course," meekly said Carrie when Archie, Moreton and Graydon had thus pledged themselves.

(To be concluded.)

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Hastings.

AFRICAN LETTERS.

I NEED not make public how these, and other letters which I may publish at some future date, came into my possession, and what pains I have taken in translating them. Suffice it, that I have omitted passages that might bring a blush to certain cheeks and others that would bring ridicule on English Society; and my reason for publishing these letters at all is that there is pleasure in knowing what foreigners think of us—or rather of our admired customs.

LETTER I.

KING PAPACOCK TO HIS SON IN AFRICA.

God is good

Peace be unto you, my son!

I, Papacock King of Bangywala, am not feeling very peaceful. When that Missionary chap comes round to you again, send him about his business. He has an oily, plausible tongue. Why did I listen to him? May he eat dirt! I remember when he came to Bangywala and asked about my people, then number, their customs, and if they lived in sanitary dwellings. What did I answer? Do you remember? I was angry. What account did I keep of the amount of dirt eaten by my people? Then about the stars concerning which he desired to teach me. By Hanga-hanga, the god of my fathers—what did it matter if that was a star and the other a comet—the one without and the other with a tail? And that the one with a tail came and went in a century of years?

Why—let it go!

But he spoke about foreign countries, that no men were great who had not travelled. That fetched me, so I came to this country, India, and am now in Bombay. I sigh when I think of the

savoury dishes made me by my wives. They were all wasted on the deep. I was ill—sick. I felt that there was an earthquake in my stomach. It was awful.

But I'm better to-day. Yet, how am I to get back? I dread that voyage. Oh! my son. Deal not gently with that Missionary chap. Let my wives have the handling of him. Tell Fatibus to sit on him.

I've an invite to a dance to-night. The Englishman who has taken charge of me, says I speak his language very well, and yet I see him sometimes smile.

I'll write you again to-morrow.

LETTER II

God is Good!

Peace be unto you my son!

I went to the dance. By Heaven's house! The women are magnificent. My heart has not that great yearning to be home again—not just yet, and is for that Missionary don't worry him till further you hear from me.

I'll tell you about the dance.

It was at the house of a woman whose name is Smith. The house is magnificent—my palace—is a cosy shed compared with it; I'll see that I have a decent place to live in when I return. I went with my English wife—who told me that I must walk straight and quickly, yet in no hurry—to the hostess and greet her first. Thus I tried to do but the floor was slippery and I came down with a great bump on my hinder parts! I rose sore and angry and would have ordered the execution of my Inter and some giggling maids, only things are done differently in this country. Even the maids, I am told, were not disrespectful. A soft, shy laugh, they tell me, means an affirmative to a question, or coyness—as in this instance, compassion.

This is a strange country, my son. God forgive these people if they are lying. However, the fall had the effect of bringing the proud lady of the house to me. I thought it strange that I should have to go to her. She apologised. I smiled, bowed, I forgot my fall in her presence. Did I tell you, my son, that she was beautiful? But there were other women—all lovely, their skins like marble. My wives will have to give up the fat style. See to it, my son.

"They are going to dance," said my tutor to me. "Come and sit here--" and he conducted me to a seat. I wanted to be near the ladies but I saw them being led by men, to the centre of the room.

"Why are all the women in their bed-clothes?" I asked.

I nearly laughed when I saw the frightened look on his face. He put a finger to his lips and said "Hush!" and then explained that the ladies were in their evening dresses. My son, I should like to know then what like are their night dresses, for, although they were well covered from the waist downwards upwards just strips of cloth or nothing at all.

"I should like to dance," I said to my tutor, "but I have not brought any wine."

"That's all right," he told me. "I'll get you someone."

"How? Where?" I asked. "All these men here dance, and each takes up his wife or daughter."

"Not so," he assured me, and told me why.

My son, this is, as I have already said, a peculiar country, but I like the custom as long as they are not introduced into Bangwato. The men did not dance with their own wives, but those of other men. I struck me, before this, that husbands and wives were very loving—now it seems the women put on all their best clothes for the husbands of other women, and the men for the wives of other men.

Well, my son, I'll not touch these matters later. To the dance—let me tell of that. Hanga-hanga! It was good. It was superb. All of a sudden there was a crash of music from the band. The men turned to the women and bowed and clapped. "May I?" and the women bowed and answered, "Of course you may—with pleasure." Then the men and the women each to their own partners, rushed with open arms. It was a sort of charge, and the force was so terrible, that it sent the men and women round and round.

My son! It was fine to see how the men lovingly embraced the women, and the women gently rested their chins on the shoulders of the men looking extremely happy.

By Hanga-hanga! the picture was too good to rouse me to sudden action.

"I'll dance," I told my tutor. "Get me a partner at once."

He hesitated, but I stood up, intending to proceed and take possession of a pleasing wench, when the tutor took me by the hand and led me to a woman, rather big in size but not unpleasant in looks. She said she would dance with me "with pleasure," but we had to wait for the next event. It was a "quadrilles"—so they named it. We stood up, four pair in each set. Crash went the band. I had followed the other dance carefully and knew what to do. I bowed "May I?" She bowed—"Of course you may." I rushed at her, took her in my arms, and, overmuch the flesh though he carried I swung her round and off her feet. It was a marvellous performance. The others stood and stared at me, surprise on their faces, but when I let the woman go, she stupidly fell flat on her stomach and face. It was not my fault, and yet an angry man came running to me, and raised his hand to smite me, when others held him back. They had seen that I had not knocked the woman down.

"Say you are sorry," whispered the tutor to me.

I was sorry and told the woman so, but at the same time asked her how she had managed it and if she were too heavy.

At that the infuriated man came to attack me again but my tutor led me to a chair. I had had enough of dancing for that evening, so determined to look on. My gaze, however, wandered to where was seated a most beautiful creature—by Hanga-hanga! it is impossible to describe her. I determined on having some quiet talk with her and so, when my tutor had gone to get a "drink," a chair near my fan chamber was vacant, I went up and sat close to her. I told her who I was. She bowed. I asked her if she would like to go to Africa. She clasped her pretty hands, turned up her eyes and said "I would just love to."

I explained—"I don't know how it is managed in your country. Do you employ brokers?"

"What for? Do you mean Sukaris?" she asked.

She did not understand me, nor I her, my son, so I explained that in our country when the King fancies a certain woman, he just sends for her, but if one of the men of our race wants to marry a girl, he knocks her on the head, and carries her off.

"Dreadful," she exclaimed. "But what about the broker?"

"I was told," I answered, "that in India, brokers, such as barbers and others, arrange for marriages. Now I want to marry you. How must I go about it?"

She looked at me stupefied, she had not expected to be so honoured by me. She slowly stood up and--

"Ask Papa," she said, and ran away, laughing.

The tutor, you will remember, had told me, that to laugh, with these people, means sympathy or something akin.

But who was her Papa? How was I to find him? It was foolish of her not to point out the man to me. I went in search of the lady. I could not find her. I had not even asked her name. I then went to the men. "Are you the Papa of the charming lady in black?" I asked one, a sorry looking man.

"Which charming lady? Why do you ask?" he enquired.

"Because I want to marry her."

"My hat!" he cried. What a peculiar man to call for his hat! He turned round, and his shoulders shook: he must have had a spasm. He spoke to another man near him. That other man laughed in sympathy. They said something to each other and then the first man said to me:

"That is the Papa!"

He pointed to a man in regimentals, sitting all alone. I went up to him, and bowed. He bowed. I said to him, "I want to marry your daughter."

His face grew red. He choked, he fumed. Then he stood up and cried--

"Who the devil has taught you to play this joke on me? Tell me at once, Sir--quick--"

My son, he actually took me--me the King of Bangywala, by the shoulder, and shook me. I was about to answer him in a manner worthy of a king when my tutor came along and took me away.

"What did you say to Major Hotbrick?" he asked.

I told him.

"Good Heavens!" said he.

"The Major is not married--will never marry. He is a woman-hater."

My son--can you picture what a temper I was in at hearing this? Do you remember that day when I slaughtered one of my wives for treading on my toe? My temper was like that.

But my tutor--he is a simple sort of fellow and kindly--told me he would get the British Government to banish the men. He knows who they are, and he will do it, I feel sure. He also pro-

mised to find out for me who this charming Houri is. My son—she will look grand in my palace. Tell my wives to expect her—and they must grow thin—also all the women. The fashion has changed.

Supper—we went into supper, my son; but my charmer was not there. I sat close to a man that talked more than he ate.

It is the custom here to enquire about your neighbour's family—as to their health, I mean, so I took no offence when he asked me how my wife was.

“Which one?” I asked him.

“Oh—you have several?” he said. “My mistake. I mean all of them.”

“They were quite fat when I left my country,” I told him.

“Bad!” he said. “They will die of heart disease. I know of several fat women who have snuffed out like that. A cough—I heard you cough, just now. Slight—eh? I knew a man—had a cough just like yours—took no notice of it—said it was nothing—often had a cough—he got pneumonia, died. I was at the funeral.”

“You’ll die, too, one day,” I said to him. I took up my glass to drink when he held my hand.

“I implore you,” said he, “not to drink liquor. It kills. It is poison—remember your wife—I mean wives and children. You will never return to them—they will become the property of others.”

I put my glass down.

My son, do you know what he did? He took up my glass and drank all the sparkling liquor therein—every drop of it.

“How!” I cried. “You just told me it was slow poison, and you—”

“My dear friend,” he said patronisingly, “why did I drink the liquor? I felt you would be tempted—might take up the glass again—and so I removed the temptation.”

And, mark me, my son, all through the supper, as many times as my glass was filled, he removed the temptation. In all my life I have never met such a good-natured man before.

(*To be continued.*)

J H WILLMER.

Lucknow.

THE ELDEST.

I USED to think that it must be heaven to be the Eldest. The Eldest got all the wings of the chickens or all the new frocks. But I, the middle one, never had the wing of a chicken in my life and my frocks were made out of the Eldest's last year's raiment. I never could quite see why the Eldest, because she happened to have been born before the rest of us, should enjoy such preposterous privileges, why she should be cock of the walk and prevent our making toffee on ball holidays and smoking cigarettes on the top of the garden wall. She even was allowed to order dinner when the mistress of the house was away. But she never ordered lobster-salad and meringues. They were too dear, she said, and she hated being extravagant.

For the Eldest prided herself on being economical, and sent away her last year's cards at Christmas. If she bought a present for anyone, she always asked you to guess how much she had given for it, and although you knew it hadn't cost more than sixpence three farthings - as that sum was the extreme limit of the Eldest's expenditure on a present - you were obliged to guess double, for the Eldest would have been offended. Another thing the Eldest boasted about was her "bump of locality." Many a holiday ramble by the silver sea, or bicycle ride in the country, was robbed of its charm for us by the Eldest's insistence on her possession of that bump of locality. The "bump" invariably tore us in an opposite direction from the one we wanted to go in, and sometimes brought us back to the point we started from instead of guiding us to our goal. But it was on a visit to town that the "bump," if you trusted to its guidance, performed the most erratic feats. It landed you in the wrong motor bus, and provided you with the thrilling adventure of getting lost.

between Piccadilly Circus and the National Gallery. Yet even after that the Eldest claimed that she could find her way about London blindfold.

The Eldest thought she was "weatherwise," but when she said it was going to rain, it was pretty safe to leave your umbrella at home. If she prophesied fine weather, there was generally a thunderstorm or a blizzard. The Eldest gave out that she was a good sailor, because she had escaped by the skin of her teeth being sea-sick once at the seaside when Pater had taken us on a short trip in a pleasure yacht on a squally ocean - and all the rest of us had succumbed. The Eldest had looked quite as green as anybody, but had managed to land with her tea inside her, so ever after, when the sea was mentioned, she always said she was a good sailor in a superior cock-a-hoop tone that made us feel it was a very contemptible and shocking thing to be a bad one. It seems strangest of all now that there were certain illnesses of which the Eldest had the monopoly. No one else might have *typhoid*. We were taught to regard that malady with awe and reverence as sacred and quite unattainable by ordinary mortals like ourselves, for we were told it had nearly snatched the Eldest away from us in the bloom of her promising youth. When the cat had a commonplace cold and all the household caught it, the Eldest said her cold was the worst and loudly coughed us down if we dared to dispute its supremacy. The Eldest suffered from a curious kind of insomnia which was an excuse for ordering fresh bacon and toast when she came down late for breakfast. When we were late for breakfast, we had to be content with cold bacon and tannin-tasting tea, but then we didn't suffer from insomnia.

One night, however, an extraordinary disturbance, said to be afterwards a slight shock of earthquake, interrupted even our healthy slumbers and made us bound from our beds. The next morning the Eldest came down late and complained bitterly as usual of having heard the clocks strike every hour of the night, but she said nothing about the earthquake. Then she ordered fresh bacon, and instead of envying the Eldest her hot breakfast that morning, we scored off her inwardly.

No one might 'rot' the Eldest publicly, though she herself was a merciless tease. How she delighted to humiliate the boys by going to see them off when they went back to school and kissing them before Jones Major, and begging them not to put their

heads out of windows in the tunnels. Now she made me long to put my head in a bag, by passing scathing personal remarks at the dinner-table on my hair, complexion and eyes, which she compared to boiled gooseberries. On another occasion she made merrily to her friends over my first verses published in a corner of the local press, and killed my budding muse with her ridicule.

Yes, the Eldest in a playful mood was decidedly more exasperating than the Eldest in a bad temper.

But time alters your point of view with regard to the Eldest. If you can never quite forgive and much less forget what the tyrannical exercise of her prerogative as the Eldest has made you suffer, a period comes when you cease to envy her, when you would not be the Eldest if you could, for a thousand pounds. When eagerness to have your skirts lengthened and your hair done up and to "come out" has become a phase belonging to the dead, dead past, when you have entered on the years of the sore and yellow leaf and become conscious of the process of growing old, then you almost pity the Eldest. For however old you may be growing, you can always console yourself with the thought that the Eldest is still older.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

London.

THE SILVER LINK.

A SOCIO-RELIGIOUS STORY.

(Continued from our Last Number.)

CHAPTER III

THE DAWN.

SIX years have rolled by since the arrival of "The Happy Guest," six, long, mending painful years for those who toiled from morn to night without a break in their humdrum existence, without a smile from Dame Fortune; six swiftly-flying peaceful years for those who basked in the sunshine of prosperity and happiness. Such is the world. Many new faces have taken the place of old ones who have quitted this world for others; many awe-inspiring scenes have been enacted in that little village by Father Time—"those of no name, no means" have carved out their way in this shoulder-to-shoulder and back-to-back struggle for existence, and many of privileged blood and titled names have gone down; for the cycle of life goes on its maddening, unending course. How truly a poet sings:

"Look at that wheel invisible, where no pause,
no peace, no staying place can be,

Who mounts will fall, who falls will mount,

The spokes go round unceasingly."

Rama has retired from business, so his energy and vitality have ebbed away. He is past fifty—a good old age for Indians who, alas! have to pass their days in such ceaseless worries that they are old almost before they are young; Rama has made for himself a snug little home by a well-regulated, honorable business career. He has wound up his business and lives a life of

seclusion with his wife. He eats only once during the day and passes his time in worshipping Him from Whom all comes. Hari is left in the sole charge of Swami who spends much of his time over him. So naturally Hari is having the best possible education that is available in the village. He is a bonny lad of six and is very intelligent withal. Gurcharan is no more. Death which waits for none when the time for toll-paying comes has claimed him as his own. His friends say that he died a heart-broken man because Kampta's wild and irresponsible acts drove him to desperation and in his old age when he needed rest and peace, he got nothing but the dunning of creditors and threats from his own flesh and blood. Howsoever Gurcharan may have led his life, he was, after all, a man of the old school. In his heart of heart, he loved his men but his proud temperament always kept this feeling masked. But he was not a man of the school whose teachings tug at heart-strings as well as purse-strings. Kampta stepped into his shoes as soon as the mourning period was over, but woe be the day when Kampta saw the light of the day. He was a fiend in the shape of a man. He inherited all the bad qualities of his father without assimilating any of his good points.

Kampta did succeed to the ancestral property, but he at the same time succeeded to an empty treasury. If he had been a cautious man, he would have taken for his watchword "Thrift" which would have given him back his real position and name, but instead he took for his guiding motto, "Live for the day," and lived up to it right royally. He was surrounded by a host of parasites who boasted that they would lay down their lives for him if ever an occasion should need such a trifling sacrifice. They praised him high and extolled him to the seventh heaven. He used to live in a fairly kind, proud of having so many persons as his friends. Persons of Swami's type kept a distance between him and themselves, but they numbered few. Kampta one by one sold off the ornaments and jewels of his family and neglected his mother. Poor old soul, the day that saw Kampta's rise also saw her fall! She must taste the fruit of the tree which she by her own hands planted and nurtured by her own blood. Kampta was very keen on being on intimate terms with Hari and often Hari had to go when invited. Swami could not understand this unnatural intimacy

and he set himself to watch its course. He had not to wait long. When one day the invitation came, he refused to give Hari permission to go. Hari began to weep. This was a surprise to Swami, who politely dismissed the messenger and asked Hari the cause of his eagerness.

"Sir, when I go there I am treated with marked respect as if I was a grown-up man of some importance and Kampta provides various entertainments for me to enable me to while away the time pleasantly. His numerous friends speak very highly of me, but here, Sir, nobody does that." So saying Hari began to weep again. Swami comforted him that night with pleasant assurance for the morrow. Hari went away to sleep without taking his food and Swami, left alone, tried to find a solution of this feigned friendship. One thing was perfectly clear, that Kampta was after Hari's money. Hari found time hanging heavily since his only engagement at Kampta's was now broken off. Swami thereupon devised for him healthy recreations like gymnastics, running, and so forth. Swami was a great advocate of Indian games inasmuch as they help the growth of the body and are not costly. He had a natural aversion to foreign games like tennis, football and hockey, inasmuch as they tax the pocket to a large extent. Moreover, what is suited to the English climate and diet cannot very well suit India's climate and diet.

A new being came into existence in the vicinity of Hari's house in the form of a girl. The girl was called by a romantic name, Piyan (loved one), and she was a beautiful little doll. Hari used to be fond of her and, in fact, the presence of this girl seemed to lessen his burden of loneliness. Her father, Raj Bahadur, was simply disgusted when he heard the news of the girl's birth. "Oh! God, what did I do to be cursed by the birth of a daughter." And so saying Raj Bahadur struck his forehead heavily. In India in particular, and in the East in general, famine, plague and other dire calamities meet with less scorn than does a girl's birth. What wonder when one takes into consideration the opinions that are held in this country about the fair sex? Here is one out of many as a sample: "The woman must possess a watchful tact like that of a dog. She must watch her master's eye, refrain from fawning on him when her lord is weary, never importune him with too much affection, nor chill him with too little. The woman's way is the way of the cat. She must sidle

where a man goes straight, she must purr seductively, and show herself soft and pleasurable. The woman's way is the way of the serpent. She must dissimble. If her heart aches, she must not let her owner know it, if it burns with anger, her eye must be steady and her tongue silky."

Such being the enviable position of women in the East, what wonder if Raj Bahadur cursed his fate!

However that may be, Hari was innocent of these traditions and used to spend his leisure hours with Priyari and, never having a sister of his own, found a strange charm in hearing her lisping voice. But this was not to last long. One evening when Swami was coming from the temple a mile and a half from his place, where he used to go every evening, he was struck on the head with a strong stick and fell down senseless. Hari was tired of waiting for Swami as was his usual custom and began to doze. He saw in his semi-conscious state Swami before him with blood trickling from his head asking him to go to the temple. He got up with a start and found it was all a dream, but seeing that Swami had not come, he mustered courage and accompanied by a servant left for the temple. On the way, a little distance from the temple, he saw an apparently lifeless body stretched on the road, the only sign of life being the slight humming noise due to slow breathing under pressure. This vividly recalled the dream and he rushed forward to see who the lifeless being was. To his utter dismay and confusion he found that the body was Swami's, but was reassured when the servant said that life was not extinct and that the hurt was not fatal. The servant lifted him in his arms and carried him back to the house. Hari tended him with as much care and anxiety as if he had been his father. Slow and steady was the progress. When fully recovered, Swami narrated the occurrence to Hari, but Hari insisted that the culprit must be a stranger to the village, for there was none in the village who had not love and reverence for him, but Swami knew the man.

"By-the-bye, Hari, how did you come there?"

"I slept and in my sleep I dreamed. According to the instructions given by you in my dream, I hastened to the spot and carried you here. You know the rest."

This struck Swami as out of the common: what was the current that set in vibration Hari's chord of remembrance? He

began to doze and finally fell asleep. Next morning they were returning from their morning bath when Swami accosted a village boy who was deep in his muddy pranks.

"Boy, what are you doing?" said Swami.

"Dong, why nothing," replied the boy, "only taking a somersault."

"Oh, how foolish of you. The time that you ought to utilize to some purpose you are squandering in useless freaks. The opportunity if suffered to escape cannot be caught by even Jupiter himself. Seize time and make it yield the treasure it holds. Why don't you dive deeper and find the pearl of life? By-the-bye, what gods do you follow? Do not you think that for this precious waste of time you shall be born a pig in the next vale of life. Mind, it is the real truth and not an empty threat."

"Ay, ay, it is the truth and the god's own truth," replied the boy with conviction. This took Swami aback. An untutored, unlettered, village boy to believe implicitly in the transmigration of souls— a problem that has haunted the Western scientists like the unsolvable Sphinx riddle.

"What did you say, boy," inquired Swami.

"Simply this, my Grandma, who is an octogenarian, relates interesting stories in the night when we all assemble round the fire, that is the only place which suits her story-telling. Once she told me a story which has left its impression on my mind as vivid as though the tale was narrated yesterday. I do not know what the people say, but certainly it illustrated one fact, namely, as you sow, so you shall reap, be it in this life or in the next, but I am taking your time, Sir, over a point which has been, at least for me, decided by my Grandma." So saying the boy ran away. Hari, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, ran after the boy and caught hold of him.

After a great deal of haggling, one pice was promised to the boy for narrating the tale. The boy agreed, for much can be done with one pice. You can have seventy-two shells for it and seventy-two shells in an empty pocket are more than the treasures of Croesus. And all this for telling a tale. So the bargain was fixed.

"Salutation to God and good wishes to thee O, hearer. Long, long ago in the golden era of Asoka lived a poor Brahmin. He had a son but nobody else of his kith and kin. The Brahmin

was old and poor, but his lot was cheerful inasmuch as his son was true and loving. They both worked from morn to night and eked out enough to keep body and soul together. To make their cup of misery overflow, the son was left alone. The old man slept a sleep that knows no waking. Hindu burial rites demand more money than other rites, except the marriage and thread ceremonies. The son somehow disposed of the dead body, and in his heart of hearts promised to carry out his father's last injunctions, namely, to go to Gaya once and to perform the burial rites in full. This would enable him to gain heaven. With this object before him the son became more thrifty and curtailed his expenses in order to save a hundred rupees, the minimum sum needed as there was no train service then.

It took him a long time to hoard that much, and many were the sacrifices that he had to make. At length when he dug out the dirty hundred rupees from the ground, he thought of his long unfulfilled vow. In order to save himself from the highwaymen and thugs, he disguised himself as a mendicant and hid the sum in his sack. Now no one in India in those days dared to molest a mendicant for fear of being sent to hell. So he thought himself safe by this plan.

On, on, through a ceaseless journey, he reached a village one evening and decided to put up at the Sahu's (rich man) that night. After taking his meals, he went to the Sahu and gave his sack to him for safe-keeping, remarking that things of god, ought to be kept at a sacred place. This aroused Sahu's inquisitiveness and as soon as he was out of the mendicant's sight, he felt the sack and to his surprise detected rupees sewn in. He called his wife and both fell to the nefarious work of removing the cash from it and substituting spurious coin instead. In the morning, the unsuspecting mendicant took his sack and went his way, only poorer by his life's earning. After a great deal of hardship he reached Gaya. He called for the priest, and told him his mission. The priest remarked naively: "Nothing short of a thousand rupees will satisfy the messenger of death, and you know my friends, the gate-keepers of heaven, must be bribed otherwise they may keep your father waiting outside a little longer, and then your father will require some hard cash up there to invite his friends and be at home to them and something more to appease the anger of the devils from whose clutches you are releasing your father."

As for myself, my son, I am a contented Brahmin, for contentment is the cardinal virtue in a Brahmin ; a hearty meal and a little extra my dues, if you please, concludes the business." "A thousand rupees indeed" burst forth the young man. "I have a hundred rupees for the ceremony you have suggested and not a shell more. Do it or else I send for somebody else." This brought the priest from the aerial region to *terra firma*. "Well, if you cannot afford one thousand rupees," said he, "I think one hundred may do, for you know, my son, Hinduism is very elastic. It caters for everybody's taste. But you are my client. It is above a hundred years since your family was honoured by my forefathers. Here are the books, you consult them. It was an idle threat on your part. Not another soul here can dare to perform this ceremony without my consent ; and when next you come, come with a long purse." This was by way of a benediction. The ceremony was performed and when the time for payment came, he cut open the sack and was rooted to the spot, to find worthless knick-knacks in lieu of money. He could not believe his eyes but search how he would, he could not find his hard earned cash. The priest thought that he had been hoodwinked. The man said, 'It took me twenty years to amass such a sum. I shall now go and work my best and hope to pay you off in fifteen years' time with interest at Hardwar in a fair. If you don't trust me, then have me arrested. But in that case you lose the chance of getting even a shell.' The logic appealed to the bullet-headed priest, for these priests are very clever where financial matters are concerned. The wily Brahmin got a receipt from him for the debt. The man, broken in heart and spirit, went to Sahu's and demanded his money. Sahu refused and the man thereupon committed suicide on the spot saying, 'I shall be revenged here or here after.' Now Sahu had no male issue and felt the absence so keenly that people thought he was in danger of losing his senses. With his wife he visited sacred places far and wide and gave alms to mendicants. A few days after the above occurrence, Sahu's wife entertained hopes of being a mother. This news filled the Sahu with inexpressible joy. In due time, a son was born and lavish was the expenditure incurred to commemorate such an occasion. Just fifteen years after the man had committed suicide at Sahu's place, a great festivity of unusual importance occurred at Hardwar. Sahu decided to go

to the fair with goods of rare merit for trading purposes. His son had by this time mastered the details of the business and insisted on going there himself. The Sahu did not agree at first, but had to give in when his own son persisted. So Sahu gave him a large assortment of goods and sent with him his trusted agents and servants. The Sahu's son made a great profit there and the business was brisk when the Gaya priest passed that way. The poor priest was bemoaning his fate for not being able to find his debtor when he was called back by the Sahu's son. The Sahu's son recognised him and asked him for the receipt. The priest, wondering at the turn the affair had taken, gave it to him. The Sahu's son recognised the signature and paid off the money with interest. The priest refused the interest and pocketed the principal saying, "I can't take interest from an unknown man. It is lucky that I have got my due." The servants and agents were displeased with their master's willful act and their dismay knew no bounds when they were ordered to break up the camp and proceed homewards. The Sahu was pleased to see the 'mainstay of his old age' back safe and sound, but reproached him for his folly. "Don't call me names, father," put in the Sahu's son; "fifteen years ago you robbed a poor Brahman of his life's savings and the Brahman flung away his life at your door. That Brahman is myself. I have paid the principal and its interest I have spent on myself. My mission is over. Remember, Divine Justice is slow but sure and His ways are inscrutable." So saying the boy fainted and expired. "Now give me my pie, please." Swami gave him the pie and the boy ran away mightily pleased.

Swami awoke from the reverie and said "Hari, for the story we have paid a pie, and for his belief we would have paid all that we have, and yet would have been richer by the act. The East is truly wonderful."

After a couple of days Hari went to play with Piyari without whom he found his days very dull. Piyari was now nearing her fourth year and her pranks were a source of joy to Hari who was now ten years old. In his spare hours, Hari was sure of being with Piyari, for Kampta and Hari were now widely separated. But Swami was always morose for the thought of separation from Hari that must take place in the near future was not a pleasing one. Hari must be sent away

from the village to complete his education which was desirable for him, but then the very thought brought tears to his eyes. He loved Hari dearly as if he were his own child. One afternoon Swami called Hari and said, "My son, the time has come when you and I must part. I can't leave the village much as I would like to and you have to go to the city for your education. Your father will be here to-morrow to take you to the city and put you in charge of your uncle. God knows, I have done my duty by you and may you stand well by my teachings is the only reward I ask of you for my labours. Mark what I say and let it sink deep into your heart and let it make an impression there. Follow the dictates of your conscience. A better guide than conscience I know not." Hari began to weep, the very thought of parting is always sad, but here the parting with a true friend made it doubly sad. Swami was not the man to console him, it was enough for him to keep his tears back. His heart was literally in his mouth. After a time Hari went to Priya and bade her farewell. In this juvenile mood he exaggerated the situation beyond comprehension. He had never been to the city before, and knew very little about it. The picture that he formed of the city was just the same as an Englishman coming to India for the first time draws about it--full of tigers and snakes.

(To be Concluded.)

DEVI DATT PANT.

Lucknow.

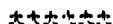
THE MONTH.

FOR Indians the most sensational event of the month of January was the sinking of the mail steamer "Persia." Austrians are said to allege that she must have struck a mine or succumbed to an internal explosion. It is believed in some quarters that in order to avoid complications with neutral Powers, especially America, the enemy submarines have been instructed not to appear on the surface while torpedoing ships, so that their identity may not be discovered. There was an American Consul on the ill-fated steamer, and if an Austrian submarine had violated the undertaking to give notice before destroying an unarmed vessel, President Wilson would undoubtedly have protested. The cause of the disaster is for the present shrouded in mystery for international purposes, though we may all have our moral convictions about it.

The Allies have completely evacuated Gallipoli and are fortifying Salonika. The Government of Serbia has sought shelter in that place, as the King of Belgium has taken refuge in France, where the royal family of Montenegro has also arrived. The Kaiser and the King of Bulgaria have exchanged congratulations. Reports are conflicting with regard to the further intentions of the Central Powers in south-eastern Europe. One day a wire is received that they are amassing troops on the Macedonian border, and next day the same troops are suddenly

withdrawn to northern Europe. The alleged movements of the forces of the Allies are equally mysterious. Up till now Turkey has only been relieved and has received no substantial benefit from the war. Though no longer pressed in Gallipoli, she has been obliged to retreat before British troops in Mesopotamia, and is evidently making no progress in the Caucasus. She has to redeem a pledge to the old Khedive of Egypt. Italy has been consolidating her gains and has not been able to play any part in the Balkans. From time to time reports have said that Russia has renewed the offensive, but the advance effected appears to have been insignificant. Artillery duels are constant on the Western front without any appreciable alteration in the situation. Both sides appear to be preparing and waiting for better weather as well as adequate recuperation. The Kaiser could indeed boast of some achievements, but was evidently not sufficiently buoyant to appear in person when asking the representatives of the taxpayers for more money. He has also to confess, like the Allies, that "the end is not in sight," and fresh taxation is inevitable. Lord Kitchener is reported to have said to somebody, during his recent visit to southern Europe, that victory for the Allies will be certain in the third year of the war. England wants more men. Lord Derby's recruiting campaign has not met with adequate success; perhaps it only delayed resort to compulsion. Though the leaders of the several parties in Parliament may differ on details, the nation is agreed that the voluntary principle has broken down on trial, and in a contest with a Power like Germany compulsory enlistment is necessary. Voluntary recruitment may yield better fighting material. The best fighting material, however, is limited in quantity, and when the enemy does not rely on quality only, the Allies too must act on the principle that any material

is better than none. The lesson learnt will have far-reaching consequences on the armies of the Empire. In India, for example, the question will arise whether the present tests of qualification for the army should not be relaxed. Though lessons are being learnt rather slowly, the Allies are determined to accept nothing short of victory and they are not daunted by present appearances.



It may be said of almost all the great Indian meetings of last Christmas that their interest lay more in the personality of the presidents than **Christmas** in the proceedings. The president of the **Conferences.** National Congress was an ex-member of the Viceregal Council, and his endorsement of the demands of that body lent special weight to them. Perhaps his testimony to their reasonableness was all the more valuable because he had not actively identified himself with the movement before he was called upon to fill the most exalted official position open to an Indian. The advocates of representative government insist that those who are selected to advise the Secretary of State, the Viceroy, and the provincial Governors must have served their apprenticeship in the Congress. If those who aspire to the presidentship of the Congress may have served their apprenticeship in a Government office, the points of contact between official and non-official life may well be many. As an advocate Sir S. P. Sinha always speaks forcibly, but his advocacy appears to be remarkably free from the semblance of one-sidedness or special pleading. Perhaps force becomes all the more forcible when it seems to be inspired by a sense of fairness. At a time when Indians are shedding their blood and draining their purses for the

sake of the Empire, the question of entrusting them with positions of greater responsibility in the army and of laying the foundation of a national militia, to cope more successfully with the growing military needs of the Empire, appropriately occupied a leading place in Sir S. P. Sinha's presidential address. From another standpoint self-government is even a more valuable privilege than military service, and in view of the impatience of a section of the Congress to press towards Home Rule, and the doubts which had been expressed in certain quarters as to whether an ex-member of the Viceregal Council would speak with sufficient boldness, the force and earnestness with which he spoke did not exceed requirements, and could not but disarm the scepticism of the doubters. The president demanded an early declaration of policy by Government. The Home Rulers were not content with his boldness and earnestness; they insisted upon the Congress taking up a more definite attitude towards Home Rule instead of merely trying to draw the Government into a declaration of policy. A committee was appointed to frame a scheme of Home Rule and publish it in September so as to allow sufficient time to discuss it at the next Congress, and thereupon Mrs. Besant gave up her idea of holding a separate Home Rule Congress for the present. The minority that had brought about the rupture at Surat succeeded also in securing a slight modification of the rules of election of delegates.

Sir Dorabji Tata and Sir Fazulbhoy Currimbhoy, who respectively presided over the Industrial and the Commercial Conferences, are men of distinction in their important spheres, and spoke with a weight to which few other Indians could aspire. They were indeed quite in sympathy with the larger scope of usefulness demanded by the Congress, and they were fully alive to the contribution

which the Government could make to the industrial and commercial prosperity of the people and the hardship of the policy at present pursued in certain respects. But Sir Dorab also laid stress on the necessity of self-help, of painstaking preliminary enquiries before embarking on a great industrial concern, and of patient attention to details at every stage. Whatever the origin of the excise duties on cotton goods might have been, their total abolition after the war seems improbable as long as the financial stringency continues. But the imposition of higher import duties, to counterbalance the injustice of the past, if it will bring in more revenue, cannot be opposed by the Government of India acting solely in the interests of Indian industries. Whether in the hard times which will follow the war the British manufacturer will feel inclined to be more just and generous than he was in comparatively prosperous days, is another question.

The president of the National Social Conference had devoted the best part of a life-time to the amelioration of the condition of Hindu widows and to the education of girls. The institutions founded by him at Poona are well known, chiefly in Western India, and at a time when the memorial to the Secretary of State had aroused fresh interest in female education, the views expressed by him on that subject were opportune and of special value. Professor Karve is not quite satisfied with the system which has grown up almost haphazard, and is of opinion that the Japanese system is more suited to the requirements of Indian women. The essential features of the Japanese curricula of studies may be said to be the use of the vernacular as the medium of instruction and the subordinate place assigned to the study of a foreign language; the amount of real knowledge which can be communicated when the mother tongue of the pupil is used as the medium

of instruction, especially such knowledge as is useful to a woman in the discharge of her duties in the home and in society : and a systematic instruction in manners and morals, which would help in the preservation of the national social ideals. The impact of foreign ideas must transform old institutions and it may be doubted whether the conservatism of one half of society, not to speak of the orthodoxy of the older male members, can successfully resist the operation of new influences. However, it is felt by many in India, as it has been in Japan, that no sudden revolution need be introduced in the duties assigned to woman in the home and in society and in the spheres of her mission with which she is brought up. English is the language of public administration and public life in India and an adequate knowledge of it is essential to men, not to speak of the richness of a literature which no amount of translation can reproduce in spirit as well as bulk in the vernaculars. To the great majority of women, however, the Japanese system may be more suitable. The main difficulty in adopting it is the heterogeneous composition of the Indian population—the number of vernaculars spoken and the variety of religious beliefs and social customs and traditions. The waste of effort involved in the adaptation of a system to so many requirements may afford no justification for wasting the brain power of the individual pupil and trying to force an unsuitable scheme of studies upon girls who devote too little time to their education. Nevertheless, if the difficulties are remembered, the best course may be found to be not the imitation of any foreign system, Japanese or British, in details, but the evolution of a distinctively Indian system. Perhaps we want more of the Japanese energy and initiative than the precise details of the system which has been worked out in the Land of the Rising Sun.

THE Educational Conference of the Moslems was held as usual and, besides emphasizing the special needs of the community, the discussions must have contributed to open its eyes to the general interests of all communities at the present day in several respects. The Moslem League, however, broke up in disorder without transacting any business worth the name. It was mentioned last month that opinion was not unanimous on the holding of the annual meeting at all at a time when both Great Britain and Turkey were engaged in war. A compromise was patched up and the League met. The disturbers of the proceedings do not appear to have been of one mind as to the reasons why the contemplated business should not be transacted. Some were perhaps of opinion that the Government of India should not be embarrassed by the discussion of controversial public questions during a period of anxiety. Others were probably not in a mood to pay sufficient attention to local needs when the whole Islamic world was watching the struggle in which Turkey was involved. Yet others may have chafed against the leadership of persons who were not sufficiently orthodox in the external characteristics of the community and who openly declared that they would be Indians first and Moslems afterwards. Many shades of opinion and sentiment seem to have been represented in the assembly, and it may be vain to try to unravel the tangle. The one thing that is clear to all is that Indians, Moslem as well as Hindu, have not yet learnt the art of giving public expression to their sentiments through properly organised meetings. If unanimity could not be expected, each party could hold its own meeting without interrupting the other. Apart from the temperament of those who cannot agree to differ, we may be reminded that tur-

bulence is common enough in the electioneering campaigns of the West. There is, however, an obvious difference between public meetings held for ascertaining the opinion of the majority of a group of persons, so that such opinion may obtain authoritative recognition, and those other kinds of public meetings which do not profess to represent a whole community or group of persons. An electorate is allowed to select a limited number of representatives. An elected body must decide upon one definite course of action to the exclusion of others. Assemblies like the National Congress or the Moslem League do not profess to represent the majority of a legally defined class of persons. Those who differ from those bodies are at liberty to hold their own independent meetings and voice the sentiments of a different class, and their resolutions have the same validity as those of the Congress or the League. It may be that they are not able to organise equally large and equally well-conducted meetings, but such inability does not justify them in disturbing the meetings of others. We often speak of the liberty of public meeting and the liberty of conscience to be respected or conceded by Government. We have yet to secure that liberty at the hands of the very people on whose behalf the Congress and the League aspire to speak. No democracy can succeed without discipline.

The visit of the Maharaja of Darbhanga to important centres on behalf of the Hindu University served as a signal to the Hindus of those places to emphasize their solidarity and uphold the claims of their civilisation. Many Hindus are rather suspicious of the ultimate consequences of strengthening the narrow bonds of sect and community. They did not, however, attempt to disturb the Maharaja's meetings. Outside those meetings disapproval has been expressed, in conferences as well as

in the columns of newspapers, of his laudation of the caste system, which he declares to be an essential part of the Hindu religion. Many are curious to know whether the religion taught at the new University will inculcate the principle of caste as divinely ordained. Most pandits would teach that in our age at least caste is fixed by birth. However, the students of English literature are not likely to treat the teachings of the pandits with blind respect. The Maharaja has no quarrel with the dissenting sects of Hinduism if sects they may be called, like the Brahma Samaj and the Arya Samaj that have declared war against caste.

Among the pleasing events of the Conference week which show how the wind blows, may be mentioned the magnificent entertainment given by a leading Mahomedan gentleman of Bombay in honour of the Congress delegates, and an anti-caste dinner for Hindus organised by certain leading reformers. The Theistic and Theosophical Conferences were in their way indicative of the attempts at construction made in the midst of the clash of creeds which leads to so much of unsettlement and disruption. The net result of the speechifying must be judged not so much by the amount of criticism indulged in, as by the constructive schemes of thought or action placed before the nation for acceptance. Judged by that test, the activities and oratory of the last week of December must have been beneficial in several ways, and perhaps the benefit did justice to the cost.

THE announcement of Lord Chelmsford's appointment as the next Viceroy of India has been well received by the Press. Nothing is known about his views on Indian affairs, if he has any. To India he will come presumably with an open mind. As he has given satisfac-

**The New
Viceroy.**

tion as a Colonial Governor, and as he is credited with sterling abilities, he may be expected to combine the statesmanship which is essential to success in a Colony with the driving power which is generally demanded from a capable Indian administrator. He is a Conservative in English politics, but he has been for a short time in India and observed Lord Hardinge's ways, and is, perhaps, already convinced of the wisdom of continuing the present Viceroy's policy in all that conduces to popularity with the educated classes. But new questions are constantly arising in the administration of a great country in a state of rapid transition, and no Viceroy is permitted now-a-days to rely merely on precedents. The problem of dealing effectively with anarchism and organised crime, which has become much too common in recent years, remains practically untouched. The reforms necessary to satisfy the military aspirations of the educated classes will claim fresh attention after the war. In view of the financial stringency caused by the war, the fiscal policy of the country may demand reconsideration. Reports have appeared in the newspapers that Lord Hardinge's Government has already addressed the Secretary of State on questions like the separation of executive from judicial offices and the emigration of Indian coolies to the Colonies on the indenture system. We shall perhaps know within the next few weeks whether orders are passed on these questions during the present administration, or whether Lord Chelmsford will be further consulted. Perhaps the experience acquired during the war will suggest new and difficult questions regarding the recruitment, organisation, and administration of the army, and the defence of India generally. The Indian Home Rulers may start fresh campaigns both here and in England. Altogether it appears that Lord Chelmsford will not have a more easy

and less anxious time of it than Lord Hardinge has spent in India. If fortunately he is not old, India will make him that

STUDENT life in the United Kingdom has been profoundly affected by the war. University, **Indians in England.** Law, Medical, Engineering and other students have offered themselves for service, and Indians were as willing to bear the burdens of the war as their British compatriots. The present regulations do not admit of Indians receiving commissions in the army, and the few Government of India scholars who have enlisted in British battalions bear British names. Indian students, however, were accepted for ambulance work, and more than two hundred officers and men were actively employed at one time or another last year. More have been enrolled and the services of all will undoubtedly be remembered for a long time and may improve the relations between students of the different nationalities in future. There has necessarily been a fall in the number of Indians going to England for study. Some of their grievances, especially of those who seek technical instruction, have recently attracted renewed attention. Meanwhile Mr. Mallett has called the attention of the Government and the people of this country to the need of better selection of students. Disappointment has often been expressed here with the results of the training which they succeed in obtaining in England. Mr. Mallett thinks that those who aspire to academic attainments in technical subjects must have received more thorough training in those subjects than they do at present before leaving India; and those who have received insufficient general education should aspire to be only good mechanics and foremen on their return to India.

THE progress report of the Archaeological Survey of India, Western Circle, records some interesting discoveries made chiefly at Besh, near Bhilsa in Gwalior territory. Excavations in this locality have brought to light specimens of genuine steel and lime mortar which dispel the long-cherished belief of archaeologists that the manufacture of steel and mortar was unknown in India before the Mahomedan period. The finds relate to about 250 B.C. What look like the remains of a canal have also been found there, and they seem to corroborate the statement of Megasthenes that in his time great irrigational works were common in India, and Chandragupta maintained a separate department to look after them. It may be remarked in passing that notwithstanding the supreme importance of irrigation in most parts of India, irrigational works, minor as well as major, constantly fell into disrepair in the past, and their neglect was surpassed only by the zeal in constructing them. Thousands of tanks are in need of repair in Mysore and the Government of that State has recently promulgated a scheme of supporting private village enterprise in restoring them, which contemplates the repair of a hundred every year, and twenty years will elapse before all the neglected tanks are restored. To return to Mr. Bhandarkar's discoveries, a sacrificial pit, with remains of a hall where priests and royal guests were probably accommodated and entertained after the manner described in the epics, has been unearthed near Besh. Though these great sacrifices are described in ancient literature, no site fitted up for the purpose appears to have been discovered before. This particular pit has been referred to the middle of the third century A.D. Still more interesting is the discovery of the inscription which seems to prove that the sacrifice

was instituted by a person with a Greek name, Timitra (= Demetrius), who must have embraced Hinduism. The adoption of Brahmanism by Greeks can cause no surprise, for six years ago an inscription was discovered at the same place recording the erection of a Garuda-pillar in honour of the god Vasudeva by Heliodorus, son of Dion, an envoy of King Antialkidas of Taxilla to the court of Bhagabhadra. Original research in another part of the Circle has succeeded in identifying Padmavati, a capital of Nagas, with Pawaya, a village south-west of Dabra station on the G. I. P. Railway. Epigraphy has also discovered a grant to Brahmans made by a Kadamba king, who was believed to be a Jaina. Probably he became a convert to Shaivism.

IN these days when the main interest of publishers, like the interest of every other class of people, is confined to the tragic procession of events that mark the titanic struggle of the European nations, the production of one more brochure on a few aspects of this world war by an observer living away from the theatre of war may not, and need not, demand special mention. But we welcome the little book* before us by Mr. Worsley Boden for more reasons than one. It is a thoughtful production, consisting of a series of articles that originally appeared in the columns of the *Madras Mail*, except the one on "Nationalism and Patriotism." The articles bear witness to a mind that is fruitful in historic parallels, and make delightful reading not only for the average reader but for the student of history also. One chapter is devoted to a parallel between Alexander the Great and the German Emperor; another brings to mind the lessons of the great Peloponnesian War; the action of the British fleet in the present war, maintaining as it does an effective blockade of the German sea-board, makes the author range over such distances as those which separate the battle of Aegospotami and the siege of Syracuse from the battle of the

* *Freedom's Battle*, being historical essays occasioned by the Great War. By J. F. Worsley Boden, M.A. Claudge & Co., Bombay.

Nile, in the search for interesting parallels. Throughout this series of articles which occupy the modest space of about 75 printed pages, there breathes the English cult of freedom which has never been threatened by a greater foe than the Prussianised Germany of to-day which has stimulated freedom of thought only in ways which should give a greater practical efficiency to the state--the apotheosis of power, the embodiment of will in a governing autocracy using the simple methods of "blood and iron."

EAST & WEST. . .

MARCH,

No. 173.

A SONNET.

O wond'rous hour ! that lifts the veil of Night
When Angels change their guard, and flaming wings
Fly upward with our prayers beyond the light,
And Heav'n is silent while the censer swings
White clouds of incense, a soft sea of mist
Full of salt tears, petitions, sorrows moan
Mingled with love,—yet not one word is miss'd—
In passing through the fire to reach the Throne.

* * * *

Here—though I heard no step—the grasses bent,
No fitful breeze—but folded leaves uncurled,
The reeds toward the waters meekly leant
As *He* drew near, Lord of this waking world :
The hush of worship on the woods seem'd laid
And fill'd with majesty the forest glade

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

REMINISCENCES OF BAGHDAD AND BASRA.

BAGHDAD, the "Garden of Justice," as the Arabic interpretation of the English word would stand, the land famous of yore for having seen Nowsherwan and Harun-ul-Rashid in the hey-day of their power and glory, did not in the perspective appear to me particularly attractive when one morning, some three years back, I boarded the B. I. steamer, the *Dumra*, bound for Basra. Quite the reverse. I carried within myself the strong and by no means agreeable conviction that I was going into the land of anthropophagi where men display qualities of mind bordering upon cannibalism. Well, we proceeded as far as Karachi, where the poor steerage passengers were subjected to a whole day's grilling process in the intense heat of Karachi, previous to being passed out of the quarantine. From Karachi we did many interesting ports like Linga, Koweit, Banderabbas, Abadan, Muscat, and Bushire. Muscat, with its picturesque little cottages, bazaars and gardens, and the flag of the British Consulate waving over all, the entire town cut out of and buttressed by huge rocks, was certainly a partial relief to one's eyes which had dwelt on the sombre and dreary outlines of Banderabbas, which, as a Goanese fellow-passenger rightly told me, is the "Hell of the Persian Gulf," because of its heat and desolate appearance. Abadan with its prominent line of buildings belonging to the Persian Oil Company, and Bushire, were

even more interesting. Bushire also is a very large town planted all over with numerous trees, and as far as one could view it from the steamer decks, it is not only attractive to the eye but also the largest town this side of the Persian Gulf. From Bushire also the foreign Persian element begins to show itself. A certain number of enterprising Indians may also be seen at Bushire and Muscat, some dealing in Benares made embroidered stuff, others going as bankers, grocers and merchants, but all, or most of them, flourishing and well-to-do. From Bushire we passed on to Mahammra after having experienced a rough sea between Muscat and Bushire. The heat had been burning and intense, and the rollings and tippings of the steamer occasioned by the storm gave even the best sailor on board a touch of that much-dreaded illness—*mal-de-mer*. We approached Mahammra at midnight and here we found sweet water, cool breezes, and an agreeable change from the jar and shock produced by an angry sea. Mahammra is very close to Basra—a voyage of close upon 6 hours on a fast mail. When we got up in the morning we were on the Shat-el-Arab or the “River of Arabia,” meaning thereby the Tigris, and had left the sea behind us. The scene before us was extremely interesting and beautiful. The broad Tigris, lined on both sides with interminable rows of date-gardens planted with tall, stately date-palms and dotted with neat bungalows and houses, presents a view which at first sight cannot fail to please even the most fastidious eye. And so, after a voyage of 10 days, we went on to Basra, or strictly speaking the Ashar front. Here we had to stop nearly a whole day while the saloon as well as the steerage passengers were subjected to medical inspection by Turkish doctors belonging to the Basra quarantine. Passports also had to be produced at the Custom House, and those who had failed or neglected

to provide themselves with these important papers found the ignorant Turkish officials by no means an easy set of men to deal with, but at the same time amenable to small tips. The majority of the passengers landed at Basra where they had gone as traders and pilgrims, as sight-seers and travellers.

Basra is certainly the biggest town up the Gulf, we should more appropriately call it a port; and the river front is not only imposing in appearance, but even to an untrained eye seems capable of being turned into a strong wall of defence, if properly fortified and manned. I have said that the exterior is calculated to make a good impression on the first-comer, but how shall I speak of the interior? One sees a conglomeration of buildings, houses, cafés, godowns, markets, etc., three-quarters of which are extremely wretched inside, and most uninviting in appearance; squalor of the most pronounced type prevails here, there, and everywhere. A year later I paid another and a longer visit to Basra to observe the town a little more closely and found it correspond to a very great extent to my former first impressions. A bad Government and a still more indifferent municipality that sums up Basra. Basra has several schools and colleges under the control of Jews and the Jesuit Fathers, where they teach Arabic, Turkish and French specially, one or two Turkish banks, some European firms and commercial houses most of which are British, a number of Hammams or Turkish baths, and a tolerably large market. The houses, with a few good exceptions, are mostly built of lath and plaster and their rents enormous. The streets are dirty and narrow with just one exception, and the drive from Ashar to Basra, *i.e.*, from the section of the town on the river to the interior section, is not only a dreary affair but also a bone-shaking one, on account of the extremely primitive condition of

the road. Basra with its date gardens, its market, its beautiful river front, and last, although by no means the least, its immensely lucrative trade in connection with its date and liquorice produce, has all the makings of a fine town such as could challenge comparison with most other places and even claim a superiority for itself in certain respects, but neglected by a careless slipshod administration, it remains in its present pitiable condition, so much so that it requires a stretch of politeness to accord to it the appellation of a town.

Entering the town for the first time I saw a motley crowd of Turks and Arabs, Kurds and Beduins, the latter big, loud-voiced and fierce-looking, wrangling and exchanging blows for the luggage of passengers who had disembarked. I could not very well fail to perceive a large number of the Turkish and Arabic gentry seated in a coffee-house, drinking coffee and hot tea in small ornamented cups and smoking their long pipes and talking in languages I could not then understand. But I was sadly mistaken in thinking that I alone enjoyed the special prerogative of being curious. They, too, had a full share of the same prerogative, ready for exercise at a moment's notice. The sight of a man with a hat on is always something out of the common in these places and makes them form a most discomfiting crowd around the man, asking him all sorts of questions, while there is a section who will, if given the face, openly show a savage dislike of him on the spot. It is very much like showing a red rag to a bull. They spoke to me in Arabic, Turkish and French, some even trying a little German, and I had the misfortune to reply only in English, a language very little understood and appreciated even less. I wanted to make purchases, to send telegrams, to change English coin into Turkish, etc., things insignificant in themselves in a civilized and well-regulated town, but in Basra

they assumed no small importance in my eyes. At last I found a gentleman a little less factious than the rest, who could speak a little English, and I was shown the way to the telegraph office, a low rickety lath-and-plaster hut with two dirty rooms upstairs at the extreme end of the town and without all those pretensions that appertain to an "office."

I found the Basra market rather picturesque, crowded and noisy with sturdy little children squealing and fighting one another for all they were worth; but a very third-rate affair, as I discovered subsequently, compared to the aristocratic and grand style of Baghdad. My purchases finished, I looked about for a steamer sailing for Baghdad, and as luck would have it, I was rowed by my boatman to an Ottoman steamer known as the *Basra* - one of the Sultan's biggest - and I very soon found myself literally between the devil and the deep sea. These Turkish vessels are huge, unwieldy craft, accommodating sometimes a thousand men and women at a time, but the dirt and squalor and the general air of neglect and mismanagement which pervades all things Turkish cannot fail to strike the eye even at a first glance. I asked for the Captain and was told by a fellow who could speak a little Hindustani that the Captain was away and could be seen only after three weary days when the vessel would sail, but that just now it was under weigh. "But although we sail after three days, we shall outdistance the English *Mejidieh* which sails to-morrow night and reach Baghdad earlier. Our engines are in a sounder condition and our Captain and mates"—who, by the way, were all conspicuous by their absence—"are more capable men than the English." Here spoke the true Turkish braggart! So there was an English steamer going. I was thankful for the information. But that night I had to sleep on a Turkish steamer. Walking up on the

deck I found many things to amuse me. There must have been about 500 men and women, mostly Arabs, Turks, and Kurds, sitting or lying about in groups. They had made small camps for themselves on the deck and were having a "good time," some drinking bitter coffee to keep off the equally bitter cold for Basra was extremely cold even in March others a highly intoxicating home-brewed liquor known as *Araq*, with plenty of roasted meat, bread, salads and hard-boiled eggs to accompany their carouse, and some who had taken a drop too much were dancing about or singing, in high raucous tones, Turkish songs which later I came to understand were of an obscene character. At night, when I was fast asleep, a fellow tried to rob me but did not succeed, although, if I had called, I am certain not a man jack of them would have stirred to help me.

Next morning I left the *Basra* and hied myself to the *Mejidieh* and the contrast between the discipline maintained on the latter as compared with the former was exactly as I had expected. There stood the *Mejidieh* bathed in the morning sunlight, all spick and span, a neat and powerful craft without a flaw in its make-up, with the genial English Captain and the mate walking up and down the decks.

En route to Baghdad there is much to interest the passenger. The ports between are numerous but insignificant, although they are almost the only places where one sees traces of human habitation. The air is fine, and one enjoys the entire voyage, except when the heat is overpowering. One can see the desert Arabs tending their sheep with old-fashioned guns or matchlocks on their shoulders, singing merry songs and sometimes fighting and quarrelling, raising storms of dust while riding their camels with remarkable fleetness. As one approaches inhabited

areas one notes some of the wealthier classes strutting about gorgeously decked out as if they were the heroes of a bridal party. The soil of Mesopotamia is extremely rich, and if properly cultivated would bring no mean returns; but one sees only patches of cultivated area here and there, justifying the remark of the Captain regarding these native Arabs. When looking on at this waste he remarked, "God created them but did not make them!" One very amusing experience was the witnessing of the exchange of small things like ornamented daggers, knives, blankets, fish, fresh lettuce, cheese and of course hunks of bread between these Arabs and the passengers on board. They would flock towards the starboard, fore and aft, and from the shore bargain for prices and throw their things at distances of sometimes 50 feet with a dexterity one can well imagine while you equally dexterously throw the proper man your coin. The Arab will trust you so far as to throw in his things first after having struck a fair bargain. Among the saloon passengers I found mostly educated and polished gentlemen, Armenians, Chaldeans, Jesuit Fathers, very few or perhaps no Englishmen, and generally a most desirable and companionable set of men. And now as I approached Baghdad there burst upon me scenes and landscapes of unique and indescribable beauty, and the town itself, even at first sight, with its fine buildings and coffee-shops, its conspicuous consulates and hotels and the numerous palaces and fine buildings ranged on both sides of the Tigris, is extremely striking. These palaces, of which there are hundreds, are in point of architectural beauty, completeness of detail, and healthful situation, almost ideal structures. They were built by that great and clever statesman and friend of Turkey, Nazim Pasha, before whose advent Baghdad, Beyruth and hundreds of other places in Turkey were as desert-land exposed

to the depredations and local disturbances ceaselessly caused by the ungovernable Arabs. Abdul Hamid, during his autocratic régime, racked the land from end to end and it was left for Nazim Pasha to smooth up the ruffled feathers of Turkey. The semi-Europeanisation of Asiatic Turkey was wholly due to the myriellous genius of this individual, and the boons that have followed in the wake of his efforts need to be seen in order to be appreciated. Yet, what was the fate of this man? He was cruelly murdered in open violation of the Turkish sense of gratitude!

Just now, when we are within sight of Baghdad and there is every chance of this place falling into the capable hands of the British Government, it will interest many to learn, perhaps for the first time, that this town is in every way superior to most other Asiatic spots and may well be called the Queen of Asiatic Turkey. The climate of Baghdad is superb and bracing at all times, and could compare more than favourably with the best hill-stations and health-resorts in India. Although extreme both in the cold and the hot seasons, it is uniformly dry and remarkably invigorating. A few days' residence convinces one that the air is laden with rich ozone and will brace up the most shattered constitution, although in the dog days of May and June the heat is so fierce and overpowering that all householders have to make special arrangements for summer in subterranean vaults known as *Sundabs* or *Tarimas* or cool rooms, these serving not only for the purpose of the mid-day *siesta*, but also as drawing-rooms, saloons, and generally as whole day "retreats." All offices, banks, hotels, etc., conduct their respective businesses in these "cool rooms," which are ventilated from the top floor and present a most agreeable contrast to the burning streets which, despite the fact that they are shaded by

canvas awnings, appear to be shimmering and trembling in the full and cruel blaze of the sun. During this trying season, those who can afford it remove to the palaces on the river, paying as much as £150 for the four or five months of summer, while others, - and this latter class is numerous - erect tents generally on the left side of the river under the tall date trees and thus manage to pass a very pleasant summer. The cold of Baghdad, although intense, is not at all trying except to delicate constitutions of which there are happily not many. Snowfall is rare and infrequent and by no means a thing to be dreaded as in other cold places.

There are two Baghclads. Old Baghdad and New Baghdad. The former is situated on the left side of the river as you go up, and the latter on the right. In old Baghdad you have most of the Arabs, Persians, some Jews and Mahommedans living. Here also they have their Quazim Pasha's office in connection with the well-known railway works that have been started from Baghdad to Aleppo. New Baghdad, the creation of Nazim Pasha, is grand and purely European in its setting and, as a friend told me, could challenge comparison with Edinburgh and Paris. No doubt the gentleman was carried away by his zeal and may have exaggerated, but there was some truth in his remark. The principal inhabitants of the place are Jews, Chaldeans, Armenians, Syrians, Persians, Arabs, and Turks. There are 12 European Consulates, and people from all corners of Europe have come and settled down here. All the big and important markets of Baghdad are on this side; also the Grand Tigris Hotel, the Babylonian Hotel, the Zia Hotel, several lyceums, cinematograph and theatrical shows, the Governor's palace, the Imperial Ottoman Bank, and all the consulates, the big commercial houses most of which are English and American enterprises,

the irrigation works in connection with the Hindia Barrage known as Sir John Jackson's Irrigation Works, and the offices of the Persian Oil Company, are all to be found in New Baghdad.

Of the entire lot of the heterogeneous races composing the interesting population of Baghdad, the Jews are, of course, the shrewdest and richest, the Chaldeans the most intellectual and religious (I may also add pro-British in feeling and sympathy to no mean extent), while the Armenians combine all these qualities in a moderate degree. The Arabs, from the chiefs down to the hammals or coolies, are fierce, loud-voiced, domineering, apparently the embodiment of violence, sanguinity and evil passion ; but even on slightly familiar terms one has to make allowances for their shortcomings which are purely racial, and concede to them the respect and esteem due to a gentleman, who is hospitable, courteous, generous even to a fault and who will never leave you in the lurch when you require a helping hand. The Arab only insists upon being treated as a brother-man and not as a human door-mat to wipe your feet upon. These Arabs will shoot or dagger a man as they would a hen or a sparrow if they are brushed the wrong way, and outwardly appear to be a class of men little short of wild beasts, but withal they carry a heart full of warmth and generosity. It may be said that this is rather an exaggerated view of the Arab character, but really it is not so, as the writings of certain distinguished Englishmen who have come into contact with him will bear out. Nor so THE TURK. The Turk impressed me deeply as being a man completely without feeling, charity or generosity. He is vain and his vanity never fails to disgust a man of refined feelings. He is narrow-minded, sensual to the extreme, given to violent passions, indolent and ease-loving, tyrannical of disposition, caring only for self, women

and wine. He fancies himself the *cream-de-la-cream* of the world, and that is the chief reason of his existence here. HE IS THE GEMINE ARTICLE sent direct from heaven as the ruler of the universe, the only perfect being created, or rather specially manufactured, by Allah. The contrast between the Arab and the Turk is glaring to a degree. The honour of the one, although often asserted in a savage manner, is irreproachable, while the hard-belled, selfish, haughty and exclusive character of the other cannot fail to excite the contempt and hatred of a race of human beings removed from all the qualities of mind and soul which distinguish the civilized man from the Central African barbarian. And all this is due, so far as I could judge after constant association with one or the leading members of the Young, as well as the Old Turk, to a gradual degeneration brought about by a sad lack of contact with other civilized nations, which would have knocked out of his brain his overweening conceit and forced him into a more desirable growth after the modern type. His courage, of which at a pinch he may show himself the possessor of a share, has atrophied, and his intelligence has moved only within a limited groove, hence it has been ill-fed and much starved. Initiative and enterprise he has despised ever since he saw the light of day. Such things are "beneath him." With all these and a goodly number of other defects, what can one expect of the Turk but that he should have allowed himself to be hypnotised by the German and become a mere cat's paw in his hands; else who could imagine a huge nation being led by the nose by a handful of men like the Young Turks? However, it is not my province to bewail the political imbecility of the Turkish nation—it is a fact well-known to the thinking world. I will try and tell you something more about Baghdad.

On the extremes of Baghdad there are two deserts, known as Bab-e-Sharghi and Bab-e-Muaddam, or the "Gate to Heaven" and the "Gate to Hell," the latter being presumably the place where the oppressed Israelites suffered slaughter and massacre, and the former the haven of refuge where they fled and found protection. The commencement of Bab-e-Sharghi is for miles and miles composed of rich vegetation full of multi-coloured flowers, roses, the equal of which in point of fragrance and beauty I have not seen elsewhere, date and orange groves, lettuce and white bean-fields, walnuts, almonds, apples, apricots, grapes, figs, mulberries, etc., all growing in rich abundance, remarkable for their luscious flavour and providing one's table with perhaps one of the finest desserts available, and at a ridiculously cheap outlay of money, but the "Gate of Heaven" ends in sand and sand-storms. This flat and highly-cultivated desert, with broad stretches of corn waving in the fine breeze and the scent of flowering bean-fields and orange-groves filling the air, is one of the healthiest spots of all Baghdad. During the holidays and the Baghadian, child, school-boy and old man, is a constant holiday and amusement seeker one can see streams of well-dressed people literally "pouring out" of the houses, all bound for some part of Bab-e-Sharghi for picnics or for promenades or for general amusement, and this company of innocent promenaders and holiday-seekers is not devoid of the female element in all their charm and elegance. The deserts, as I was told, are typical Mesopotamian deserts, and in their beauty and general fertility are as unrivalled as they are in their dreariness and general barrenness. But here also, on account of the Arab and Beduin robbers, no one will venture after dark. One of my personal friends, a very rich Jew, had an experience of this kind, when one evening he had gone out for a stroll

and wandered a little farther than usual. It was about 8 in the evening, when he was confronted by an Arab with a revolver in his hand and summarily eased of his gold watch along with whatever loose cash he carried with him.

Baghdad also has some very fine coffee-shops, *hammans* or Turkish baths, shaving saloons, markets, mosques, churches and some important colleges. The cafés or coffee-shops are not only places for drinking coffee and tea, but they are meant to be rendezvous for the exchange of news and discussion of business. People of all classes, high and low, may be seen in these places, rubbing shoulders with one another without any distinction of class or rank, some smoking their "nargillas" or long pipes, some playing cards, chess, etc., some reading newspapers and nearly all of them keeping up a continual chatter. Most of these Baghdad cafés are big buildings with halls accommodating a thousand men and more at a time. They are fronted with wide and painted archways, and the principal furniture are high-backed cane-seated chairs and benches called "dekkas," while in a side room or a corner of the hall one can see the proprietor's paraphernalia for making tea and coffee which, by the way, is as nice as one could wish it. The proprietor in his long robe and fez is always courteous and glad to see you, his servants are attentive to your needs and always at your orders. At night, most of these Turkish coffee-shops are transformed into theatres, and one can see the places packed full of men listening to lewd songs and watching the equally lewd dancing of nautch-girls.

Excepting the ubiquitous water-carrier, the markets of Baghdad require no special description. Of these water-carriers there are many grades. There is the poor Saqqa carrying a goat-skin on his back filled with water, one of the forelegs of this goat-skin forming the spout which he

grasps firmly in his hand in order not to let the water escape. Then there is the Khamli with a large earthen pot or "tunga," as it is called in Arabic, on his shoulder. This water is cooler and more refreshing by far. Then there are the Sussi and the Sharbatwala, the former carrying a terra-cotta jar filled with liquorice water and the latter dispensing iced sharbats from his stand.

Baghdad also has its fine mosques, including the "Sháikh" from which every evening one may hear the Muezzins' sweet call to prayer, and nearly a dozen Chaldean and Armenian churches. There are about 20 schools and colleges in all, where they teach French, Turkish, Arabic and several of the modern arts and sciences. English is taught in three of the biggest colleges there, and this is consequent upon the private efforts of communities, specially the Jewish, Chaldean and Armenian. Shakespeare and Tennyson and Byron also seem to be the great favourites of the premier students in some of these colleges, but otherwise the keen commercial instinct of the people makes them clamour only for "commercial English."

Fully one year before the present international war broke out, Turkey had been active, making all sorts of preparations for war, and Baghdad was the scene of financial extortions, lootings of the markets, general and forced conscriptions and so on. The Governor of Baghdad, in pursuance of the orders received from Constantinople, shut up the English post office, and tried to get hold of the dozen or so English steamers belonging to the Lynch Steam Navigation Company, and he also tried to take away in general certain privileges enjoyed by British and French subjects in Turkey, for example, that a registered British subject should not be tried at any except the British Tribunal at the British Consulate.

He raised 60,000 soldiers from the town and its suburbs, calling to arms every man from the age of eighteen to that of 45 and charging a sum of £50 to those who wanted exemption from the army service under the Ottoman régime and its cat-o'-nine tails. Every evening one would hear the Arab hordes marching with fierce war cries, and a long wail would arise throughout the city from those helpless women and children who had been deprived of their bread-winners and beloved ones. The schools and colleges, the big commercial houses and banks, were all shut up and preparations were made to use them as hospitals and barrack rooms.

Now a word about the Turkish soldier. Although hardy, the poor Turkish soldier if one may use the word "poor" at all for a Turkish soldier is ill-fed, ill-garbed and generally badly taken care of and ill-protected against the inclemencies of the weather. There was a general rumour that the soldiers had formed a conspiracy secretly to shoot their own officers in case they were starved or exposed to cold unnecessarily, and so far did it prove true that only after a few days of conscription about 2,000 soldiers deserted; at least such was the report in the town. As for the Arabs, I saw them marching in the streets without any attempt at a show of discipline, some were naked except for a loin-cloth, some wore a sort of long gown and some affected their national costume composed of turban and choga, some carried swords in their hands, some had revolvers and some rifles, but there was no special uniform for them as there is for Turkish soldiers, who were also made to wear woollen uniforms and drill under the hot sun of Baghdad. The Turkish soldier, so far as I heard from more than one source, is paid generally one Turkish dollar for his salary per month, which would be Rs. 2-8 in Indian money.

And now when we know something about Baghdad, we should be better able to appreciate the position of affairs in the Gulf campaign towards Baghdad. No better piece of good fortune could have come to a town like Baghdad with all its possibilities than that it should receive the attention of the British Government, a desire secretly cherished by some of the enlightened people of the town itself, and soon about to be fulfilled, let us hope.

A. P. MUKERJI.

Benares.

LONDON IN WAR-TIME.

WE must hark back to the lateful Trafalgar year if we would seek a parallel to London at this crisis. In 1805 Napoleon had divined in England the sole obstacle to his ambition of ruling the world. His *Armée d'Angleterre*, 600,000 strong, mustered at Boulogne, where an armada of flat-bottomed craft lay ready to convey them across the Channel, wind, tide and the British Navy permitting. If the great Corsican's dream had materialised, our ancestors were prepared to offer a stout resistance; but calm retrospect compels the admission that their small professional Army and ill-organized horde of volunteers would have been no match for the war-tried legions of France. During the months of suspense which preceded Trafalgar, the psychology of Londoners must have been much the same as at the present day. But here the parallel between two momentous eras ends. Napoleon was an angel of light compared with his ruffianly plagiarist. He brought a higher standard of civilisation into conquered countries. "Our sweet enemy, France," thrilled with chivalrous ideals; and her soldiers were utterly incapable of the evil wrought by the unspeakable Kaiser's myrmidons. To-day Belgium, Serbia and Poland serve as object-lessons to Great Britain. Her people can visualise the effect of German invasion on their vast hive of industry, their fair country-side which has not felt the fierce breath

of battle for nine generations. "Wherever war may rage," exclaimed Benjamin Franklin, "there is always peace in London." Its boasted immunity has received a severe shock from the transfer of hostilities to an element wherein the British fleet is well-nigh powerless. The partial conquest of the air robs England of the advantages flowing from her insular position. Zeppelin raids exercise a moral influence out of all proportion to the material injury they inflict. There is no approach to panic; but the most sluggish imagination has taken fire, and every face reflects the emotions generated by many months of tense anxiety.

What impressions would London leave on an Indian who returned to Victoria or Charing Cross after an absence of seventeen months?

The first is one of all-pervading darkness. During our northern winter the sun disappears at 4 p.m., and in the ante-bellum era he was replaced by brilliant artificial light. Now a pall that may be felt descends on London after nightfall. Judging by past experience one might suppose that the predatory classes would take full advantage of the general gloom. Strange to say, crimes of violence are extremely rare. What has become of our garotters, hustlers and pickpockets? Have they joined Kitchener's Army, or been secretly interned in defiance of the Habeas Corpus Act? This is one of the innumerable enigmas presented by an abnormal environment. But darkness is fraught with other dangers to life and limb. Taxi-cab drivers have no bowels of mercy for the pedestrian who trespasses on their domain, and motor omnibuses remind one of the fabled Jagannath Cars which used to adorn missionary magazines sixty years ago. Upwards of eight hundred Londoners were slaughtered by them in the streets last year. Despite the coating of white paint

given to curb-stones, and the multiplication of street-shelters, it is most hazardous to cross a crowded thoroughfare after nightfall. The consequence is that most people spend their evenings at home, to the despair of theatre and music-hall managers, but with great advantage to their own purses.

Two years ago His Majesty's livery was rarely seen in the streets. We are a warlike but not a military race : our ingrained individualism cannot brook the discipline which supple-backed Teutons accept without a murmur. Now-a-days it may almost be said that khaki is the only wear. Our Indian wayfarer would breast a stream of dust-coloured warriors, some of whom sport the flat, peaked cap which characterises twentieth century uniform, just as the three-cornered hat was the soldier's hall-mark in the days of Clive and Hastings. Others, again, are shown by their slouching headpieces to belong to the Australasian Contingent. Splendid specimens are they of youthful manhood, the very flower of a race which has built up the greatest empire in history. Advocates of a Citizen Army on the Swiss model find convincing arguments in the effect produced by training and substantial fare on the anæmic, pigeon-chested denizens of our urban slums. They believe that habits of cleanliness, order and obedience learnt under the Colours will react favourably on the progress of the arts of peace. Our heart-strings are stirred by "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," as some newly-raised battalion returns from a route-march, tired out but happy in the consciousness of duty performed. Its seamy side may be seen in the purlieus of the great railway stations, when the troop-train is waiting for its daily contingent of "cannon-fodder." Most of the departing heroes are attended by a wife, sweetheart or sister, whose comely faces reveal an inward struggle

between pride and grief. More cheerful is the return of men on short-leave from the front. They are heavily burdened with rifle and accoutrements to which a hideous German *Pickelhaube*, or other spoils of war, is often attached. Their physique has gained enormously by life in the trenches, although one of them, encountered on a bitter December morning, told me that he felt unpleasantly warm in London! On arriving at the terminus they make for a buffet where gratuitous refreshments are served out by lady-volunteers. After comforting the inner man, they are shepherded to one of the Soldiers' Clubs managed by the noble Y. M. C. A., where hot baths, reading-rooms and beds may be enjoyed by men who have long been severed from such humble luxuries. Only three months ago the recking public-houses were packed with soldiers from sunrise to midnight; and foolish civilians used to ply them with liquor until the joy of home-coming degenerated to orgy. Now, thanks to the restrictions imposed on Boniface, his den is open only from noon to 2-30 and from 6 to 9-30 p.m. Russia gave us a splendid lead in this direction; it is a teetotal army that is hurling back the swarm of drink-sodden German fiends. Our liquor-control authorities might well have followed the Tsar's example in forbidding any private individual to reap profit from the vend of adulterated intoxicants. But, in view of the enormous strength of the "Trade" in Parliament, we must be thankful for small mercies, and hope that its noxious activity may be permanently curtailed.

Our Indian visitor's next impression would be the ruin that is falling on certain branches of retail trade. Hard times press with special severity on shops which minister to the craving for luxuries. Their citadel in Bond Street still maintains a bold front; but even there "To let" notice-boards are multiplying. In Mayfair twenty

per cent. of the shops stand empty : whereas two years ago no outsider could gain a footing there without heavy payments by way of premium and rent. The resulting diversion of energy is not an unmixed evil. Prior to the outbreak of war our well-to-do classes used to lavish £300,000,000 a year on futilities that added nothing to the national wealth. It is good for these parasites that their selfishness should be checked by taxation. Moreover, human nature instinctively takes the line of least resistance ; and it is far easier to tend a shop than a machine. Hence distribution was trenching seriously on production both at home and in the Colonies. Melbourne, for instance, used to be styled a " City of Brass Plates," owing to the middleman's ubiquity. London shopmen have enlisted in thousands, and as many more, perhaps, find lucrative employment in the munition factories which are springing up like mushrooms all over the country. The tendency to centralise distributing agency has gained enormously in strength and small retail establishments are giving up the struggle for existence with overgrown " Stores," of which Mr. Selfridge's affords the latest example. This enterprising American is rapidly monopolising the north-western extremity of Oxford Street, in which flamboyant thoroughfare Thomas de Quincey's ghost cannot possibly recognise the " Stony-hearted Stepmother " of his boyhood. Selfridge's war-telegrams in gigantic script cause a block on the pavement, and his window, crammed with war trophies, is a splendid advertisement.

An Indian who enters one of these emporia will note the disappearance of gold coin from circulation with unfeigned surprise. He pays for purchases with miniature bank-notes, kept in a cunningly-devised wallet, which does not always guarantee its possessor from pecuniary loss. Another discovery will be the mischief wrought by

Free Trade without adequate means of technical instruction. Before the Continental blockade set in, Great Britain was becoming a parasite on Germany and Austria-Hungary, which had annexed innumerable branches of industry by dint of superior training combined with inferior moral standards. In less than two years the cost of dyes and drugs extracted from coal-tar has risen by two hundred to fifteen hundred per cent, while innumerable household requisites are unprocurable at any price. They might and ought to have been produced at home; it is pleasant to learn that the paralysis under which our foreign competitors groan has encouraged the growth of cottage and factory industry.

Upper-class women are conspicuous by their absence in Indian streets: here they predominate over the male element. Smartly-uniformed damsels serve as commissionaires, porters, and lift attendants: neat-handed Phyllis has invaded the sacrosanct precincts of our Clubs. If the omnibus companies are slow to follow Edinburgh's lead in appointing female conductors, the blame must be laid on the hide-bound conservatism of our licensing authorities. And women have forced their way into the higher spheres of industry. A few days ago I visited a Military Hospital installed by the War Office in the Endell Street Workhouse. It is entirely run by a female staff under the able direction of (Lady) Doctors Garrett-Anderson and Stewart. Here, 580 desperately-wounded soldiers receive skilled treatment in ideally perfect surroundings. In marked contrast with hospitals administered by the Army Medical Department, Endell Street knows no vexatious rules. Patients, placed on their honour, render willing obedience to ministering angels who anticipate their every want. It is an open secret that London owes this noble establishment to the Women's Social and

Political Union, which focussed its energies on Militancy in the piping times of peace. The fair sex is coming into its kingdom. By proving a capacity for the duties of citizenship it cannot fail to secure equality of status with males.

Such are the superficial features of London in war-time. Beneath them mighty social forces are at work whose resultant none can foresee. Lovers of their kind will join me in hoping that the Empire may emerge from its fiery ordeal with chastened pride, and welded together in bonds of love.

FRANCIS H. SKRINE.

London.

ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

(Concluded from our last number.)

III

AT THE FOOT OF MONT BLANC.

UNBOUNDEDLY triumphant were four of the five travellers as they now realized a life-long dream. For the first time Letitia's docile charges gazed upon the loftiest mountain in Europe, from its snow-bound summit waving the Tricolour of the Third Republic. Not without appropriateness is France's intellectual supremacy thus symbolized in the natural world. What a pity that the department dating from 1866 does not bear the name of its crowning glory and forerunner, the Mont Blanc thus baptized in 1801. With what ever-rising enviable delight had the naive tourists passed from stage to stage. No affectedly critical "Humph, we can better that at home!" No school missyish "How intensely disappointing!" reached their cicerone's ears. From the tomb of Napoleon to the great wine-cellars of Dijon, from the first glimpse of the Alps to a sunrise at Chamounix, alike the lady's companion, the two lawyers' clerks and the colonial holiday-maker were alternately lost in wonderment and gaiety.

Only Letitia and Graydon would at times appear a trifle uneasy. Just as the travelled, linguistic lady now so amiably acting the part of courier, kept a furtive but constant watch over Cecilia, so, figuratively speaking, his new-found friend held Moreton by a leader. On both sides there seemed something to conceal. In each case there seemed some mysterious reason for caution. Letitia never encouraged her companion to talk of herself or of the past before others. Graydon remained discursive and impersonal Archie's boyish queries as to his move-

ments being always pruned down by his fellow-clerk, "Remember, my dear boy, as a future lawyer you ought to know that there may always be reasons—reputable reasons—for men not liking their movements to be made public property."

"What reasons, reputable or otherwise, can *he* have for being so squat?" asked the lad. "And such a nice, quiet chap too, looks every bit as innocent as my little sister Lucy, just turned five. I don't mean to suggest that the fellow may have committed murder, forgery or even be a fraudulent bankrupt on the skedaddle. But that there is a mystery I am sure of—"

"Live a few years longer and you will never venture to say that you are sure of anything," was the impatient retort. "Take my advice and just enjoy what you are here for."

Which indeed the lad did with a vengeance, trisking ariel-like round the others who by this time had fallen into the habit of pairing off, Letitia with her docile pupil, (so Moreton called himself,) Cecilia—now Carrie with the equally well-assorted Graydon. Archie was never by any chance allowed to feel himself in the way, nevertheless he had eyes to see and ears to hear. He was being gradually lessoned in the art of love, rather of love-making.

Every morning before the day's excursionizing began, Letitia and his superior at Brown, Brown & Co.'s would retire to a piazza, balcony or garden-seat, for Moreton's French lesson. "By the time I see old England again, I shall have clean forgotten my mother tongue, Archie," he would say to the intruder.

And every day, chokful as it was sure to be, Carrie and her Colonial found an hour for a ramble, of course edelweiss being the excuse.

How happy, good Heavens, how happy they were!

To the quartette indeed, perhaps for the first time, had come "the wild joys of living," of which Browning wrote, the quintessential enjoyment, whilst their youthful companion had as yet known no dun-coloured existence, no dreary asking. Is this, oh! life, all you have to give? To the youth enjoyment seemed natural, a veritable birth-right.

"A week, only seven days more, and we shall all be where we were," in no regretful tone began Letitia one evening.

"Not precisely *as* we were," shyly interposed a voice at Carrie's elbow.

With a suppressed sigh, not of pensiveness but of sentiment, Moreton followed up Graydon's remark with a still shy and almost inaudible—

"Hear, hear!"

Simultaneously two pairs of hands interchanged a secret pressure.

Both ladies coloured, their cavaliers also, Letitia briskly calling herself and the others to order with a school-mistressy rebuke.

"Mr. Graydon is perfectly right. No living soul ever returned home after a period of lengthened travel, precisely the same man or woman who set out. But as all of us are tired out by to-day's mountaineering—our young friend Archie I see is half asleep—suppose I read something apropos, Coleridge's *Hymn in the Valley of Chamounix* or Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*. Number one or number two? Hands up. Bonnavard's story, then, I thought so."

Archie was roused by a kindly poke from Moreton in the ribs and an admonishing—

"Now, don't be a lazy chap and miss this"

The listeners settled themselves in their lounge chairs, gazing as they followed every word, on the majestic panorama before them, its stern grandeur softened by luminous twilight, here the paradoxical adjective being appropriate.

Let decriers of all that is not brand-new in poetry as in other literary fields say what they will, Byron's little octasyllabic tragedy belongs to the category of the indestructible. As well fling pebbles at the great Pyramid!

In a carefully trained voice, to her hearers the prelection being a lesson, she began. With every phrase stirring emotion, arousing that sympathy of all others the most quickening and enlarging—the sympathy evoked by genius—she read on, not paused till she reached the lines

"My very chains and I grew friends
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are"

"There's the waiter with our Gahgnani," cried Archie, jumping up.

Letitia held up a remonstrative hand. Willy-nilly he canted on his chair till with deep feeling she read—

—“even I

Regained my freedom with a sigh.”

Somehow the last lines set all four following Bonnivard's example. The lovers sighed, but from other motives than that of the immortal captive, being joyful at the prospect of coming letters, the voluntary rejection of freedom. A second time hands were covertly pressed.

Letitia looked at her watch.

“Just a quarter of an hour before dressing for the *table d'hôte*. Skim the paper aloud, Archie.”

Proud to be thus called upon, the youngest and petted member of the party, fast as tongue could go, gave out items of yesterday's news, political to begin with, then scraps from the delightful society column. First came one or two anecdotes—Madame Sarah Bernhardt had done this, the great Rodin had done that, and so on and so on. Still, as if reading for his life, away he gabbled—

“It will be remembered that after the recent most extraordinary breach of promise case, Carisbroke *versus* Donne, the successful lady litigant—”

Letitia rose.

“Enough of foolish gossip,” she said in her severest tone, “and it is time for all of us to retire.”

But Archie could no more be stopped than a playful colt.

“A second, Miss Letitia—only a line or two more—”

“Will you do as I ask you?” his monitress said, with a ruffled air.

“—disappeared from her lodging at Black-rock-on-Sea, nothing since being heard of her!”

Letitia stretched forth her delicate fingers as if to snatch the offending paper, but mischievously obstinate, Archie turning sideways, read the rest—

“A tourist from the same health resort now informs a local journal that ten days ago he identified the young lady in question, whilst awaiting his train at Berne.”

“Lady Hester Stanhope herself when alone and unarmed, confronting a host of murderous Bedouins, could not have dis-

played more presence of mind than did the lady pedagogue now.

Without so much as a tremor of voice, or change of countenance, she faced the aghast trio.

"Dress and dinner as usual, please," she said, "ditto music, dancing and conversation in the salon afterwards. Tomorrow I will confer with each of you by turns as to the Why and the Wherefore of this mystification."

In that trying moment Letitia showed herself what the French call a master-woman. She was indeed superb. No wonder that as she passed out, her adorer caught the end of her lace scarf to his lips with audible osculation.

* * * * *

Perhaps for the first time in the records of British Themis, an action for breach of promise had been brought against a defaulter whom his betrothed had never seen, yet such was here the case.

Cecilia Carisbroke, aged just twenty-three, was one of those poorly educated girls of the genteeler class thrown upon their own resources to whom one calling and one only is open. Without so-called accomplishments, equally ineligible for office or shop, had pride permitted the second, she became, as advertisements run, "companion to an elderly lady." She was fortunately neither depressed in mind nor dilapidated in person, as is so often the case of those similarly placed. And she possessed a knack at housewifery, had no objection to cards or cribbage, last but not least she was handy and composed if a chimney caught fire, a rat appeared in the parlour, her patroness tumbled out of bed, or one of the maids fell down in a fit. Little wonder that she became indispensable. There was no lackadaisical fondness between patroness and companion, but both felt that they had alighted on their feet, in other words, had made the best possible bargain for themselves.

Carrie was entirely disinterested, and as years glided by the other's trust and dependence increased. Fortunately for her, the old lady was nieceless and nephewless except for a young man she only remembered as a little chap devoted to his auntie's sugar-candy and half-pence.

Freddy Donne had quitted native soil before Miss Carisbroke's installation at the Briars—why the retreat of well-to-do

spinsters should always be so called is another perpetually recurring case of the *Why* and the *Wherefore*—but so it is—and though from time to time he had corresponded with his aunt, he had never once crossed the sea on her account. Indeed, any alacrity on this score would have been far from welcome. The slightest suspicion of mercenariness would have rendered him odious. It was this very indifference that charmed this careless, happy-go-lucky career that by little and little endeared.

Advancing years, a waning attack of influenza and a few business-like words from her lawyer, added to these facts, a growing liking for Carrie, brought about a decisive step.

A will had to be made and she now decided to make it in favour of her next-of-kin, at the same time inviting him to England and adding the strangest proposal.

He was to re-visit the old country and wed "her valued friend, Miss Carisbroke, a model wife she will prove, Freddy, I am sure, and notablist of the notable." As a reward for dutifulness and also as conscience bid, he would inherit her comfortable little fortune, the freehold Briars included, the wedded pair keeping her company for as long as "she should be spared."

What on earth made the careless rover wire a full and free acceptance, on the heels of the telegram following an affectionately worded compliance with both conditions? A second post in one sense went further. It was that excessive novelty, a typewritten love-letter, a gushing billet-doux to his future wife and evidently dictated, only the signature being written. The fact is, Freddy was a very poor penman and a worse hand at spelling, so in his own bluff parlance to a friend, he got "the job done properly for a few bob."

And what on earth made him by the very next post send a second typewritten epistle positively and even ungraciously refusing both bride and fortune? Perhaps he never understood the matter himself, but after all, liberty is sweet, and as the proposed date of embarkation drew near his heart had failed him.

Meantime Carrie, being a quite unromantic girl had accepted her patroness's offer without much humming and ha'ing. She reflected that as perfect unions after orthodox terms of wooing seem far from common, quite possibly a pair who took each other entirely upon trust stood as good a chance of connubial felicity as the common run. The typewritten love-letters cer-

tainly disconcerted, but every circumstance seemed of a piece. So, unostentatiously and in the most matter-of-fact fashion preliminaries were settled, and Carrie's trousseau was put in hand.

The would-be benefactress of the betrothed pair did not live to be disillusioned. Miss Donne's testament was in proper order, every one of Freddy's telegrams and missives were to hand. Trustees and executors quickly cut the Gordian knot.

Willy-nilly the nephew and her-at-law should inherit his aunt's fortune, the discarded bride receiving ample financial satisfaction by a breach of promise process, which was done; the Why and Wherefore of so many mystifications being thus happily cleared up.

Needless to add any postscript regarding the love-lorn quartette. Would it not read thus

"Oh, jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weather cock on a steeple."

M BETHAM EDWARDS.

Hastings.

SKETCHES OF MIDDLE-CLASS HINDU LIFE.

I.

IN a low corner of the *kudam* (central floor) of a low house lay a boy, stretched on a mattress, while all around him were to be seen glasses and bottles and many other things in utter confusion. The boy was evidently sick, for his eyes were closed and his face was pale—extremely pale.

"Oh, when will your doctor come? I think the boy is getting worse and worse under his treatment," grumbled an old woman who was sitting in the opposite corner busy with her needle. "Presently, presently," muttered a voice behind her back. The old woman looked round.

"I say, Krishnan, *won't* you call in a native physician? Old Nagu in the next street is very clever in all these things. You saw how, within a fortnight, he cured our neighbour Sami of an illness thought to be incurable. I can give you a lot of cases he has——"

"Nonsense! Mother. The doctor will be coming in five minutes and all will be well within a few days," were the rather angry words that fell from Krishnan's lips.

Krishnan was a tolerably rich man and could afford to pay a doctor who would cure his brother of a lingering illness. He had had also some education, and he preferred Western treatment as he had more faith in it.

But, as may be seen from the discourse given above, all the inmates of the house were not of the same opinion. "What does the doctor know of this," his mother used to say. "He can cut up, dress, bleed and bandage wounds, boils, etc., but he doesn't know anything of such an illness as this."

The old mother thought so, and Krishnan at times thought so also. But there was hope for him in the treatment then given.

Yet, at times, when he pondered over the subject, he thought that it would be better to consult a native physician also at the same time.

"Mother," said he, suddenly, "do you mean to say that Nagu is *such* a good physician as you seem to think!"

"Why, truly, if you will just give heed to my words, I will advise you to send for Nagu *at once*. One pill, one grain of *sindhuram* given by him will work wonders! Did he not cure our neighbour Sami of an illness thought to be incurable, within a fortnight? Did he not cure *me* of my dysentery last year? Did not he give to our opposite house baby a pill which saved it from certain death? But whenever I say this, you scold me, call me *karnatakam* (old-fashioned) blabbering old crone, and so on," and the old woman began actually shedding tears.

"Well, let us call *him* also and let us see what he says."

Some half an hour after this conversation came the doctor. He said that the boy was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, and added that the excretion of bile by the liver was inconstant. After carefully examining the boy for some time, and after asking certain questions, the doctor gave these directions:

"Once every two hours give half an ounce of this camphorodyne mixture to the patient. Let him sleep well and do not disturb him in any way. Give plain Horlick's Malted Milk, prepared in boiling water, when he calls for food. No other food is to be given. Do not expose his chest, but keep it always covered with a flannel." And before he left the house, he gave a small bottle of some liniment, which, he said, should be painted on his chest occasionally.

Some time after, Krishnan sent for Nagu, the old woman's celebrated physician. He came, felt the patient's pulse, removed the flannel from the patient's chest, asked some questions and lastly blamed the inmates of the house for relying on English treatment without calling him earlier. He then proceeded to take one by one, all the phials, bottles, etc., he had in his medicine-chest, as though to show them how varied and vast a collection of medicines he had with him—but Krishnan failed to observe that nearly a third of the lot of phials were empty!

Nagu asked the inmates of the house to prepare some *ravaikanji* to be given to the patient four or five times in the

day. Then, taking some red powder in three *pottalams* (small packets) he gave them to Krishnan saying: "Give the *sindhuram* (that red powder) three times to-day, one packet now, one at noon and one in the evening, well mixed in a little honey. I will send you some pills in the evening which you may give in the night, according to my directions." Thus saying he went away.

Krishnan did not inform the native physician that English medicines were being administered, nor had he the least thought of letting the doctor know that other drugs were being administered, but he wanted to satisfy both the medical men. So he first gave the camphorodyne mixture, then some Horlick's Malted Milk, then this red powder, then some *ravaikanji* with a good deal of sugar in it, then applied some liniment to the chest, covered the chest with a flannel and began repeating the whole system of administering medicines over again! What a grievous mistake he was committing. But they, the old mother and the stupid son, were congratulating themselves upon their excellent manner of treatment to the invalid! They thought, poor souls, that the child would grow better more quickly by the combined efforts of both the medical men!

Not only that! The old grandmother of the invalid, without anybody's knowledge, gave the boy a slice of ripe mango, some solid food, a bit of cake and some other eatables! What a stupid way of showing her affection to her little sick grandson! Little did she dream the consequences of all this.

Next day some friends told the old woman that the boy was possessed. How madly everybody believed it!

"Oh, I see," said Krishnan, "yesterday night, when he lay tossing upon his bed with wild words upon his lips, I thought I heard him call some devils by their names and entreat them to spare him. I thought it was all fancy. I shall, now that I know the real cause of his disease, send at once for a *Manthravadi* (Devil-driver.)"

That evening a man, with a beard a foot long and moustaches extending to his ears, came to Krishnan's house. Great was the reverence shown to this awful personage. He made a fire from which curled dark columns of smoke by the side of the invalid who was breathing heavily, and went through curious ceremonies, muttering strange words (the meanings of which perhaps he him-

self did not know), offering sacrifices and so on till late in the night. And when all this devil-driving ceremony was over, Krishnan leaned over the bed of the invalid—and what do you think met his gaze? The cold and stiff corpse of his only brother who had been done to death by the combined action of "listless medicines and improper diet and the stifling smoke of the devil-driver!

II.

It was a pleasant day in June. The morning sky was dotted here and there with silvery clouds and the sweet songs of birds from neighbouring woods fell gently on Ganesan's ears as he lay half asleep and half awake in his bed. Suddenly he sprang up and ran to the green lawns outside the village where many of his friends had already assembled to play. Ganesan was gay—poor little fellow that he was, what did he know of the world?

His father was in the house. His heart was heavy. He was the son of a rich man, born very poor. If he had but that prudence which his father possessed! Now it was too late to mend. He had squandered all his wealth and had become very poor.

A score of years before, he had married the daughter of a rich man. The father of the girl, misjudging the character and substance of the man, had given his daughter in marriage to him together with a large dowry. But the man had proved to be a reckless spendthrift. From that day there had been no peace for him either in his own house or in the house of his father-in-law.

But now he had a son! His anxieties became all the more great! For there was an additional member for him to support. His father had never dreamed that his son would feel it extremely difficult to support *his own son*.

However, he got some money from one of his friends and set up a shop. But he failed to make any profit. A glance at his account books would show that hundreds of customers owed him some amount or other. In short, his business was lost, as he sold for credit!

But he had the gift of a son. All his hopes centred there. He hoped to see his son moving in high circles when he became a man. He fondly cherished the idea that his son would be a strong support to him in his old age.

But here, again, he was not prudent. In his love for his son he was over-indulgent to him. This spoiled the boy, and the effect of this over-indulgence was to make both the father and son unhappy all their lives.

It was half-past-ten in the morning and yet the boy (Ganesan), who had gone out early that morning, did not come home. Eleven and twelve! And yet the boy did not come. It drew nigh to one and the boy came not. The father was not at all anxious. It seemed that the boy used to be away for days together and the father tolerated his son's conduct. Of course where he went nobody knew.

At about two, the boy came home with a very red face. He was angry, and the very first thing he did was to hurl a stinging reproach at his father for nothing.

"Dear Ganesh, why are you so very angry? You did not take your breakfast this morning and that is why you are angry. Come, come, sit down and take your food. Where have you been all this time?"

"I will not tell you where I have been, and I won't take food now," was the sullen, angry reply.

"But you must be hungry," urged the father.

"No, father, I am not at all hungry—I won't take food now," and he was preparing to leave the house again.

"Ganesh," said his father, "it is time for you to be married. If you spend your time like this, without learning anything, who would give you a bride? Now my circumstances are changed. If I were a rich man as I once was, I would marry you to the fairest daughter of the richest zamindar. But now——"

"It is not my mistake that you have become poor," growled the boy.

"But hear me," urged the father. "You have not even studied up to the Second Form, and you are aged seventeen! If I cannot pay your school fees, I shall go and beg the principal of the college at X—— to make you a free scholar, if need be. Only, promise me that you will study up to the Matriculation Class at least. Then you can enter Government service and be a clerk on Rupees fifteen at the least. Only then will even a beggar condescend to give his daughter in marriage to you." And he paused for a reply. But the boy remained silent. Then

the father added: "My son, if I die this minute, you will not be left even a few coins to call your own." Here the mother of the boy, who had been hearing all the conversation from behind the door, came to the rescue of her son.

"No, I cannot tolerate that!" she broke in. "My father was not a B.A., or an M.A., and yet he never in his life stood in need of anybody's help. My grandfather, they say, did not know how to sign his own name. But yet he is said to have bowed to no man, while all persons, whether high or low, rich or poor, as soon as they saw him, showed him respect!"

"Then do you mean to say that Ganesh should not study at all?" asked the poor man.

"I do not want my son to so lower himself in the eyes of others by calling himself a Matriculate and a clerk on *Rupees fifteen*! I would rather see him dead."

"But if he is to remain what he now is, throughout his life, then he will have to beg his very bread and remain a bachelor for ever."

"Why should he remain a bachelor? This world contains enough fools who misjudge things and sacrifice their daughters by giving them to men more foolish than themselves, just as my father was pleased to dispose of *me* by marrying me to *you*."

The poor man hung down his head unable to contend any longer with his wife. Ganesh cast a grateful look at his mother.

"And what do you intend to do with him?" asked the man at last.

"I? What can *I* do. Let him become a man. Let him be married--I will then invest the dowry that my daughter-in-law brings in some profitable undertaking and try to add to the capital day by day. That will keep him above want and make him happy."

"Dowry!" echoed the man in surprise. "How much do you expect, and from whom?"

"As much as I myself brought with me, and from some fool of the type of my father."

So the question of educating the boy was dropped and Ganesan went to his select company of vagabonds.

But the father was broken-hearted. His wife was to him an object of dread. She had come to her husband's house to enjoy the comforts of a gentlewoman, but by force of means

stances and utter want of prudence on the part of her husband, she was forced to cook and do all other household work *herself* ! Moreover, they had never loved each other. The man (her husband), when he married her, married her in the hope that some day he would become the successor of his father-in-law's coffers (for then his father-in-law had no son). But two years afterwards a son was born to him ; so that all his love for his wife melted away like wax in no time. And she, who had married him because he was rich, now that he became very poor, began to detest his very sight ; so that true cordiality never existed between the husband and wife. There was no peace for that man either in his own house or anywhere else. So, grieving, sorrowing, and weeping for what he had done in his thoughtlessness, he slowly pined away, until one day his breath passed out of him and his spirit flew away.

The widow knew not what to do. Her son was yet single. His youthful energy was misdirected. Bad company, bad habits, bad intentions and bad manners marked Ganesan. In short, he turned out to be a clever, accomplished rogue. And the poor mother when left alone and helpless (for her son took no trouble to support his mother), lamented and cursed her fate, cursed herself, at times cursed her father and her husband, and in the end even cursed Providence in the bitterness of her temper.

(To be concluded.)

R. NARAYANA SWAMI RAO.

Pudukkottai.

COREA.

THE land of Corea I remember with as much favour as any corner of my travels East or West, not least, I think, because, I found a Japanese friend with whom I walked through part of it. He spoke English well. He was an old soldier of Manchurian days and whether or not the profession of arms brutalises men, it does very often make them companionable, and it accustoms them to disappointments and trivial hardships, so they do not mope or growl because it rains or the night comes on or you have to wait an unreasonably long time for your supper. All of these things happened to us and more than once, but they did not prevent us from enjoying ourselves. We walked up endless long valleys, and over rolling hills; we admired the views together, and finally we reached, with great satisfaction, our journey's destination in some ancient Corean monastery, deep hidden among the everlasting hills. Various circumstances drove Buddhism to these retreats and kept them there. The religion was not always in favour with the secular powers.

The first of these monasteries was Tsudoji. It was long after dark when we reached it, but I carried with me a letter from an English friend in Japan and our welcome was prompt and hearty. It did not keep us long out of bed, and next morning we rose and inspected our surroundings. The monastery lies enfolded in the hills, with a clear brawling torrent running beside its buildings. These are mostly one-storied, of the familiar Chinese pattern, temples, assembly halls and living quarters. An air of the most extreme antiquity pervades the place, and it culminates when you are shown a set of yellow robes which are said to have belonged to Gautama Buddha. It was not possible for me either to accept or dismiss this story; but assuredly if one could have believed it, there is no relic on earth of more venerable interest. Not far away is a *stupa* in which a head-bone of Buddha is said to be buried, and a pillar with the record of the temple engraved on it. This, apparently, none of the monks could translate, and I could do nothing but admire the stone for its beautiful lettering. It was a fine slab of stone, of the same race as the basalt in India which

has supplied Hindus and Mahomedans with the material for so many noble works of art.

In the temples and elsewhere there were images of Buddha, Amida, and Scisshi, not specially notable as carvings, and many pictures, setting forth in the dark but universal language of allegory the message of Buddhism. Here, for instance, was Buddha surrounded by four messengers, going forth to all quarters of the world; one of them a messenger of African hue. There were a series representing the usual scenes of Gautama's life, which are rare in Far Eastern Buddhism. On one of the outer walls was a great drawing of the Dragon Ship, the Ship of Salvation, guided by Kwannon, with Buddha, Amida, and Scisshi seated in it. It was a fine picture, and I stood before it in a long reverie, remembering how often Tuka in the far distant Deccan speaks of the Ship of God's name, and how the early Christians more remote still in time and place employed the same image. Afterwards we climbed a little hill above the monastery and visited the Temple of the Tiger God, a piece of Nature-worship which long ago preceded Buddhism and has not been quite rejected by its tolerant philosophy.

The monks' quarters are cosy little rooms arranged in long rows with a small verandah. The floor is of flag-stones, with a hollow beneath it where a fire is made in the winter. The Chinese and Coreans do not starve themselves with cold, like the Japanese, but keep themselves warm and comfortable. The stranger is grateful for a share in their comforts, though I may say the stones are hard, even with a sheet of thick paper over them, and if the fire is zealously stoked you are apt to get grilled. Outside the door are usually hung mottoes, drawing attention to features of the landscape, such as

Willow trees

Rock.

Winter

Plumtree.

Trees

hanging

from rocks.

Spring

Happy time.

The diet of course is vegetarian. Boiled rice, dried seaweed and a sort of canary seed. *Saké* for visitors only, if required. I did not choose to abstain, and I was hungry enough to enjoy the canary seed, but I must say the *Saké* helped it down.

A monastery is of course also a school and the school-boys naturally interested a professional visitor; they were of all ages, not necessarily destined to be monks, but chiefly trained with an eye to that vocation. Their room was a long low hall, with an ancient image of Miroku, to receive their salutations morning and evening. As we sat there in the evening, the boys asked me to tell them an Indian tale, and I told them about the King of Cholamandala and his three sons, a tale perhaps too apt to arouse worldly ambitions. I do not think, however, that all these boys were destined to remain monks. They were active lively urchins, mostly deposited by their parents in consequence of vows or otherwise. They seemed to be in good health though plainly fed and under good discipline. I can only hope all was well with them, but it needs a good deal of inspiration to lead the life of a cenobite monk without occasional lapses.

The Japanese have not left these ancient institutions without encouragement and guidance. They have supplied regular teachers and introduced modern apparatus and some modern subjects into the curricula. There were two Japanese teachers at Tsudoji, one of whom was married. Their pay was twenty-five yen a month, a modest salary considering the isolation and the rigours of the winter. The Japanese seemed to be struggling manfully with the last and they had planted rows of cherry trees to remind them of their native land.

From Tsudoji we tramped over the hills to Bongaji. This was a larger but slightly less ancient foundation, not greatly different in aspect from the other. The canary seed was a different brand, the *Saké* a different flavour, but our welcome as liberal as before. We gave a small donation at Tsudoji, but Bongaji declined to accept anything. The abbot presented me with a fine drawing of Buddha's name, by his own hand; it now adorns my office in Bombay. I noticed that a piece of land had been levelled for boys' games—a distant echo of old England; so steadily do ideas go on travelling round the world. And here picture postcards were available, no doubt they are bought by pilgrims in the summer season.

On our journey to Bongaji we picked up a Japanese conjuror, a quaint humorous rogue, with the long black hair which marks divergent types of all kinds in Japan. He carried his worldly goods—professional and other—in a handkerchief, and I cannot say he was much of an artiste. His entertainment was more fit for children of this world than for abbots and monks; however, he was tolerated and even appreciated by the juveniles.

Then again in another direction we went to Kyonji. This is a point on the Eastern hills of Corea, where you will find, in the first place, a very old time-beaten monastery. Everything is very ruinous, but there are still a few monks and they will entertain you, if you wish, in their little cells, with canary seed and pious thoughts and views and reflections on the views. Here are some of the reflections from the scrolls near their doors:—

"Neither too wide nor too narrow, behold the Buddhist house."

"Roll up the screen and let the day enter."

"Without vanity or allurements, behold the Buddhist house."

"Open the windows and behold in the darkness the shadows of the trees."

It was not our purpose however to stay in the monastery; we climbed the hill above it to a famous relic of early Buddhism near its summit. This seems to be known as a cave, in truth however I feel sure it is not a natural cave, but a *stupa* with an entrance on one side so that it looks somewhat like a cave as you go in.* Seated within it is a great white figure of Buddha, pointing downwards to the earth; in low relief on the walls are sixteen *arhats*. An abler pen than mine has closely examined and described them. I will only remark on their great beauty and the presence of something quite unique in their style. They are tall figures with Mongolian faces, very elaborate and delicate drapery—not inferior to anything in classical art. They carry in their hands well-known symbols, such as the *wajra*, chalices and censers. One also a *chauri*—which is rather the symbol of a menial attendant than an *arhat*. Their heads are surrounded by aureoles, some white, others green and red.

*It is now carefully preserved by the Japanese Government, though unfortunately they have found it necessary to support the roof with a mass of wooden beams that makes the interior almost invisible.

I do not know of anything quite like this elsewhere in Buddhist art. If we take for a moment the view that Chinese Buddhism has at some time been penetrated by Christianity, we may perhaps see in this *stupa* the Buddha conceived as resting in his grave but still living and teaching - "being dead he yet speaketh." One is never on sure ground with such explanations, but undoubtedly a *stupa* is essentially a place of interment.

Conjecture has to answer the question why this remote spot was chosen for so beautiful and elaborate a work of art. Possibly the monastery, like others, was driven here by hostility, and the "cave" was made by or for the monks. The stone, which is a very large one, was probably carved in position. The view from the hill top is a noble one, reaching as far as the sea. Buddhist remains (like Jain remains) often command fine views, which is all the more remarkable as the Buddhist system does not connect God and Nature. But Buddhism (whatever passes under the name) seems always to have been associated with æsthetic sensibility. And I imagine many a Buddhist recluse has sat on that hill-top before and looked down with serene approbation on the rice fields and lagoons below, the azalea and iris at his feet, with the pansies and violets and the self-heal which carried my own thoughts back to England.

The Buddhist images seem at first sight asleep but their eyes are slightly open and they are really deep in meditation. Their original purpose is open to doubt. I think they are not so much images of a power ready to listen to man and help him as images of an ideal towards which he hopes to move. They set before a troubled world, in visible form, the "true and everlasting and passionless repose" of Buddha. If this be so, methinks, they should be raised in market places and places of resort rather than on the tops of lonely hills.

Leaping forward, however, to this theme of Corean Buddhism I neglect to recall the chief features of the land and its history. I have spoken already of the Corean mountains; like all the Chinese mountains they have long ago been stripped of their trees and Corean scenery is bleak and uninspiring. The coast is rocky and dangerous and inhospitable to mariners. The people are cousins of the Chinese, with whom, nevertheless, their genius appears to have little in common. They are tall and heavily built, with Mongolian features and thick, coarse, lank, black hair.

The upper classes, naturally, I did not see at all, nevertheless from pictures I discovered that they possess a quiet natural dignity of demeanour. Their dress is a long robe of Chinese pattern, and their hat not unlike the traditional hat of Wales—that is to say, their every-day hat, for the hat of ceremonial mourning, which is carried for a year, is a great opercle like that of a monovalve, which covers the head and shoulders and utterly shuts off the mourner from the world.

Corean history in early years was one of long subjection to China, followed by independence and an exclusive policy like that of Japan. Native culture the people either had not or never much developed. In one of the books I read that "the Koreans believe that in some way mountains exercise a benign and protecting influence." This takes us back to an old nature-worship, like that of Bali, where there is a kindred feeling about mountains, though Corea has no Peak of Bali, nor a Fujiyama, which has gathered a similar sentiment round itself in Japan.

Corean culture, as the tourist sees it, is simply that of China, though Corean artists peradventure have painted the Chinese pictures and fashioned the China pottery of the land. This pottery I saw in the Museum at Seoul, the only pottery museum of Chinese art in the Far East. It is indeed the collection of the old Royal family, now generously exposed to the public gaze.

Some of this has come, and much is still coming from the graves of Corea. More even than in China, the tombs of buried notables abound, sometimes fenced around with marble railings, and guarded or at least surveyed by gigantic tortoises carved in perdurable stone. These same, when rifled, yield magnificent china and pieces of jade and noble jewels, a spoil which I scarcely think pious sentiment would lay hands upon. Yet we have not spared Mycenae or Egypt, and I would be loth to blame the Japanese, though when I see these sanctuaries laid open, my mind is clouded with a doubt, and albeit museums built up in this way may educate our æsthetic sense, there is just a chance that they may spread irreverence. I know not. In all spiritual matters it is just a chance whether we are doing good or evil.

However, the last scene in Corean history is her recent domination by the Japanese, little foreseen by the Coreans or the friends of the Coreans till it arrived; one may suppose it was not in the least welcomed, nor were the last moments of Corean

national life marked by much consideration from the new-comers. The old order was brusquely swept away, and in the confusion that followed Corea had much to suffer. There were indignant protests, if not from her own pens, from those of her champions. Thus writes Angus Hamilton in 1914 :—

“ Puffed up with conceit, the Japanese now permit themselves to commit administrative excesses of the most detestable character. Their extravagant arrogance blinds them to the absurdities and follies of their actions, making manifest the fact that their gloss of civilisation is the merest veneer. Their conduct in Corea shows them to be destitute of moral and intellectual fibre. They are debauched in business and the prevalence of dishonourable preachers in public life makes them indifferent to private virtue. The sense of power is tempered neither by justice, reason, nor generosity. Their habits and manners, their commercial and social degradation, complete an abominable travesty of the civilisation they profess to have studied ”

The best defence to these charges is to say the Japanese soon recognised there was truth in them and started at once to reform themselves. A powerful Governor arrived on the scene who forbade the spoilation of the Coreans, deported bad characters back to Japan, and pushed forward rigorously the causes of justice and education. I cannot pretend to say how far the administration of to-day is pure and effective, but at least the tourist sees many signs of effort. I have spoken before of the schools at the monasteries, there are also visible roads and bridges and public buildings, which, if they are less picturesque than the past, at least stand for what the West—and Japan—after her—calls progress.

All this is much marked at Fusan, where the Japanese have levelled mountains, and filled up reclamations and gone ahead as much as though they were Americans. Seoul has been hustled in the same way. The old palace of the Royal family stands lonely and forsaken, a memorial and a protest. It is a long series of one-storeyed buildings, of no special merit, with beautiful features here and there, marble staircases and so forth. There is a vast Hall of Audience, with a row of stone posts in the Court-yard, each marking an official status, where an officer of that status had to stand, in seeking an audience—a highly practical scheme. But the whirligig of Time has not spared it. And under the ci-

wall of Seoul electric trams whirl along, where hatted Coreans, and neatly groomed Corean women, and Japanese schoolboys in their little kimonos, go in and out in the most business-like way. They are clean and active, and I may say in general that the Coreans, so far as I saw them, do not display such an immense love of dirt as the Chinese. Their houses stand in small courtyards, low buildings with thick walls and small doors, designed to keep out the icy winter, when the river at Seoul freezes for three months like the Scythian streams that Ovid commemorates.

The Coreans carry burdens neither on their heads, like the Indians, nor with the Chinese yoke, but placed in a wooden cradle on their backs. The cradle itself is no small load, and when it is full the burden is such as a man of letters faints to contemplate it. But they are sturdy porters and spare neither themselves nor their beasts, when they employ such. The fate of the horse is as wretched amongst them as elsewhere in the less civilised countries of the world.

They are great trenchermen, and the Sybarite cheer of their banquets savours of China much more than of Japan. I dined myself in Corean style, once only, paying five yen for my Japanese friend and myself. We had but a modest meal, nevertheless I remember clams and chestnuts and honey and mushrooms and beef and dried octopus and chow-chow and bean cake, and there is much besides that I have forgotten. It was washed down with tea and cake, but indeed it was admirably cooked, and I envied the giraffe his gullet and the elephant his paunch. And elsewhere too, I encountered Japanese meals that augur well for the future of Corea-Japanese cooking.

The general future of the country should, I think, be assured. The ability of the Coreans is well spoken of, especially their linguistic ability, though everyone allows they are slow-witted compared with the Japanese. The political situation must develop itself as time goes by. I fancy the Japanese will study British methods, all the more probably after the war, and will take as their watchword and principle self-government for dependencies. If the Coreans show themselves irreconcilable, there may be trouble, but I do not predict that. In the meantime many Japanese are settling in the country, though indeed there is not much room for them. They are edging their way in, however, chiefly as traders and keepers of tea-houses, but partly also as

fruit-growers, and of course in the literate professions. I wonder if they like their land of exile. It is far from being the complete rounded world of Japan.

P.S.—The Corean wastes are not unpeopled by *ferae naturae*. The Corean tiger is the lordliest of his kind and presumably the exemplar of those monsters that prowl about Japanese paintings. There are no crows in Corea. Perhaps the winter is too cold for them. But anywhere east of India the crow declines and disappears and it is scarce in China. A city like Canton would maintain millions of crows if it stood in India. The natural history of this hateful bird deserves some further enquiry.

J. NELSON FRASER.

Bombay.

LETTERS FROM A WAR HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

(Continued from our issue for November 1915)

V.

MY DEAR D—,

This is Sunday, and the soldiers sang at the mass in the little chapel, hidden away in one of the red-tiled corridors of the hotel. It is a very sweet tiny chapel, with a rose window, and bits of colour tucked about the altar, under the feet of the Mother and Child.

It was Staqueto, the middle-aged corporal with courtly manners and crippled feet, who told me the soldiers were going to sing, and he among them, and he wanted me to be there.

Just the other day I noticed his hands, fine and white, and soft as a woman's. "You have never done any hard work with your hands," I said to him. "I have never done anything but handle money," he replied. For it seems he was in the Casino at Monte Carlo, where he earned enough during half the year to repose himself the other half. His father did a big business victualling the ships that sail from Marseilles to the Mediterranean ports, but when he died the son let it go. It is an easier life this way, and his wife has nothing to worry her. He got a hundred francs a month in salary, and sometimes made a thousand. The Americans always gave much, the Germans very little. Now he has had thirteen months in hospital, and is languishing to see the little daughter whose picture he carried in his breast pocket at the front. He took it from his neat bedside-table to show, a handsome dark-eyed baby three years old now.

This morning, instead of the tiny boy who usually assists the little curé at the mass, there was a soldier helping to serve, one of the three officers in treatment, the one whom the village speaks of as very religious, who gives Sacred Heart medals to all

the children. He looked very gentle and very devout in his trim blue uniform, and the curé was quite impressive, doubly robed in beautiful vestments and the dignity of office. The curé is an infirmier at the hospital when it is not the hour of mass, and wears the worst-looking of semi-military old clothes. To-night when I go round the wards for the last time, the butterfly will have gone back to the grub, and it will be a very shabby little orderly who will be tucking himself away into his bed in the corner.

At the mass when I tried to pray for France it seemed that I could only think of the three boys who have just gone away—cripples all, to no one knows what future, life—if they live—is going to be so hard for them. Far easier to die nobly than to live so, the half lives that they must live. The Major asked one of them the other day if he wished to be proposed for the *réforme*, but he would not. "There will be still some little services I can render to my country," he told me. "If not, why go on living?"

Indeed, they never seem to have any anxiety about the future, in that, or any other way. I think that the word "apprehension" must be lacking from the French language. They always live on the sunny-side of hope.

I often feel as if I never can admire enough this unflinching buoyancy of spirit of the French wounded. Never for a moment do they accept defeat, never make moan over irreparable losses. Trained from hospital to hospital, when they are not in too much suffering, they are gay and vivacious; when the pain is hard, they turn their faces to the wall, and say nothing.

When the casual visitors come, with their idle curiosity, and their stupid questions that arouse an exasperated fury in my breast, the gentle courtesy of the wounded never fails. "And how does it go? Are you any less crippled than you were?" "But, yes, madame, perhaps a little less. That takes time. What will you? One must hope."

All the discomforts, all the inconveniences of the hospital semi-military life, are accepted in the same spirit. If the thing desired can be obtained, all the better. If it is refused, all the worse. And the one sounds as cheerful as the other.

Here the abuses and neglects of the military hospitals are not able to provoke them to bitterness of spirit. "I should have

starved to death in the hospital at M — if my wife had not been in town," said one, telling of the uneatable food, the vermin-filled beds, the dirty floors, the lack of care. But he, wrecked for France, spoke without rancour or surprise.

If they have clothes enough to cover and keep them warm, —all the better. If not— all the worse. Where the next are coming from, they never ask. They ask for nothing. It would be impossible to think of people with fewer wants.

"They will operate on me again in two weeks probably, then I shall get well. But if I don't get well,—all the worse. The ball went in *here*, on my right shoulder, and it came out *here*, under my left arm. It made a long journey, that one. But it came out by itself, without an operation,—all the better."

He is only twenty years old, little Garnier, and he is little, because he is stooped quite in two with the hurt to the vertebral column. All the time he stoops a little more, is a little more feeble, has a little less appetite. But his smile is always ready. At the least little joke his shiny brown eyes run over into laughter.

When the war began he was a mechanician, earning good wages in Paris; he was proud of what he could earn—a boy of eighteen. Then he volunteered for the Dardanelles, and the bullet found him "on the coast of Asia."

He loves his Paris, and loves to tell how he went there from the country, eighteen years old, to find work. But not hurrying to find it, because he had money in his pocket, and could afford to take time to see the "*belle ville*," from the Eiffel Tower to his Invalides, where now they have the captured German flags.

Yesterday he had word that his other brother was wounded. There are three of them, and a little sister, with the widowed mother. He said only: "Now there are two of us," and wrote to ask how bad it was. But at night he had a temperature.

Once, it is true, he confesses to having shed tears, when they gave the colors to the regiment. "That makes one cry," he says.

* * * * *

So sweet a day it has been, like Indian summer at home. To cross the park under the yellowing trees, and see the liquid October sunshine on the circle of the purple hills, that takes but a few moments.

Over the great stone that crosses the brook comes an old woman, the old woman who is helping to save the hay. Her

face is crinkled in a thousand folds between the edges of her white-frilled cap. Her eyes are dim and sad to-day. She stops to chat, for in Provence no one is ever too busy to stop to talk. She has a son at the Dardanelles ; not wounded yet, one must hope. But this year all goes ill, no harvests, no end to the war. It is not a war. In a war they come and they go, but now they never go. She is old, but never has she seen a war like this. One works because one must, but one has no heart in what one does. "When I pass there by the hospital, I cry. All that beautiful youth crippled and spoilt."

But what is it for ? One knows nothing. Ah, but it is terrible, terrible. And there comes no end.

The wind goes on, sighing long and softly through the acacias and the poplar trees. The sun drops to a west of incredible splendour.

By-and-by another crosses the brook, a younger woman, this. Madame is well ? Madame does not languish so far away from her own ? It must be terrible to come so far. Ah, but it is the war. One must do what one can. The good God will give it back.

* * * * *

It gives something of a strange sensation to come down from the hills, from the old-world French village, the life of which is not so greatly changed perhaps since the days when it was actively dominated by the buried castle frowning above, to come down from the heart of old Provence, when René reigned at Aix, and alight at a modern, commercial, cosmopolitan city like Marseilles. The French always say by way of praise of this, the second city of France, that "there is movement." And this is so true now in war-time that the feeling produced is somewhat like that of gazing into a kaleidoscope.

At Tunis one would almost fancy it a city of English occupation, so many are the khaki-clad troops that file along the streets. At every moment one sees them. They march past in companies that stretch the length of the Prado, all yellow uniforms beneath the yellowing trees. On every street the English Red Cross motors dash about ; the English officers flash past in automobiles, messengers on motor-cycles whiz by. Khaki crowds the street-cars, where the notices to the military are posted in English and Hindustani, as well as the language of the country. The

resources of the little tea-room where "English is spoken," are taxed to breaking-point. Everywhere defile the easy lines of the heavy artillery horses, ridden by boys who look to be fresh from the plough. One of them carries a little spotted terrier cuddled up in his arms.

But after all it is the Indian troops who seem most in evidence on these streets of France. Everywhere, at all hours, rain or shine, they file past in long lines, headed by their English officers, turbaned and khakied, brown all over, gun on shoulder, and long knife behind. When the sun shines they laugh and chatter, showing their white teeth behind their fine bronze skin. And they are so tall and well-built, with the free graceful walk of the sons of Mother India. Physically they appear a finer, more gracious type of manhood than those raw-boned English youths in the saddles.

Most often they seem to be leading long strings of fodder mules, tramping by stolidly through the rain and the viscous yellow mud that covers the streets these last days of October. They have come they hardly know where, across the endless black waters, to fight they hardly know whom—only, as from time immemorial, to fight against the enemies of their masters.

And here is a company of Arabs, a Zouave regiment, keen to do battle for French liberty as the Indian troops for the Empire. And black Senegals, French negroes from Martinique, companies of French soldiers in all varieties of uniform, from the old red trousers which are becoming legendary, to the new blue casque which completes so well the pretty blue uniform. Chasseurs d'Alpins are here, dragons hussards, sailors with their funny red top-knots, a spahi or two gorgeous as an Oriental, in flowing red and white cloak. Once in a while one may see an Arab Sheikh, beautiful in robes of floating white.

Emphatically Marseilles is not one of the cities desolated by the war, and one hears talk of Governmental regulation of prices, when the shop-keepers, as usual, are making inordinate profits out of the necessities of the times.

November 2nd.—They say it always rains for the Toussaint, so no one wondered to see a wet morning yesterday. To-day, le Jour des Morts, the sun shone fitfully until mid-day, and then came a heavy shower, which has surcharged the streets with yellow mud.

Here in the great cemetery the walks are viscid and slippery. The flowers that form a contiguous carpet on the crowded tombs are drenched and dripping. The crowds move slowly, an ever-arriving, never-ending mass, from the graves of the families to those of the country.

There are no ceremonies, or at least we saw none. Only the silent throngs that come and go. And hardly any tears. It is as if these mourners responded in spirit to the task imposed on them by their country--and found then a resolve too high and stern for tears. Only here a mother weeps aloud over the grave of a pretty young daughter three months dead.

And somehow there seems an element of strangeness, of remoteness to-day, in mourning for the civilian dead, those who have died as men die in times of peace.

Le Jour des Morts comes every year, but this year it means one thing to all. It is the day of those who have died for their country. Always there are deaths--and mourners. But to-day it is the Volunteers of Death, who march silently through the hearts of the nation. And through their sacrifice the living feel the future mortgaged.

Standing here on the sodden ground the memory comes of another harvest-field of death, where, beside the wide Potomac, the soldiers of the Republic lie under green mounds in closely serried ranks. Glorious it will be to-day in the molten gold of the full sunshine, ablaze with the fire of the maples and the sumacks. Over those graves where the squirrels fearlessly scamper, the tears are dried. It does not seem to-day to us who walk in the sense of a perpetual sorrow, that they ever can be dried here. I long to repeat to my soldier, who would not understand a word, the verse that is written of the soldiers of the other Republic.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory treads with solemn round,
The bivouac of the Dead."

Here the dead of the war lie together in square plots closely packed. This way the Senegals and Colonial; there the regiments by number. My soldier is sad, for we cannot find the grave of the comrade he would honour.

It is late, and the gray afternoon grows to dark. We must lay our violets on the mould, and leave there the intention with them.

November 3rd.—It is very high above the town, the wind-swept rock where stands the golden Reige de la Garde, her golden baby in her arms. Below her feet a signal station and a wireless raise gaunt arms to help her guard her tower, and ward her ships as they go in and out. Day by day her sonorous voice sounds over the waters, and echoes away to the distant hills. Always she keeps watch over the millions of her people, over the clustered roofs, over the sunny bay, over the islands, and the old Chateau d'If in the harbour. Behind her the Alps of the Sea march down to meet the waters.

To-day from her terrace wall all is storm-tossed cloud and steel-gray sea; one way a bit of sky crimsoning to sunset, the other the circling hills wrapped in veils of mourning purple. The day seems like a child who has cried until it can cry no longer, and finding at last relief, smiles through undried tears.

The wind blows cold from the shores of autumn as we write our cards on the terrace wall above the sea. For to write cards to friends is the second thing to do under the shadow of La Reige de la Garde, after one has prayed among the shadows of her aisles, for France, for comrades, and for health again.

My soldier, who loves many, has many cards to write. He is not learned at all, nor even well-educated, this wounded soldier. It is not difficult to write French more correct than his. But neither I, nor anyone I know, can give to thoughts of sympathy and affection such warm and loving expression, such a vital and glowing touch, as he can convey on half a picture postal card.

The sun blazes crimson, setting above the black line of the troopship waiting there across the bay to carry the English soldiers to Salonica. A thread of pink narrowly outlines the shadowy eastern hills. And the wind is cold. It is more prudent to seek a cup of black coffee in the little restaurant on the edge of the cliff before descending to the funiculaire that slants almost perpendicularly to the level of the street.

Climbing the rough road to the Reige de la Garde comes a French officer. And just for a second, in the meeting, one seems to touch the living soul of the country, gracious, tender, sensitive. The French wounded do not salute their officers, and my

soldier takes no notice of the "galons." But the officer, seeing one who has bled for his country—and a woman who cares for him—salutes us, very gravely and gently, as one who recognizes embodied before him the tragedy and the sorrow of his people.

K. W.

France.

THE TRUE BASIS OF PEACE.

MAN is naturally religious, that is to say he tacitly concedes far greater importance to religion than he is prepared to acknowledge—even far greater than what he attaches to the most vital mundane affairs. Differences in respect of worldly matters do not generally alienate individuals and nations so much as differences in creed. The early history of the different peoples of the world will indisputably bear this out. The early wars between nations, even the early persecutions, have been mostly wars of creed—have been crusades carried on by a fanatic Christendom against a heathen Islam, by a fanatic Islam against Kaferism, or by a fanatic Brahminism against an upstart Buddhism or Mlecchaism.

A fanatic devotion to a creed has thus a natural tendency to make the devotees a fighting people; and this fighting attitude is softened and smoothed down only in two ways—first, by diving deep down into the religious truths establishing an indisputable unity in one common God and Father, and secondly, by deviating farther and farther from the path of God, ultimately materialising the naturally spiritual man. The result attained, however, is not the same: the former leads to the establishment of a world-wide, broad-based Charity, irrespective of caste, creed and colour, and the latter to the fostering of a spirit of greed, avarice and self-aggrandisement, ultimately bursting again into flames and setting ablaze the whole world. Like its predecessors, the present Titanic war is the natural outcome of the policy which Germany has long pursued in the direction of materialising her people. They are now farthest from God, looking upon charity, Christians though they profess to be, as weakness, and the divine sayings of Lord Christ as utterances of a weak soul. So long, therefore,

as this materialisation of the human soul will continue in any country, no permanent or effective peace can be expected.

In addition, therefore, to all the safeguards that are proposed as the basis of a lasting peace, from the materialistic point of view, the part religion plays in the life of man and in moulding the destiny of the world has also to be considered and given the first importance. If the inspirations embodied in the Scriptures of the different creeds and the injunctions laid down according to them be again given the earnest consideration that is their due, much may be expected towards the establishment of a lasting Peace. To any unbiased and earnest student of the different religious systems it must have appeared that despite differences in outward observances and formalities suiting the religious requirements of the different peoples, the inner life of religion, as revealed in the inspired sayings of the Scriptures, is the same all the world over. A rigid and sincere attempt at a realisation of the hopes held by the Prophets cannot but create a solid feeling of comradeship among the ancient nations now peopling the world. They will feel themselves as members of one common brotherhood and gradually come to sink all differences arising whether from a blind devotion to God or from the spirit of avarice, greed and self-aggrandisement, which devotion to matter has the tendency to create. If attaching due importance to this, as should be done if peace we really want, the Governments of the different countries may be persuaded to lay sufficient stress upon the observance of the injunctions laid down in the Scriptures, and also to include them in their educational schemes, then alone peace will be a reality. When there is earnest talk of peace, the first item to be insisted upon should be *practical education along the lines of the Scriptures*; and the International Council jealously guarding the various clauses of the Peace Scheme should be asked to see if any country violates this scheme, and should also be empowered to enforce obedience to it.

The spirit of self-aggrandisement that is now chiefly Germany's vice and the seed of the present conflagration has been in its turn also the vice of the British, the French, and all the other nations of the world. In course of time, however, either better sense prevailed or the harmful materialising tendency spent itself out or became almost innocuous by continual use. And the result was the long but sham peace that we had so long

enjoyed through the Balance of Power. If we allow ourselves to be again drifted helplessly along the old channels of peace, the result will be only a truce terminating in another huge carnage like the one that is now horrifying humanity. We should, therefore, move about with open eyes and struggle against the tendency of the flesh, and do our level best to follow, in life, the wise sayings of the Prophets of Peace and Charity.

Objections may be raised to this scheme by some on the ground that it will tend, if it be at all practicable, to enervate the nations. A critical study, however, of the sources of the spirit influencing the belligerents now will give us the best answer. The English, the French, the Germans—all are fighting and dying for their independence and national existence. But why are the Indians laying down their lives so willingly on the European field of battle? Their loyalty may prompt them to fight, the Government may even compel them to do so—but can any of these, loyalty to a foreign Government or the compulsion of Government, make a people die cheerfully and for no interests of their own? Certainly not. They are fighting for England, because their loyalty has its foundation in their Scriptures, because they look upon English Rule in India as a divine dispensation and because their God has said to them—and they sincerely believe Him—"The King is God in Man"; and they are gladly facing death and dying because they have faith in their Scriptures, because they firmly believe there is a fuller life beyond honourable death. It is this religious spirit and spiritual hope which has infused a noble inspiration into them, making them meet death as cheerfully and for no selfish end to serve as those who have really very large interests at stake. Indeed, religion does not enervate a man; far from it. It raises man to the rank of gods, divested of all the brutish propensities that may otherwise influence him.

Turning our eyes in another direction, we also find that although many races have been swept off the face of the earth with the shock of the powerful advent of Western civilisation, or become merged in the conquering nation, the Hindus alone, over whom many foreign invasions have swept, have managed to keep intact their integrity and individuality. To what is this special strength of the Hindus due? Only a little reflection on their life, their hopes and aspirations as well as their manners and customs, will make it clear beyond the shadow of a doubt that nothing

but their spirituality, nothing but their ineffaceable faith in the sayings of their Scriptures, could have enabled them to withstand the shock of the violent clashes with materialism.

It will thus be seen that the Scriptures, if earnestly followed, instead of enervating, gives man an abundance of moral courage and strength.

K. K. GONGULEE.

Naraingunge, Bengal

A SONNET.

Had you but loved me, even for an hour
In all the years when hope compelled me wait,
Had you but known that in you lay the power
To mould and shape a soul's eternal fate,
Would you have thrown aside the work thus given
To you alone, from moment of your birth,
The task fore-thought and pre-ordained in Heaven,
Aeons before we ever met on earth ?
But yet this work, unconscious, you began
In spite of all your spurning of my love,
Our souls were part of God's eternal plan,
Our ignorance but serves His Will to prove.
'Twas you who set me on the Path, I know,
But, ah ! my child, you might have helped Him so.

T. R. G. LYELL.

Agra.

AFRICAN LETTERS.

(Continued from our last number.)

III.

KING PAPACOCK TO HIS SON IN AFRICA.

God is good !

I am hoping soon to receive a letter from you saying how things are progressing during my absence. I hope the Eatomans are not on the war-path ; they have been blood-thirsty for some little time, and I know their King said, in my hearing, he was longing for a piece of human flesh

Ah, my son, I remember the day before the missionaries came, when I and my people relished man-chops for breakfast. That reminds me. Don't let my wife, Fattibus, get too familiar with the missionary she may want to eat him.

My thoughts, my son, have turned to these matters because of a meeting I had attended.

The other morning my Tutor came to me and said a lady most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance. I was highly flattered with this message and consented to be introduced ; and when, later, I was thinking of this strange desire, it struck me the woman must be that beautiful creature who had referred me to her papa. I presently felt certain it must be, and was hot and cold the whole day till the hour approached for the introduction.

I met with a disappointment. The woman was not my charmer—not yet even pretty. There were other ladies present, all old and calling each other " Sister Dear," and bowing and turning up their eyes to the ceiling of the room.

I was soon to know, my son, why the woman wanted to know me.

"You are from Africa?" she said.

"Yes, that is my home. I'm a king there and my people number many thousands. I have fifty wives--"

My son, she interrupted me.

"Horrible," she cried. "I mean," she said, no doubt noticing that I looked angry-- "I mean, our dear minister, Mr. Parsons, will talk to you about that. Ha! here he comes."

And--ha! He did come. A fat man, nothing like the lean missionaries we get in Africa.

I was introduced, and then the lady--they called her Sister Alltongue--said:

"This gentleman here is a king--from Africa. He will tell us about the people and the need for missionaries."

"Of course, that's so," said Mr. Parsons. I thought he was suffering from a cold, for his voice was nasal. "You would like your people to become civilized--eh?"

I did not understand. I asked what he meant by "civilized." He replied:

"All the good things we have given you--taught you?"

"I understand," I interrupted him. "We have a missionary--"

"You have--good," exclaimed Mr. Parsons.

"Halleluja," cried the women. I wondered why they made all this noise.

"Do you know him?" I asked

They didn't, but Parsons said all ministers were brothers.

"Go on," he continued. "Tell us what civilization has done for you and, Sister Mary," turning to one of the women, "take notes, they will be worth publishing in next month's magazine, our famous *The Enlightenment of the Heathen Nations*."

"Well," said I, "there are things we like and things we don't. For instance, we don't want to know about stars which have tails and others which have not; but we are greatly obliged to you for teaching us how to drink rum and whisky and--"

My son--there was a terrible uproar. Parsons eventually called out, "Let us sing Hymn 5002. 'Send the Heathen Brains.'"

And they made an awful row, my son. I was glad when the singing was over. I could not catch the words, except "heathen nations" occasionally, and when these words occurred,

all eyes were turned on me. At length they stopped their noise, and Parsons said to me :

" My brother—it is evident we must send more missionaries to Africa."

" As far as my country is concerned," I told him, " our tastes have changed—we are vegetarians ; but I know the nations round about my country are complaining. They say that only ill-fed, tough and old missionaries are sent, so if you intend doing a charitable act, despatch something young, plenty of meat on them and——"

Oh, what a howl, my son ! I could not guess what the trouble was about. The man, Parsons, however, quietened them. My son, he possessed a wonderful influence—on the women, I mean. He had to but hold up his hands and the mouths of the women closed like traps. Parsons offered a prayer and then—I believe he was referring to me—told the Sisters to deal charitably with their erring brother—he knew not what was right, it was their duty to teach him. And when the Sisters crowded around me for the purpose, I suppose, of teaching me, I told them I had another engagement and must hurry away.

" But first come and see the presents we are sending the poor of this city," said Parsons ; and I went with him to a side-table.

" This is a jam-pot ; this a butter dish. How do you like this cruet-stand ? Are they not lovely ? "

" And are these presents for the poor ? " I asked.

" Yes, for the poor," he replied, and I felt inclined to sneeze, my son, his voice sounding so nasal. " They have nothing to eat——"

" Ha ! " said I. " That is the reason why you are sending costly butter-pots and jam-dishes to put that nothing into. Would it not be better to send bread, butter and jam, even in paper parcels ? "

Another howl, my son, and I left hurriedly.

I was feeling hungry, my son, and being near a restaurant—that is a house where they give you meals—if you pay for it—I told my Tutor I would like to enter. We went in and sat down. There was at a table, near by, another man ; it was the Major whom I had mistaken for my charmer's papa at the dance. He recognised me and laughed. He is a good fellow ; quite charming.

I asked him why he got angry that night. He told me that he did not like women.

"That is unnatural," I said.

"The women are unnatural," he replied, and being pressed, told me his reasons for arriving at such a conclusion.

"It begins with the mother," he said. "Every woman tries to make her daughter a goddess."

"A goddess?"

"That's it. We have more goddesses than the Romans or Greeks, only that the former have clothes on, and the latter lightly draped so that one can see what they are made of. The girls are taught how to walk, talk, dress—especially dress. In your country you don't worry about dress, I hear?"

"That's true; our women—"

"Never mind. Here, in my country, if a girl thinks she is lacking anything, physically, to make her resemble a goddess, she pads."

"What is that?"

"Oh," he said, thinking a moment, "she supplies defects with cotton-wool, anything in fact. This artificial supplying of defects has the same result on the woman's mind as her body—both become cramped by violent confinement. And what happens then? Both swell out in the wrong place. Take the mind—the woman smiles on the man she dislikes and looks cold on the man she loves. Thinks it the right thing to do—not to give the man the idea she is ready to accept him as soon as he proposes."

"Ah, Sir," said I, "surely all women are not like that?"

"Not all—but it is difficult to determine. Perhaps you are referring to some particular woman?"

He smiled as he asked the question.

"I do, indeed," I told him. "I was thinking of the lady whose father I mistook you to be."

He laughed at that.

"Well, well," he continued, "perhaps she is different. But—why are you so interested in her?"

"I should like to marry her?"

"Marry? Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "English people—I mean people of note, seldom marry out of their community. But you might try. Now what can you offer her?"

"Offer her?"

"Yes. No woman weds except for position or money, that is, if she is anybody."

"Well," I told him, "I have many wives who will be her slaves; she will have no work to do except milking the favourite cow, and—"

He laughed so that I could not proceed.

"Great Scot," he at length exclaimed. "I'll burst—" and he laughed again.

"What's the cause of your merriment, friend?" I asked, growing impatient.

"I apologise," he said, his red face still twitching with the inclination to laugh again. "She'll not consent to other wives—"

"I'll get rid of them then, will send them to some people near my State who will eat them up."

"Eat them—eh? Oh—look here! It's pin-money what our girls want."

"And what's that?"

"An allowance to buy dresses."

"Pah!" I exclaimed. "In my country the women wear —"

"A handkerchief. Yes, I know that. You might try, however, and see what she says."

He hid his face in his handkerchief. I think he laughed.

My son, I have resumed my letter after a break of a few days. I forgot that I had not posted it, being interested in other matters, all of which I will tell you as I have time. For the present I must mention that I had a second conversation with the Major, and a third a week later. At the former we discussed men as we did women at the restaurant. He was particularly hard on men he called "knuts." They overdress themselves, he said, ape the better classes in every manner possible and try and get into the best clubs.

"Do they ever succeed?" I asked.

"Some do," he told me. "Those who have money."

"They buy—"

"No, no. You must not carry away such ideas about our society clubs. I know men, jealous of us, say as long as a man can entertain and spend freely at the bar, he can get into the big clubs. I will admit there are all kinds of men in some of our clubs while others are tabooed—perhaps better fellows than those in

the clubs ; but you see they cannot keep up their positions—that is everything."

"Then you admit that money does open the doors of clubs," I said, glad that I was able to find him slipping.

"Not exactly. It is not only money, but women."

"You mean their daughters—?"

"I see," he interrupted me, "I must explain before you arrive at conclusions, from your own reasoning, harmful to our society. Do you remember the girls I spoke to you about? Well, many of them who carry their "fashions" too far cannot marry club people, and some of them are also penniless. Well, they marry a knut. The knuts are pleased, for they, some of them, get into society, and this is how it is done: A knut's wife introduces her husband to some man of influence. The knut fully understands that he must not object to his wife flirting with the man of influence. The knut then follows him about like a dog, cringing and fawning. When the man of influence makes a silly joke, the knut laughs loud and long. Very often he is the only one that has seen the joke. He becomes a hanger-on—yet is happy, for he is a member of the club."

"It strikes me the knut is very silly," I remarked. "Where comes in his pleasure?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Major, "in snubbing his old acquaintances. He doesn't know them now, and he thinks they envy him; but they don't: they despise him."

My son, see to it that none of our people become knuts for I'll crack their skulls if they do.

(To be Continued.)

J. H. WILLMER.

Lucknow.

WATCH-TOWERS.

I AM no watcher in some lonely spot far from the haunts of men, or separated from the turmoil of civilisation. It is not my lot, from the edge of a cliff, breaking sheer away at my feet, to strain eyes across the vast eternally heaving ocean, striving to catch a glimpse of passing ships, or to view the sun declining in a golden mist, or to note with tired and sleepy vision the ruddy dawn of another day -- nay, rather in a dull and dusty suburb from the vantage of a first-floor window I gaze out hour by hour across gardens and houses into the infinity beyond. And quite as easily as to one more fortunately situated the mystery and the peace of contemplation is vouchsafed.

Last evening just as the sable hues of night were beginning to shroud material objects from view, I saw thick clouds gathering in the sky. Soon a breeze sprang up, at first intermittent and fitful, gradually gaining strength and continuing in longer and longer gusts until the blossom of the pear-tree outside my window threatened to fall for shelter to earth. Thunder, vague and distant, rumbled and a streak of light flashed across the sky. I half wondered whether it were really lightning or the great electric arc lamp flickering outside the Kinema theatre, a quarter of a mile away. Not long could I mistake it, as flash after flash clove the darkness so vividly that it almost seemed to leave a gash in the garment of night where it had been rent. The storm quickly passed away, followed by rain.

in heavy hurting drops which seemed to wound as it fell upon the young green vegetation.

To-night it is utterly peaceful here, where humanity abounds and everything bespeaks the spoiling hand of man. The air is moisture-laden, occasionally the clouds make a spasmodic attempt to discharge their watery burden. The noise of the trams and motor-buses reaches my ears softened and refined by the great peace which night always induces. The railway station too is close at hand, and I can hear the signals fall as the levers in the box are moved controlling them, but the darkness has brought mystery and imagination to the forefront of the soul's thought until the raucous sounds become a stimulant, bracing and unannoying.

Why is man, especially primitive man, afraid of the dark? The great trees may assume fantastic shapes, the hill, small and insignificant by day, may become a mighty mountain, massive and overwhelming by night, yet surely he knows, he realises concrete facts certainly enough not to fear—and yet we know he does. Perhaps it is the very peace which frightens and awes him. Darkness seems so substantial in itself that it makes the things we feel and touch unsubstantial. Perhaps in the face of the reality of darkness, the reality of the concrete becomes faint and distant. Or is it only at night that the spirit and the things of the spirit actually live, while in the day the hard, cold, material things have their being?

It may be thus that in the darkness civilised man regains a little of the awe and wonder he has lost. It may be that after the grind of the factory, the routine of the office, the experiments of the laboratory, the soul ever seeking the great peace, as did the Buddha centuries ago, finds it most easily when the incessant rush of day is past. It is not, I think, fanciful or far-fetched to imagine such

times of contemplation, of quiet thought, are necessary for the proper development of individuality. By day we are one of a community, leading a common life directed towards a common purpose ; by night we let our soul forth to wander in waking dreams, in blessed reverie.

A great philosopher has said that solitude is a necessity for the artist, that it is impossible to produce a work of art without it. And if for the artist and the philosopher a time of complete relaxation is essential, for us too, engulfed more nearly in the knock-about world, such hours are equally to be desired. It is not possible for each man to be an artist, but it is possible for each man to feel he might be an artist.

To some it is given to watch always, even as the gods in Heaven survey the drama and comedy of life played out beneath them ; but to all striving humanity the need comes to cease awhile active participation, to summon the god-head in us merely to watch, to join the spectators and to view for a few moments the progress of the play. When again we descend into the arena, we carry with us something of Olympian calm and serenity.

Let us, then, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of our own souls, retire often to our watch-towers.

EVERARD G. GILBERT-COOPER.

London.

EDUCATED MONEY-LENDERS.

THE ancient books of the Hindus recognise eight permissible means of livelihood—teaching and religious ministrations, military service, agriculture, mechanical industries, commerce, usury, service and mendicancy. Like other occupational castes, the usurers had their guilds and the rules of their trade. They lent money either for interest, or to artisans and traders without interest, but on condition of their receiving a certain proportion of the profits. To prevent oppression the State could intervene, and the *Sukraniti* lays down that the amount of interest should never exceed twice the principal, and “the king should protect the people from the compound rate of interest.” The share of the profits might reach one-half. Whether all such rules were invariably enforced may be doubted when it is remembered how the measures introduced by the British Government to check the evils of usury in the early part of the last century were evaded.

The utility of the *savkar* cannot be denied, but he has generally been an unpopular personage. Perhaps his unpopularity increased under the British Government, for under the more scientific and effective administration of justice, the terms of a contract could be more strictly enforced, and until fetters were put upon the alienability of land, it could pass into the *savkar's* hands—a contingency which was not likely to occur when the

saleable value of land was not very tempting and the consequences of unpopularity were often serious. Some of the old rulers attempted to reduce the lawful rate of interest to 9 or 10 per cent., but the success of these efforts is doubtful. Mr. Keatinge says that at the present day in the Dekhan, a land-holder may have to pay interest up to 24 per cent. on a mortgage secured on his land, and that any rate up to 100 per cent. may be charged for loans on personal security; while the MacLagan Committee on Co-operation mention that in many places as much as 36, 48 or 60 per cent. is charged by the professional *savkar*. Notwithstanding the legislation to restrict alienation of land, the usurer continues to be unpopular, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, in his speech on the outbreak of lawlessness in certain districts, mentioned some time ago that one of the favourite pastimes of the dacoits was to loot money-lenders and burn their account books; and the reason could not have been merely that the dacoits were Mahomedans and the *savkars* Hindus. It is well known that in other countries the prejudice against usury was at one time so great that strict rules against the taking of interest at all were framed by the early Christian and Mahomedan Churches; and referring to the rates of interest charged in the Dekhan at the present day, Mr. Keatinge remarks that "when consideration is paid to the risks of losing the capital, to the trouble involved in collecting the interest, and to the personal enmity which the money-lender often incurs, it may be doubted whether these rates are excessive."

From the *savkar's* point of view the rates charged by him may not be excessive, but that the popular feeling is otherwise is clear not merely from the usurer's unpopularity, but from the attempts made by rulers like Nana Fadnavis to keep down the rates by the intervention of the State.

It is probable, however, that the tendency in most places is towards a gradual reduction of the interest at one time charged by usurers, and this tendency may be attributed to several causes. The Government has introduced various remedial measures. It advances loans to cultivators ; it has opened Post Office Savings Banks ; it has from time to time amended the law relating to debt ; it has introduced legislation dealing with the alienation of land and the settlement of the debtor's obligations. The attitude of the judiciary, coupled with the reduction of risk, as compared with former times, must have induced the money-lender to adopt a policy of progressive, though not absolute, leniency. Above all, I am inclined to think that the appearance of the educated man in the field has had some influence in toning down the harsher features of usury. His influence has been direct and indirect, individual and collective ; though perhaps not as pronounced as could be desired, it deserves to be mentioned among the factors which have produced the tendency towards improvement. It is true that as a lawyer, and as a spokesman of the money-lending classes, he opposed legislation which would interfere with freedom of contract, and indeed he laid himself open to the suspicion that he was not altogether disinterested. Many lawyers, public servants, and other educated men appreciate the advantages of lending on the security of land and of becoming absentee landlords. The legislation to prevent the passage of land from agriculturists to non-agriculturists affected them, and the opposition was liable to uncharitable construction. But while the educated classes may not, as a rule, have lent their support to State intervention in the particular manner and for the particular purpose, it is hard to believe that their transactions have not been distinguishable from those of professional *savkars* and that

their example has had no influence on the current rates of interest. The banks started and conducted by educated men generally charge a lower rate of interest than would be accepted by most *savkars*, and individually, too, the educated man would be less exacting than the professional usurer. Perhaps the educated man would insist upon better security and would seldom lend on mere personal security to strangers. He has not the time to watch the movements and the dealings of the debtor and he would not be inclined to take unnecessary risks. It may perhaps be admitted that where money has to be lent on personal security, he does not compete with the *savkar* and his direct influence is *nil*. But there must be some relation between the interest charged on secured and on unsecured loans, between loans on the security of land and those on the security of moveable property, and whatever factor influences the interest in one class of transactions must tend to produce a beneficial effect on the other class. The MacLagan Committee were informed that "in some places ample money could be borrowed from local money-lenders at 8 or 9 per cent. per annum or even at lower rates." It may be worth inquiring whether in such places the professional *savkar* has so much money, and the local agriculturists are prosperous enough to want so little from him, that he is obliged to charge low rates, or whether he has also to compete with other monied men. In many places the wealthier land-owners lend to the poorer agriculturists, and the professional usurer has to compete with them.

Notwithstanding the remedial measures devised by Government, the rapid growth of communications, the rise of banks, the influence of education, and other factors, it was found some years ago that "the economic condition of the peasants had not been progressing, that indebtedness had tended to increase, and that usury was still rampant,"

and in Lord Curzon's time the Government decided to inaugurate and assist the co-operative movement. It aims at other advantages besides securing cheap loans, but in the present circumstances of the agricultural and other poorer classes, they have appreciated cheap loans better than any other benefit. Anyhow, this article will refer only to the part played, or that may be played, by educated men in providing the capital which was at one time supplied mostly by the professional usurer. While most co-operative societies aim at facilitating agricultural credit, some are non-agricultural and non-credit societies. Educated men individually lend more freely to the latter than to the former class, and indeed a few societies are composed of educated members. The idea of depositing in a bank is novel among the agricultural classes, and only 18 per cent. of the working capital of the agricultural societies registered in all India consists of deposits. Though educated investors may lend to the primary societies, it is chiefly through the Central Banks that they seem to be providing capital to the agriculturists at present; and the MacLagan Committee recommend that the primary agricultural societies should make no attempt to draw deposits from an outside clientele which would naturally send its funds to Central Banks. Thanks to the machinery provided by Government, this kind of investment is quite safe; and whereas the Government provoked the wrath of the educated investor when it proposed to restrict alienation of land by agriculturists, it has earned the gratitude of the educated classes by starting the co-operative movement and providing an outlet for safe and fairly remunerative investment of their funds. The loans and deposits held by the Central Banks—not to speak of the money invested in shares—amount at present to a crore and three-quarters, and we are told that they are chiefly derived from "pro-

professional men, landowners of a medium status, and other sections of the middle classes." Compared with the deposits held by Joint Stock Banks, which amount to 96 crores, the funds tapped by the co-operative movement are small, but already the question has been raised whether the co-operative Central Banks may not some day compete with the Joint Stock Banks. Better luck to educated investors through both has yet to come.

The period which witnessed the rise of the co-operative movement synchronised with a general outburst of the patriotic and philanthropic sentiment in the land, and the idea of social service began to appeal to the imagination of the educated classes. Besides the honorary organisers who help the Registrar of Co-operative Credit Societies, and who do not take part in organised social service of any other kind, educated men have begun to promote co-operation by way of discharging the duties of "Servants of India" and "Social Servants." As such they need not be money-lenders, but another offshoot of the same movement may take the shape of Debt Redemption Societies. A poor artisan or operative who wants to borrow from such a society need not become a member of it, but may approach it just as he approaches a *sackar*: only he will obtain a loan on much more favourable terms. The lenders, who compose the society, take the same risks as the *savkar*, they do not ask for better security, and would be content with personal security in appropriate cases, but notwithstanding the risks, they supply loans at low rates of interest as a matter of service to the poor. This movement is still in its infancy, as the social service movement itself is, and its success and spread will no doubt depend upon the number of self-sacrificing individuals who come forward to work amongst the poor. Experience seems to have shown that the poor artisan or operative is, as a rule, honest

and has no intention of cheating his creditor. On the other hand, he remains grateful to the benefactor who grants him cheap loans, and the percentage of the honest among the poor and the needy who work for their bread is sufficiently large to ensure the success of debt-redemption societies worked on the principle of social service. They may begin by helping to redeem the debts due to usurious *savkars*, but if the benefit conferred by them should be permanent, they would have to lend to persons who have not yet become indebted. Money-lending social servants would not become unpopular. they may, on the other hand, relieve money-lending from the odium which has been attached to it in the past.

THE WHITE OLEANDER.

(A MALAYAN STORY.)

"WHEN the white oleander blossoms Ah Moh will be a bride." The saying had well-nigh passed into a proverb among the girls at the Chinese Refuge, for both contingencies in their opinion were so utterly unlikely.

Ah Moh had been at the Refuge three years now, and always when her countrymen came to choose themselves wives, she was passed over in favour of some brawny creature, who would have made two of the slender shrinking girl, waiting helplessly at the end of the long queue of excited females on inspection days.

They made use of wiles, to which Ah Moh could never bring herself to stoop, in order to attract the roving attention of a possible husband.

"How handsome he is!" they would murmur, nodding their sleek, well-oiled black heads, and some of the most venturesome would take hold of the man's coat, and try to draw attention to their own superabundant charms.

In Ah Moh's opinion this was not playing the game. *She* always waited modestly with downcast eyes, and a slight pink flush over-spreading the pale yellow of her skin—waited until now in utter hopelessness.

The case of the white oleander was almost as bad. It was a miserable specimen: dwarfed, with sere yellow leaves, which the *hehyn* (gardener) had wished to destroy a long time ago, but Ah Moh had begged to keep it, saying that though there were plenty of pink oleanders in the compound, white ones were rare. And so she had watched and cared for it, in spite of the ridicule which had been heaped upon her, till at last her patience had been rewarded, and a tiny bud had struggled slowly to maturity.

Ah Moh knew now that he would come, the long-expected mate, and her heart beat nearly to suffocation under the blue cotton coat, as she was pushed and jostled into her usual place at the end of the row.

"It's Ah Moh's turn to-day," screamed one fat girl, "if anyone can be found to want such a puny little creature. She's waited long enough too."

Ah Moh heeded not their taunts—her thoughts were far away—and she hardly stirred when several of her companions were chosen and went away, casting triumphant glances behind them.

He was nothing much to look at, the quiet elderly Chinaman who walked quickly down the line and stopped in front of Ah Moh, but the girl knew at once that he was to be trusted, and a delicious little thrill ran through her when he took her hand, and said, "I will take this little one."

Of the subsequent proceedings—the packing of her modest trousseau, the short marriage service at the Chinese Protectorate, and the embarkation on board a steamer bound for Port Swettenham (this last alone a novel and terrifying experience)—Ah Moh remembered very little; she seemed wrapped in a rose-coloured haze, and no outward circumstances had power to move her.

Her new husband, Ah Poon, was the owner of a shophouse in a small Malay village not far from Kuala Lumpur. To Ah Moh, brought up on lines of the strictest economy, the place seemed a palace. She was never tired of arranging the wares to better advantage—the quaint beaten silver Malay bowls, red-gold krosangs (brooches) and chains, and green jade ornaments, in the dark dusty interior, and the piles of brightly-hued fruit—golden bananas, grey-green custard apples, huge jackfruit, and evil-smelling durians on the stall outside—for Ah Poon's shop, being the only one, had a monopoly of every kind of goods.

Every day, like a dutiful wife, Ah Moh swept out the shophouse, prepared the "chow"—a great bowl of rice set off by pieces of dried fish—for herself and her spouse, attended to the wants of customers, chiefly Malay, and set out the little bowls of food in front of the ancestral tablets.

The white oleander, which she had brought with her, drooped in a corner of the verandah, and day by day Ah Moh watched it anxiously, for an unspoken thought obsessed her—if only it

would blossom once more, perhaps she would have a son to lay in Ah Poon's arms.

She burnt many paper prayers before the ancestral shrine, and when Ah Poon's father died in far-off China she religiously helped him carry out all the rites for the dead, and stuck strips of white paper across the only picture and looking-glass in the house—to no purpose, the white oleander looked more sickly than ever, and her heart's desire remained as unattainable.

To have a son to worship at his shrine, and see that his spirit lacks for nothing in the future life, is the whole duty of a Chinaman, and as the days passed by and her hope remained unfulfilled, Ah Moh silently wondered that her grave courteous husband did not revile her. His kindness only strengthened the chain which bound them together: she felt her whole soul going out to him in love and worship.

Then the unexpected happened.

The white oleander blossomed again, and with tears of thankfulness in her eyes Ah Moh cradled her first-born son, quaint scrap of humanity that he was, in her arms.

Ah Poon's delight knew no bounds, and it was evident as time went on that the newcomer was in great danger of being spoiled. Nothing was too good for him. He played with all the most precious things in the shop: was carried shoulder high by his adoring father, and followed his mother about her housework like a little dog, clad in one cotton garment: his embryonic pigtail, braided with red, flopping up and down on his shaven crown.

Ah Moh, when she looked at him, could hardly believe that this wonderful thing was indeed theirs, and in her ignorant way she sought to thank the Giver, and dreaded lest by any unforeseen chance their treasure be reft from them.

Mother-love is strong, but the ties which bound Ah Moh to her husband were stronger still.

One day the elder Ah Poon had gone alone into Kuala Lumpur on business connected with the shop, intending to be home before the brief Eastern twilight had fallen.

It was already several hours after sunset: still he did not come, and Ah Moh wandered disconsolately about the shophouse, her agitation betraying itself in every movement. Even the sight of the sleeping child failed to give her the customary thrill of

pleasure. Once or twice she wandered out into the roadway, trying to pierce the impenetrable blackness of the moonless night.

Returning from one of these excursions she paused in the verandah, and the light of the torch she carried fell full on the oleander, in blossom once more. Absent-mindedly Ah Moh picked the pure white bud, and fastened it with the help of a gold pin into the tight knot of her hair.

A sound of voices caught her ear, and she paused to listen to two Malays, who passed at that moment down the road.

"Si pudang, sayest thou?"

"Yea, verily, he was seen on the Kuala Lumpur road, and hath carried away an old frogcatcher as he was returning home, late two evenings ago."

"Pray Allah!" rejoined the other piously, "that the *orang puteh* (white men) will come with their fire guns and rid us of the pest, for verily no man's life is safe," and so saying they passed on.

The Malays hold their enemy, the tiger, in such dread that they will never willingly speak his name; "si pudang" (he of the hairy face) being the euphemistic title employed.

The effect of this conversation on Ah Moh was electrical. Without a single backward glance at her sleeping boy or the little home where she had been so happy, she hobbled away in the direction of Kuala Lumpur as fast as her tightly bound feet in their embroidered shoes would let her. Nearly out of her mind with fear and anxiety, Ah Moh struggled bravely along, the one thought burning like fire in her brain being to warn her husband.

Would she be in time?

Perhaps already he had been torn in pieces by the tiger, and she would never see his kind grave face again.

A great sob shook her at the thought, and she shrank back in terror when a flying-fox brushed past her in the darkness. Mosquitoes stung her unmercifully, and her overwrought brain was half maddened by the monotonous cry of the cicada beetle, and the clack-clack of the nightjar, which is like a stone falling on ice.

Suddenly she stopped, warned by some instinct of danger, but it was too late—two green lights flamed out of the darkness.

and the tragedy was over before its victim well knew what had happened.

Ah Moh's pitiful epitaph duly appeared in the *Malay Mail*—"A young Chinese woman was carried away by a tiger late last night at the tenth milestone on the Bukit Panjang road ; the tragedy being heightened by the fact that her husband was detained in Kuala Lumpur by the police in connection with a raid on a Chinese gaming-house. There can be little doubt that the young wife sacrificed her life in a vain attempt to find her erring spouse."

GWEN BRADDELL.

England.

THE SILVER LINK

A SOCIO-RELIGIOUS STORY.

(Concluded from our last issue.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE EARLY CAREER.

“**S**ALUTATION to thee, father,” said Hari. “How is dear mother?”

“Hari, my own. Everybody is well. How fares it with thee?”

“Admirably, father. I have got a healthy body and, thanks to Swamiji, a healthy mind as well.”

“Well, Hari, so you will be going to school very shortly. May your career be worthy of your family and your country! But tell me one thing, what is to be done with Swamiji? He has taken so much pains over you and taught you so well that it is nothing but rank ingratitude not to help him. You know he is hard-pressed, but he will not accept a penny from me.”

“Father, let the subject drop, for I have sounded him on this affair long ago, and let me assure you that even if the two poles walk half way to meet each other, Swamiji will not accept anything. He said to me once: “Can I barter my conscience for a handful of silver? I cannot accept anything for teaching you, for you know it is a sacred duty, and if you tread the narrow path of virtue I shall consider myself amply paid.”

“So be it,” said the father, “and may the three hundred and thirty-three million gods watch over him and over you, my boy. Go with a clean conscience and come back with an equally untarnished one.”

"Talking of clean conscience, father, may I remove a load from my mind? Piyari, you know, and I...."

"I understand, my boy, and I shall be happy to own her as mine, but all in good time. If ten years hence you come to me for permission, you shall have it from my heart."

In good time and under propitious stars, Hari was sent to the neighbouring station of Almora to prosecute his studies. Rama was advised by some to have his son admitted in the missionary institution there, but he did not at all approve of the suggestion for reasons of his own, and sent Hari to the Government school. The boy started his academical career under very favourable auspices and, as will be seen, he succeeded well in it.

Hari was always the pet of the class and his rural training very soon made him a sportsman as well. He was as alert in the class-room as in the playground. It so happened that Chandan's son, Gangoli, was in the middle class, when Hari joined the lower class. But Hari had an unusually good training and so in no time he came up to Gangoli's class. As their fathers were friends, these two also became fast friends. Now, Gangoli was not sharp in his studies, though a good sportsman, and was given to putting on loppish airs. Hari was of a very simple nature; plain living and high thinking—that was what he had learnt from Swamiji. The good point about Hari was that he never missed his class lectures, so he remained the favourite of his masters, while Gangoli was not thought so well of. Slow and silent as the ocean marches on its course, so do the days of one's life glide away, and very soon the time came when Hari was in the Matriculation Class. Here he had to make a choice between school-leaving and Matriculation, and he wisely decided on the latter course, so that he had to leave the Government school and join the local missionary institution. It is unfortunate that Government creates only those institutions which turn out clerks. This stunts the growth of mind and brings discontentment. But the Government's action is not wholly unjustifiable, particularly when it sees that huge investments for higher education are sad failures. Men with university distinctions, with but few exceptions, go in for clerkships—a kind of work that can be carried out with satisfaction by those who have had the smattering of the three R's. There is no industrial life in India and everybody who is anybody goes in

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for Government service. The Government cannot employ all of them, with the result that there is discontentment. Indians are themselves to blame for this unfortunate state of affairs.

Like the proverbial bolt from the blue, Hari got through his Matriculation examination at the very first attempt. Before proceeding for his higher education he went to his village. There he found the air surcharged with intrigue. Kampta was bent on ruining his family. If there was anybody in the village who eulogised Kampta, that was Raj Bahadur. This intimacy did not please Hari, though in his heart of hearts he could hardly ascribe any reason for his resentment.

Piyari was gay and cheerful. Hari paid his respects to her, as he mockingly used to term his visits. But he found that his visits, though a source of pleasure to Piyari, were not welcome to Piyari's parents. Hari had to go to a college far off, and there was very little chance of his coming back to the village for years, as his parents were in the forest offering prayers; so he took a loving leave of Swamiji and others. Gangoli did not get through the school-leaving examination, so he became a professional sportsman. He used to while away his time in playing games. As he grew older, he contracted the fast habits of his father, and so very soon brought his educational career to a rather unsuccessful close. Now Gangoli happened to be the only man in the city near the village who was in touch with Hari, and Hari had told his chum his dream, as he called his love for Piyari. Kampta knew all this and, as he was particular that the reports of his actions should not reach Hari at present, he, like a wily man, feigned friendship for Gangoli, and Gangoli, being a man of weak principles, fell into the snare.

Although Kampta had three wives already he had conceived a passion for Piyari, for was not Piyari nearing her seventh year, old enough to be a bride according to the religious books? There were many reasons that actuated Kampta to fix his choice on her. First and foremost was Hari's humiliation, and second, Piyari was a good girl, a rustic daisy of exceptional charms.

Kampta knew that he had only to make the offer and acceptance must follow, for Raj Bahadur dare not oppose his wish as he was settled in his village. Men of Kampta's type are not rare in this country, cowards in and out. They would verily deserve kicks when outside their groove, but within their own sphere they

pose as the lords of all they survey. Kampta made the offer and Raj Bahadur accepted it.

The heroine of the life-drama was not even consulted. To be married to a man old enough to be her father is a curse indeed, but it is the current coin in the realm of Indian matrimony. News of this never reached Hari. He was weaving his own web and building castles in the air, while his heart was being silently and steadily crushed by Kampta. Gangohi, like a sneak, kept his mouth shut on this subject. Swamiji knew of all these under-hand tactics, but he was powerless to oppose them, for who can beard the lord of the village? And of course Swamiji did not think fit to write to Hari as it would have spoiled his career and done no good.

So time rolled on and soon Piyari became Kampta's wife at the age of sweet seven, seven and seventeen are just the same thing in the matrimonial code of India, though different in the Shakesperian code.

Hari was in his third college year when this news reached him. He was rooted to the spot, and think as much as he might, he could not grasp the truth that Piyari was another man's wife, and that too of Kampta's. Misfortunes never come singly. Very soon the tragic news of the death of his dear mother came, and he had to hurry home. He found his father also in the last stage. The ascetic mode of living was not suited to his constitution, whatever it may have done for his soul. But this last stroke of misfortune did not disturb his peace and he comforted Hari by saying, "Why do you make such a fuss? There is nothing to fret about. She was my wife and dearly I loved her. True to me she was. Her time had come and there was nothing that could prevent her going. You know that matter is indestructible, and you know also that birth is followed by death, and that which is born must die. Death is only the negation of life, cessation of all the vital forces, but it does not follow from this that death implies destruction. She is dead, you say; I say she lives. It may be a delusion only, and it is hard to solve this problem from a purely material point of view, but I have done it to some extent. Now from the spiritual point of view, I can make it still clearer to you. The scientists have dissected the organisms and have tried to explain life, that vital force that keeps the body going, and have failed.

completely because they tried to give a one-sided explanation, keeping the spiritual side apart. In living things there is an invisible, divine power beyond dissection, and it is this thing that keeps the system going. It is lent by the Almighty (and not even the almighty dollars can buy it) for a definite period and when its course is run it is taken back and put to other use. This divine power is known by various names, chief among which is Soul: It is the "I" in "you." As long as there is this "I," so long everything remains, but as soon as it is gone, everything must cease. This is spiritual philosophy and blessed are they who have mastered it. As long as there was this "I" in that clay, she was my wife and your mother, but as soon as that "I" fled, she became a heap of dust, nothing to you and nothing to me. Her course was run and her actions are here to guide us. Those actions, the product of the never-ceasing evolution of "I," are ours and may you profit by them!" Hari wondered at his father's wisdom which he attributed to his life of meditation. Very soon Rama followed his wife, and the "I" in both mingled in one, so at least the village people said, and it may have been true, for the truly great are never born twice. They attain Nirvana in one life-cycle. Hari was fatherless and motherless within a few days. The priests squeezed money out of Hari to their fill, and then abandoned him to his fate. Swami stood by Hari and told him many things, but Hari did not grasp them, and Swami knew that these misfortunes had not taught Hari the right lesson; instead, they had made him bitter and obdurate.

"Go and join the college, Hari," said Swami.

"I have done with it, Sir,"

"For shame, Hari. Earn name and wealth. Do not sink low."

"For whom, for whom, Sir?" exclaimed Hari, as tears welled up in his eyes.

Swami shrank back, he knew the misfortunes that had fallen to his lot. He knew that though time would lessen the grief of his parents' loss, it would augment his sorrow for Piyari's loss.

"Go home, Hari, we shall discuss the matter later."

"Home you say, Sir, I have none, and there shall be none in this village where that satan Kampta reigns. Lord, how happy he is. Is it that wrong shall triumph over right, iniquity over good acts, that this world has been created? If victory were to be

attained thus, why did you, Sir, give me a wrong lesson? Look at Gangoli, how he deceived me and violated my trust, but still he is happy and the Divine rod has fallen lightly on his head while it has completely broken me."

"Right you are, Hari, it has broken you but not bent you, while it has bent them and soon they will be broken. Like cemented things they are weak and brittle, and the first wind will cast them adrift. Mind, the lesson that I taught you was the one which your parents had inculcated in you, and they were far better people than Kampta and Gangoli. Remember the ways of Providence are inscrutable. What is in store for them, no one knows." Hari retraced his steps towards Raj Bahadur's house. Raj Bahadur was not the same to him now. There was a time when Rama saved his honour and did what one would not have done even for his own flesh and blood, but then that time was gone. He was now the father of Kampta's wife, and, moreover, misfortune had dealt her hily with Hari.

"Salutation to thee, Raj Bahadur. Can I see Pivari?"

"Nay, Hari, she is another's wife. Our religion forbids it," came the curt reply. "A girl of seven not to be seen by the friend of her childhood! What a strange custom! A wild frenzy took hold of Hari. He must leave the village at once. He must bid it an eternal farewell. As he emerged from the house, he came across Gangoli and Kampta going in. Gangoli shrank back from Hari's look, but Kampta was a devil incarnate. If there was anything that gave him pleasure, it was to torture others.

"How do you do, Hari? You know Gangoli. We have come to while away our time with Pivari. What do you say? Are you coming in?"

"Fie on thee, vile dog!" shouted Hari, and like a puppy Kampta banged the door and from there he shouted that he would take the law in his own hands and would have the blood squeezed out of his body. Hari knew that he was capable of doing this; a few rupees to his hired ruffians and cut-throats would accomplish this feat. Hari disposed of his belongings and converted everything into cash. As his father was a man of means, he had plenty of money. After bidding good-bye to Swamiji, he bade farewell to his village. Swami did not raise any objection. He realised that it was best for Hari to leave the village. As to his plans, he did not tell anything to Swami, only promising him to

come five years hence to see him. This was enough for Swanu, and he gave him his blessing. One look, and one look alone, at the house that was his so long, and another look at the house where his love was buried—Piyari's house—and with bended forehead he bade farewell to the village that sheltered him so long.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICA.

Hari wandered a few months here and there in India, but the wandering did not give him the much-needed peace. While at Bombay he came across an American gentleman, Mr. Chalmer; they were both staying at the Taj. At first Mr. Chalmer did not take notice of Hari and kept him at a distance, because he happened to be an Indian. But when Mr. Chalmer saw that he was a man of independent means, the color prejudice abated a little. In Mr. Chalmer's society he very soon learnt to drink. It was just to kill grief at first, but by and by it became a necessity. The West is not very particular as to wine; the climatic conditions are such that it does not do much harm there, but in the East, with its tropical climate, it is poison. Misfortune and grief made Hari one of the fast set. Mr. Chalmer, when he saw the change, was greatly affected. He never knew that the change would be for the worse. The constant association with Mr. Chalmer and the continual talk about Mr. Chalmer's birthplace made Hari eager to see the Land of Freedom. He had the necessary cash with him, and there was nobody whose permission he had to obtain. When bidding adieu to his mother country, he reflected on his decision, but the softer elements were kept back by one outstanding feature, Kampta's face. He had letters of introduction from Mr. Chalmer which stood him in good stead when he landed, but having nothing to do and with plenty of cash in his possession he soon made a number of friends there. He found life drifting smoothly, and the society in which he moved was charming indeed. He learnt the art of gambling and lost heavily. He very soon noted the disagreeable and highly unpleasant tendency of his banking account diminishing. Very soon his friends found out that his reputed wealth was only a hoax and that the amount that was in his possession was very small, so one and all began to ignore

him. This was a hint to Hari that his influence was gone and that he must make a dignified exit. He thought that the best time for making his exit was the present, as he had a little money still left. He would try his fortune elsewhere. To seek a fortune when not in possession of money, to be thrown without any resources in a foreign country, was something to be shuddered at. But Hari was brave. He left the place that very night for the interior and began to mend himself. He realised, though not too late, that the way to fortune was slow and that peace which he so vainly sought in wrong quarters was the result of inspiration from within. He saw that the past few months had made a wreck of him. With resolute will he determined to get rid of the vices and to assimilate the good points of the West. If there was any tendency to go to the wrong path, the thought of Piyari was sufficient to give him the required strength. He wondered why during these months of dissipation he never thought of her. The very thought of her then used to smite him heavily—a fair name, an angelic soul, not to be polluted by a foul-tipped drunkard's thoughts. And the humiliation that he consequently experienced made him forget her by and by. But now he could think of her and weave his web round her. This gave him strength to fight out his struggle manfully. Hari started by first keeping a booth, and in time became a leading general merchant. Two years of honest industry made him a man in the strictest sense of the word. Business was in his blood; he had inherited it from his forefathers. He doubled his stocks and shares, and luck favoured him. He very soon became a rich man. It was the beginning of the fifth year at the completion of which he had promised to be in his village. He thought of writing to Swamiji, and he did so. His business was progressing by leaps and bounds, and nobody knew to what heights it might reach. But a month after, a letter from Swamiji dispelled his dream. One and only one line cast a spell round him and left him inert and inactive. Hari, who controlled such a vast concern, was unable to control himself. That line went through his heart like a red-hot iron bar: "Kampta died a year ago. Piyari is a goddess. All her belongings are in Gangoli's hands, who is here."

Kampta to have died and left a child-widow with a name that the lowest among the Pariahs would have scorned to own and

without a penny to call her own. Gangoli must be troubling her. Chandan must have financed him. These were the thoughts that plagued him during the journey home. Good God, what are these silver pieces if they cannot help one who was the light of his eyes, too sacred to be anything but an angel of Heaven to him! Instances like these are not rare in the East. Men may marry as many times as they like, though they may not have enough to keep their body and soul together. They may marry if they choose even at their deathbed, but women marry once and that even at the tender age of seven.

Hari sold his concern and caught the first mail and in due time reached the village. But what a change! The very buildings appeared to be muffled in mournful colours.

What a contrast from the village of his childhood!

Sweet and sad memories dimmed his eyesight; and when he wiped away the tears, he saw Swamiji before him.

CHAPTER VI.

BACK.

"Swamiji, Pranam."

"Blessings on thee, Hari, my son. How fares it with thee?"

"Very well, but how are the others?"

"Others? Oh yes, Piyari is in a bad way. But rest, and to-morrow I shall tell you all."

"Rest while she suffers? No, I shall take her troubles on my shoulders."

Now Swamiji did not know what a snug little fortune Hari had made by his own exertions. He thought that he had squandered what he had and was possessed of little.

"Hari, everything in good time. Do not be in a hurry. You can do it to-morrow."

"No, Sir. Now or never."

"Then go to Gangoli, for I have not the heart to tell you all. The blow that it will cause you deters me from telling it."

This brought his heart-beatings to a standstill: what if Piyari be no more?

"Does she live?" he softly whispered, not trusting to his voice that must betray his acute suspense.

"Yes, she lives, but you cannot see her now."

She lives, she breathes, that was more than he could swallow. He thanked God for affording him this consolation.

He ran to Kampta's house where Gangoli was having a merry bout. Since Kampta's death he had moved to that place. As soon as he saw Hari, he turned pale and thought he was a ghost sprung from the underworld.

"Gangoli, give me five minutes," Hari said calmly.

This brought Gangoli to his senses and he realised then that Hari was actually standing before him. Like a double-faced fellow he extended his hand and said, "How do you do, friend? It is a long time that I....."

"Curse your sopiistry, Gangoli. Give me five minutes just now and stop beating about the bush or else it will go hard with you."

"Ay, five minutes, friend, you can have five days. I am pleased to....."

"But I am not here to please you in the middle of the night. Tell me what you have to say about Piyari."

"Old love, but this time it goes hard with you. She will be my mistress soon, if nobody bids higher."

"Take this for your soul tongue and consider the question of money afterwards." A dull thud and Gangoli rolled over.

This was all that Hari could do that night towards lifting the load off Piyari's mind. He cursed his temper, but then one could hardly stand that insult.

Next morning Raj Bahadur came to see Hari. Hari asked his permission to see Piyari.

"That cannot be. She is a widow. Custom does not permit it."

"And what about Gangoli? Custom flies before money."

"Well, we are in his clutches. He can make us spin."

"Raj Bahadur, tell me one thing and tell it honestly. Is it better to be a mistress or to be a wife, proud mother of her would-be children."

"Such a clear question, Hari. What have you taken me for? A fool, I daresay."

"Yes, for a calculating fool who always begins at the wrong end. You are more, you are a selfish beast. What in God's

name did you mean by breaking two loving hearts, and that even for a knave and a coward?"

"Speak not evil of the dead," put in Swamiji.

"Pardon. Now, Raj Bahadur, what objection have you in giving Piyari to me? I promise to take her as my wife and the past shall be a sealed book between us. You know I can marry her and yet remain a Hindu."

"Yes, I know it, Hari, but our society does not permit it."

"Your society permits an alliance between a youth of seventy and a woman of seven. Very soon the youth of seventy is called away to render the account of his life and the woman of seven remains to pray for his soul who gave her this envious position. The sole duty of that woman of seven is to do pious deeds, read religious literature and forget herself in him and in God. Fortunately they do that, but unfortunately, other regrettable consequences follow. Fools as you are, let not common sense desert you. Do you think Nature obeys your custom and will deviate from its path in deference to the arbitrary codes of caterpillars like Raj Bahadur and others? Child widows should be remarried if society is to be reared from the dark abyss into which it has fallen. If not, there is no reason to raise a hue and cry when any of them go astray."

"Silence Hari," said Swami. "You are beside the mark. Please ask Raj Bahadur the cause of his coming, for men like him do not take such trouble unnecessarily," said Swami.

"Pardon again, Raj Bahadur. What do I owe this honour to?"

"Hari, the regrettable incident last night has been the undoing of us. We are leaving the village to-day without a penny to call our own, since all that we have belongs to Gangoli, for what we had we lent to Kampta long, long ago. Can't you do something to stay this ruin?"

"Buy him," said Hari.

"How? He demands fifteen thousand rupees cash down."

"Raj Bahadur, please excuse this digression. I cannot call you my father, but can you permit me to call Piyari my sister? When she becomes my sister, there is nothing to dread. No vile thoughts can linger in my mind then. Surely, you can trust me."

"But what about Gangoli?"

"Buy him, and here is the money."

Raj Bahadur was dumbfounded. "Who would have thought of this," he repeated to himself, but Swami knew the lad that he had himself brought up. The transaction was successfully settled. Gangoli scored seven thousand rupees profit, and money to him was more desirable than Piyari. Raj Bahadur thought to himself that money had made Piyari Kampta's wife and if it now made her Hari's sister, well, there was no harm!

For Hari it was immaterial if he had given his all—for does it not give her joy? Next day he saw his sister Piyari. It was a sad meeting, nevertheless it affected him deeply.

"Brother, you have done much for me, and I gave you nothing but misery."

"Speak not like that, Piyari, for all that I have is yours."

"Brother, it is not so. You have saved my honour, it is more than I deserved. The property that is now free, and which by your kindness belongs to me, is yours before God and man."

"But not so before the law, sister."

"It shall be before the law soon."

"Think you, sister, I shall accept that accused property, the property that ruined two innocent lives? There are curses on it. What was Kampta but a living demon?"

"Silence, not a word more," angrily interrupted Piyari, and then exclaimed weeping, "Oh! to think of your reviling my husband! The world says he is dead, but he lives since I live for him. Why do you hurt me? He was and is my all-in-all."

"Hurt you? I am so sorry," meekly put in Hari.

For the first time in his life he saw what a hold the husband exercises on the mind of an Indian woman. What had Piyari to thank Kampta for? A life of pain and studied oblivion, but he was her husband. India has lost everything, her fame and glory, but if there is anything of which she can still boast, it is her women. Indian women have kept their honour untarnished even in their fall.

The pained expression on Hari's face did not please Piyari. She thought that her words had hurt him much, so she said, "Excuse me, brother, but I can't hear my husband called unpleasant names. He is more to me than all the gods in the universe."

"But, surely, I can't accept his property."

"Neither can I, brother, since it has been purchased by your money."

"So my money is nothing to you."

"Nothing."

"And my love."

"Everything, brother."

Hari came home and thought over the matter, but very soon noted a silver lining in the dark distant cloud.

"Swamiji, how goes it with the school?"

"So, so; hard pressed."

"Swamiji, I ask a favour of you and hope it will be my last. Will you grant it?"

"Everything that I have is yours, Hari. There is none other to claim it."

"It is not that, Swamiji. I have a wish, and desire it to be carried out before I die."

"If it is for me, then I cannot grant it."

"It is not for you."

"Then I will carry it out."

"Piyari and I bequeath Kampta's property to the school. You work it up. Do not say no. It will break my heart. I shall retire from the world and pass my days in communion with Him. I have no wish to live, since I have nothing to live for."

"It is a noble wish worthy of your family and worthy of your teaching, but do not take it amiss if I open my heart to you. You say you have nothing to live for; you are deceived. What is the mission of life—to leave the world in a better condition than it was when you entered it? And what have you done for it? I never believe in retiring from the world. It is an old custom and it ought to have died a natural death long ago. By that old practice you save your own soul and at the best it is a selfish motive, but by your active life you can save many souls. Which is better? Amass wealth, spend it lavishly on charitable institutions like schools and hospitals. Work them up properly and rise higher and higher, till you be a part of Him by practising universal sympathy. Do not confine your good acts to your community alone, do good to the men of other creeds and countries. This will unite India which is at present sadly divided. Unite the men of your community first, then try to unite the two pillars of the Indian Nation—Hindus and Muhammadans. Surely, such an ideal is worth living for. No one can accomplish this in one cycle of life, but you can leave footprints behind you for others to follow in your wake."

"Give me strength, O, God," fervently exclaimed Hari, "and I will do my best."

"Ask for strength from within, Hari," and so saying, Swamiji went away.

Hari then realised the real significance of life, and then and there swore to do his level best for his countrymen.

* * * * *

Several years have elapsed since the above event.

Swamiji is at the head of a flourishing school. The number on the roll has risen. There is a girls' school as well started by Piyari. Hari is a qualified medical man at the head of his own central hospital, and branches have been opened in the interior of the country.

A "lying-in" hospital has also been opened and Piyari has offered her services. Thousands of persons flock to these institutions and find relief and go away blessing Hari-Piyari (the beloved of God). Their joint names are in the mouths of everybody.

Gangoli one day made some base insinuations about their intimate relations to his companions.

"What of that," one of them said, "What have they done, and what have we?"

"Hell for us, and heaven for them," quoth another.

"Let us volunteer ourselves. They need workers," suggested a third. Gangoli was keen on finding out this intimacy and no better opportunity could he get than this. So they all worked under Hari-Piyari and within a fortnight Gangoli found out the truth. It was a purely sisterly love, based on the union of souls. The two souls beat in unison, and this knowledge had such a chastening influence on Gangoli that one day he threw himself at Piyari's feet. "Mother, they pardon," he sobbed.

"Rise, my brother," said she, with tears in her eyes. Hari was there. He saw the scene, and tears flowed from his eyes. They were tears of joy, the consciousness of having wrested a soul from Satan. Swamiji came in by chance and showered his blessings on all.

Could marriage, as it is understood, have done all this? Never. It is the true marriage, the marriage of souls wedded into one by "The Silver Link."

[THE END]

DEVI DATT PANT.

Lucknow

THE MONTH.

THE outstanding event of last month was the fall of Erzerum. The strategy of the Grand Duke
The War Nicholas has been much appreciated by the Allies, but the fates were against him in Poland and the Baltic Province, when he was transferred to the southern command. He has once more distinguished himself, and the victory is expected to have far-reaching consequences in the southern theatre of the war. Turkey had been so disheartened that the pro-Entente party was apparently gaining many influential friends, including the her apparent, who was in anger or despair assassinated by the pro-Germans. If the events in the Balkans brought some comfort to the Turks, that has been neutralised by the defeat in Asia Minor. What will happen in Salonika and Albania, in Greece and in Egypt, is difficult to surmise. One immediate effect of the Russian victory will perhaps be that it will bring some relief to the Indian and British troops in Mesopotamia, where Turkish reinforcements had for some time impeded their progress and increased their difficulties.

The issue of the war will not depend on the fate of Serbia, Montenegro or Turkey, not even on the course of events in western and northern Russia as long as the Allies on the Western front are able steadily to improve their position, and the efforts of the enemy are once more concentrated on this front. The capture of a few hundred yards of trenches is in itself not of much consequence. Nevertheless, it seems to show the vigour of the enemy's

offensive and the power of his artillery—we have not yet heard of any fresh invention in the art of confounding the adversary after the use of liquid fire and poisonous gases, the very accounts of which filled the world with horror at one time. We seem to be approaching a critical time, for the more acute the economic distress in the enemy's country, the more desperate must be his attempts to bring the war to a speedy termination. Though time has always been on the side of the Allies, yet when a single Power has to spend five millions sterling a day, and when the financial drain has already been so serious that, according to Mr. Asquith, the nation will take a generation to recover from its effects, the wealthiest nation must feel sympathy with "Norman Angelism" and exclaim that if war is long, the purse is short. Both in Germany and in England the commercial leaders have begun to discuss how trade may be fostered and the effects of the exhausting drain may be got over as quickly as possible after the war. In India the Chambers of Commerce are considering the subject, and in France, Russia, and Italy, and in every country which the war is impoverishing, the same vital problem must be engaging the attention of the commercial classes. But at present only one cry is heard above all others—more men, more munitions! The parties are so well matched and their reputation and their interests, perhaps for generations to come, are so deeply at stake that no one can surmise when the colossal gamble must end. The submarine activity of the enemy was not quite so much in evidence last month as it was in January. However, acute discussions took place over the international law relating to the capture of enemy ships by "tramps" fitted out from neutral ports, the aiming of merchantmen, and the torpedoing of them without notice. Sweden appears to be irritated by the blockade of Germany, and President

Wilson was so much alarmed by the tone of some of the despatches he had received from different Governments that he warned his nation against a complacent confidence in keeping away from the whirlpool. The policy of destroying innocent lives by bombs dropped from the air and destroying buildings and ships in harbour through incendiarism continues to be followed by the enemy and his friends. The Parliament Buildings were set on fire in Canada, and Zeppelin raids destroyed some lives in England.

THE British nation is exhorted to practise economy, and the Government will set the example.

War and Revenue The Government in India will have to follow suit, and shears are already being applied in all directions. The bulk of the people here are so frugal that it would be heartless to tell them to be more economical and save money to lend it to Government—that is a kind of patriotic service which a comparatively small percentage of the population can render. While the war swells the expenditure, it also adversely affects the revenue, and it appears from the Travancore Dewan's address to the Popular Assembly of that State last month that the Native States share in the general misfortune, the maritime States more than those in the interior. The fall in the revenue of Travancore is due to more causes than one, but the principal factor in the reduction of the revenue has been the war. We are told that many of the foreign markets for the local produce have been shut out, and in respect of those which remain open, the difficulty of finding transport is almost insurmountable. The products of the cocoanut tree, for which the maritime State is well known, are locked up in godowns, and the revenue from customs has fallen.

With the depression of trade, the purchasing power of the people has also been affected, and the revenue which depends upon this power is again affected. The fall in the abkari revenue; as the Dewan remarks, "would have been gratifying if it indicated any improvement in temperance," but the partial abstinence was compulsory and will be temporary, because "the altered economic conditions brought on by the war seriously affected the purchasing power of the drinking population," and we cannot wish the war to continue even for the sake of the virtues which it enforces for the time being. The consumption of tobacco is on the decline for the same reason, and we need not regret it, but when we are told that the consumption of salt shows a decrease, though it is not much, we cannot but sigh for the end of the great calamity. Apart from enforced economy, a new policy in regard to expenditure is necessary in the "Land of Charity," and we believe every enlightened Dewan, like Mr. Krishnan Nair, is endeavouring to divert a part of the funds expended on the acquisition of merit in the other world to purposes which will earn the gratitude and blessings of the really poor and industrious in this world. In British India also, if economy is enforced where it is really needed, and if wastefulness will not revive after the war at the expense of objects which are really worthy of expenditure, the war will have done some good. But one may doubt whether the war will leave any such permanent results behind it.

AT the time of the Coronation Durbar the air was full of "boons." We have now nearly forgotten that they were such: they have passed into the familiar features of the administration.

**Lord
Hardinge's
Boons.**

Some of them have rapidly taken shape.

With the large grants made to education, many schools

have sprung up, and the universities have instituted lectures, which, let us hope, are conducing to a substantial advancement of knowledge. The new province of Bihar and Orissa witnessed the opening of the High Court buildings by His Excellency last month, and though the Patna University has not yet materialised, it will some day be an accomplished fact. The expenditure on the construction of the new capital of the Indian Empire will have to be curtailed for some time to come, and those who had shaken their heads over the reputation of "the unstable city" for bad luck may be wondering how so soon after the establishment of the capital there, the whole Empire was involved in a war. It is, however, a sign of good luck, let us hope, that of all parts of the Empire, India has probably suffered the least from the world-wide calamity. One of Lady Hardinge's boons saw the light last month and the Medical College for Women, with the attached hospital, will soon be sending out trained ladies to all parts of India. It still requires some six lakhs to do its work on the contemplated scale. The present hour reminds us more forcibly than ever that the greatest boon conferred on India by Lord Hardinge may be summed up in the word "Peace." His predecessor had indeed shown him the way, but peace had not been established everywhere during the régime which would not disturb settled facts, while ready to bring new facts into existence. His Excellency's disregard of small political conventions and his bold adherence to great conceptions, leaping over the boundary marks set up by timid sentiment, have been spoken of as political "idealism." Perhaps nothing less than that word will do justice to the radical changes announced at the Durbar. It is easy to conceive of a greater idealism than that of dividing provinces according to the languages spoken, from the standpoint of those who

talk of a united Indian nationality, as there is a greater idealism than that involved in the creation of communal electorates, or the establishment of denominational universities. But from the standpoint of the State and statesmanship, the highest practical idealism may rest content with ensuring peace even at the expense of abstract justice and absolute reasonableness, and both Lord Minto and Lord Hardinge stuck to that ideal in varying degrees. What is the result? Just imagine how the Government would have been embarrassed at the present moment if it had assumed a stiff attitude towards some of the agitations of recent years! The war might have temporarily hushed the voice of discontent, as it has in Ireland, though certain grievances have been ventilated during the war. Nevertheless, with more jarring notes in the relations between the people and the authorities, there would have been less peace in the conscience of both, albeit the conduct of the war abroad and the administration at home would not have perceptibly suffered. For a Government, as for an individual, a peaceful conscience is a source of strength.

II. E. THE VICEROY laid the foundation stone of the Hindu University buildings last month before a large and distinguished assemblage of Princes and commoners. With some degree of warmth he expressed his disagreement with the criticism that by encouraging denominational universities the Government would be driving a wedge between the leading communities of India. From the early part of the negotiations it appears that Lord Morley was not quite enthusiastic about these denominational universities, and probably the opinion at Simla was not altogether unanimous. However, as the Hindu and Mahomedan movements gathered force, the Government had to

treat the question much as Lord Hardinge treated the partition of Bengal, and sympathy could not give place to cold, philosophic idealism. Perhaps the outbreak of the war made a prolongation of the discussion of minor points undesirable. The war, at any rate, compelled a unanimity among the Hindu members of the Imperial Legislative Council, for the Government was unwilling to pass a controversial measure during the war : otherwise some of them might have fought for less official control, though they would not have objected to the general idea of establishing private and denominational universities. Notwithstanding the official control, the future of the university will rest largely in the hands of the Hindu community or its leaders. An unlucky incident, which took place at one of the lectures arranged in connection with the ceremony, attracted much attention. The lecturer was Mr. Gandhi of South African fame. Why he was asked to lecture at a non-political institution devoted to the promotion and pursuit of learning, is not clear. It seems he was asked to speak against anarchism. Nobody would have suspected the promoters of the university of any intention to encourage anarchical tendencies : perhaps in view of the notoriety which students had earned in certain parts of India, they thought that the patriotic impulse which had found vent in the educational movement might cause misgivings in many minds if they did not actively denounce unconstitutionalism. Whatever the lecturer might have said about anarchism if he had been allowed to speak as long as he liked, he did not say it when the audience had the patience to hear him ; and what he did say did not please everybody, so that the Princes left the meeting one after another, and at last the Maharaja of Darbhanga left the chair, and the meeting came to an abrupt close. Some of those who have com-

mented on the incident have drawn the moral that if a university goes out of its way and seeks popularity with politicians of any school, bureaucratic or nationalistic, it will create unpleasant situations, like the one which arose at the lecture : the incident has certainly not strengthened the case against official advice and guidance.

It seems that some of the promoters of the projected Mahomedan University still insist upon greater freedom from official control than what has been accepted by the Hindus, and at a private consultation the Education Member of the Government of India, a Hindu, told his Musalman host frankly and in friendly confidence that it would be against "commonsense" to treat the two universities differently. The alleged remark has been freely criticised by Muslim writers, but whatever they may think of their own wisdom, if the new Education Member tries to reverse his predecessor's policy when the ink has hardly dried from the statutory authority granted to the Hindu University, his "commonsense" will certainly be questioned.

Professor Karve has opened a campaign in favour of a university for women. He does not seem anxious to secure statutory recognition for it, and the promoters of the scheme will be allowed by the public to have their own way. The Professor's idea is that most Indian girls do not require an education of the same standard and type as the boys ; they must have a knowledge of English, but it may be taught as a second language as in Japan, and instruction may be given through the vernaculars. As regards the standard, a girl may obtain her degree when she reaches a boy's matriculation stage at present ; she may aim higher and higher until she falls into line with boys some forty or fifty years hence. In fact the university will be a glorified high school and we believe it will be

content to confer degrees in arts. Whatever value the public may attach to the cheap hall-marks, these may make education popular among girls, if an ornamental degree will not be without its attractions to the feminine heart. So the earnest and amiable Professor appears to hope, and there is no reason why he should not try the experiment, if a sufficient number of parents take a fancy to it seriously. Apart from the question of standards and degrees, a large body of opinion will be in favour of imparting instruction to girls through the vernaculars and of modifying the boys' curricula so as to suit their requirements better, leaving a small number of ambitious girls to aim as high as boys

Two members of the Viceregal Council made their maiden speeches at Delhi last month, and **Health and Autonomy.** both had to deal with questions of much importance. The Law Member had to explain the Government's attitude towards a proposal to validate gifts by Hindus and Mahomedans in favour of unborn persons. While acknowledging the benefits of the proposed legislation, the honourable member still thought that it was desirable to ascertain the opinions of the communities concerned, and accepted an amendment to that effect. The Education and Sanitation Member opposed the proposal to constitute a mixed Board of officials and non-officials to advise the Government of India on matters sanitary. He did not see the necessity of a body to stand between the Local Governments and the Government of India. As the non-official members of all legislative councils are at liberty to advocate the sanitary measures favoured by the general public, the precise object of the mediatorial body is not clear. Perhaps it was intended to strengthen the hands of the Sanitation Member, who,

being just now an Indian with judicial, but without executive experience, might lack the driving power necessary to accelerate the pace of sanitary reforms which the Local Governments have to undertake. It is to be feared that for some years to come no amount of driving power from the seat of central authority, even though helped by a Board of experts and enthusiasts, will make up for the lack of sinews. When Sir C. S. Nair said that the main duty of the Government of India was to supply men and money to the Local Governments, he seems to have indicated the nature of the reply which financial exigencies will compel him to give to importunities in favour of increased expenditure on education and sanitation until the effects of the war are overcome. Another question of importance that came up before the Council was whether it was necessary to compel local bodies to ear-mark a certain proportion of their funds for sanitary or other purposes. The Government did not approve of the idea. Apart from the intrinsic merits of proposals of this kind, they appear to indicate a fear lest the public health and education should unduly suffer during the coming years.

WE have received a fat volume of over a thousand pages entitled the *Key of Knowledge*, by **Literary Activity.** Mr. Champat Rai Jain, Barrister-at-Law. It discusses religious and philosophical questions, and the author's learning and breadth of outlook entitle him to patient hearing.

The *Noble Eightfold Path*, published by the Theosophical Society, expounds that well-known path with a lucidity which will be much appreciated by the students of Buddhism.

Mrs. Besant is actively pursuing her political propaganda by the issue of pamphlets. One of them reminds

the public of a paper read by the late Mr. G. K. Gokhale before the Universal Races Congress at London. He declared therein that the ideal of Indian political reformers was representative government on democratic lines; and he laid down four requisites of improved relations between England and India--first, an unequivocal declaration by England of her resolve to help forward the growth of representative institutions; second, that Indians should be enabled to feel that the Government under which they live is largely and in an ever-increasing measure national in spirit and sentiment; third, that England should send out to India less and less of those who are not of her best; and last, that Englishmen should realise the wisdom of Lord Morley's advice that while bad manners are a fault everywhere, they are in India a crime.

An eloquent and rousing address delivered by Principal James to the staff and students of the Presidency College at Calcutta, on the Empire's Immortal Dead, calls upon all to make every necessary sacrifice to ensure victory in the present war. It contrasts the political ideals which England introduces wherever she carries her flag with the German kultur as illustrated by the barbarities of the war, the repudiation of international obligations, and the cynical treatment of the rights of the weak. The pamphlet is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., and we have much pleasure in calling the attention of the younger generation to it.

In a republication of some of his writings on educational questions, Mr. Ambaravaneshwara Iyer pleads that a more practical turn should be given to the present system of education. In his Introduction, Sir S. Subrahmanya Iyer remarks that Western education has been wheedling the ascetic, contemplative guardian angel of the land into the general world current, and has sounded a "call to

arms " for drawing India to her place in the march of nations.

Mr. N. K. Venkatesan, of the Kumbakonam College, has written a life of Sankaracharya with special reference to the history of the monastery founded by the great teacher at Conjeeveram. He quotes largely from traditional sources and is inclined to accept the orthodox view that the Acharya was born in 509 B.C., in preference to "the hair-splitting dissection by scholars who wish, if possible, to bring every human activity within measureable distance of the Christian era." What of the date of Buddha's birth? All these questions hang together, and whatever the real date of Sankara's birth might have been, the hair-splitters will not cease to cross-examine the old chroniclers. However, the value of the pamphlet lies in the quotations mentioned and the history it gives of particular institutions.

It appears from the last annual report of the Archaeological Survey, Eastern Circle, that Dr. Spooner's excavations at Pataliputra were partly suspended during the year under report, owing to the lack of the necessary appliances. The report explains how far the discoveries already made support his well-known Zoroastrian theory of the influences at work in the empire of Chandragupta.

Poems, by Elinor Jenkins ; London : Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.
2s. 6d. nett.

The difficulty of hitching philosophy into rhyme is never more apparent than in those verses which attempt to reproduce, and either to explain or to present as an insoluble problem, the pain of personal loss. Of Miss Elinor Jenkins's "Poems" it has been suggested that they will not appeal to the "faint and feeble-hearted," for whom they are not intended, but for the strong, for such as, in her poem "Sursum Corda," met

"Pain without plaint and death without dismay,
Bore and beheld sorrows unspeakable,
Yet shrank not from that double-edged distress."

It is true enough that the weak and timorous will find neither comfort nor support in their reading of these poems. But what of the strong? They indeed may find their strength and heroism and unflinching faithfulness mirrored and retold; and there are many to whom the verses will thus appeal.

Yet there is lacking an essential something, the recognition, if we mistake not, of what is not only for the weak the fount of consolation but for the strong the veritable source of strength. Good works and great sacrifices have their scene of action here, but the spring of righteousness, of which they are the product, is not in time as we conceive it. Mortality has its consequence in immortality. If

"Even in paying this most bitter price

We know the cause worthy the sacrifice"

it is surely because the cause is part of an eternal purpose working itself out in an historical process, of which the conclusion for us is the present. The beckoning of duty is the voice of eternity. The categorical imperative of patriotic instinct is more than a mere sentiment. If 'obedience is the guarantee of faith,' it is emptied of its purpose

"When loving kindness with our dead lies slain."

It is not the part of faith so to express itself: and the succeeding supplication is almost querulous-

"Give us our fathers' heathen hearts again,
Valour to dare and fortitude to die."

There is, then, in some of these poems, a note of despair and even of petulance. It is perhaps the inevitable accompaniment of a view of life the horizon of which is assumed to be limited by death. It is partly also the consequence of a human affection artificially intensified by its confinement to the seen and the temporal. This disconnection from an extra-temporal and extra-mundane scheme leads to the insistence of too great an emphasis upon the severance of death, and reacts in a too frequent use of the word 'dear,' particularly in a substantive sense, as for instance, "when all your dears are dead," in

"Wind-pedlars," and "our dearest dear" in "Dreams Trespassing."

Having said this, we may speak more encouragingly of the rest of the poems, many of which possess unquestionable merit. In "Autumn Wind" we may well note the suggestive lines which liken "the restless leaves that shuffled by" to "the tread of the phantom hosts," and in "Poppy-fields" the splashes of rich colouring are worthy of notice: -

"Beyond the close, smothering the wholesome corn,
A flight of scarlet locusts fallen to earth
Baleful, and blighting all that they adorn,
The burnished heralds of a bitterer dearth,
Coral and flame and blood among the gold,
Like Eastern armies gorgeously dight,
And raised by grammarye from English sod
With banners brave unrolled
Each silken tent enclosing dusky night,
Drowsy, dream-laden poppies beck and nod."

These Poems have a special interest for us in India as coming from the daughter of a genial civilian who died, some years back, doing his duty at Delhi exactly as much as if he had fallen on the battle-field by shell or steel. There is no doubt something unfamiliar in the *tone* of these verses, but they express what England is feeling, at the present moment, with wonderful simplicity and directness. That they do this is evidenced by the fact that the first edition of this book was entirely out of stock within a short time of its publication. We hope to have some more verses from Miss Jenkins's facile pen before long.

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EAST & WEST.

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No. 174.

LORD HARDINGE'S STATECRAFT.

H. E. LORD HARDINGE came to India with the reputation of an accomplished diplomatist: he carries with him the gratitude due to one of the most sympathetic Viceroys that Great Britain has ever sent out to this country. A diplomatist is credited with a long head, while a sympathetic ruler must have a good heart. Why anyone should have been slow to assume that the two could be combined in the same person, is not clear; perhaps the attitude of another diplomatist towards the National Congress was not reassuring, and where the interests of one race are generally contrasted with those of another, the people are apt to look forward with more curiosity than confidence to the policy of a ruler who has distinguished himself in the art of negotiating with foreign Governments. Lord Hardinge has indeed shown deftness in dealing with difficult situations, but which writer on the science of politics, either in the East or in the West, ever thought that a simple-hearted saint would necessarily make an ideal administrator? While sympathy is a noble virtue, a political Pandit would rather recommend it as the "best policy." Whichever way we look at it, all seem to be agreed, perhaps even German thinkers, that an unsympathetic ruler must sooner or later fail. A Chinese sage

was once asked what were the essentials of good government, and he replied that the most important requisite was the confidence of the people in their ruler, the next essential was sufficiency of food, and the third in the order of importance was military equipment. Indian rulers were in theory despotic. Sukracharya, the well-known writer on the science of politics, however, laid down boldly that "the ruler has been made by Brahma a servant of the people, getting his revenue as remuneration for protecting them." Several corollaries followed from this proposition. In the first place it followed that where public opinion was not adequately and accurately voiced in representative councils, the ruler should be at pains to study it in other ways and never try to suppress a free and honest expression of opinion about the Government. The old rulers were, therefore, told that they must hear through spies what people said about them and their officers; "they should always know their own faults from the standpoint of the subjects, and rectify them, but never punish the people." The argument, which supported this advice, was that the subjects are generally so much afraid to talk ill of the powers-that-be that, when they do venture to complain, they must be honest, however ignorant they may be, and honesty should not be visited with punishment. We live in different times now. Ever so many people are bold enough to criticise the Government; they are taught that freedom of speech is their birthright, and they may always count upon the sympathy of a large circle of admirers and much applause for their boldness. We have seen in recent years that the most sympathetic officers need not be free from personal danger if the minds of the people are with impunity poisoned. Considering the times in which we live, few have been surprised that Lord Hardinge himself could not relax the Press laws. This means that the people

to whom sympathy is to be shown must be honest and harmless.

Another corollary from the doctrine of sympathy is thus expressed by the Indian writer: "In deliberating upon matters brought forward by the people, the King should not take the side of his officers, but of the subjects; he should dismiss the officer who is accused by one hundred men!" The last injunction is a counsel of perfection. Prestige may be in danger if an officer's policy is subverted by his successor. A change of personnel and the interference of a higher power are generally necessary to disturb settled facts. In a country like England this authority to override an executive act resides in the people, who may pull down one Government and set up another to assist the King. India, however, is outside party politics, and the British nation cannot be easily persuaded to put itself to the trouble of a general election for something done in India. In the circumstances Lord Hardinge's policy has been to invoke Royal aid where Parliamentary interference is not likely to be secured quickly and quietly. Whatever constitutionalists may think of it, the Indian mind is keen enough to appreciate the touch of the diplomatist in that way of overcoming difficulties which perplex the ordinary mind. The reader will think that all these remarks allude to the memorable events of the early period of Lord Hardinge's rule. We should, however, add that his genius has discovered a political expedient of abiding value. He has shown how even under the British constitution, Sukracharya's precept, that "the King should take the side, not of his officers, but of his subjects," may be literally carried out, when His Majesty's officers find their shoulders too weak to undertake the responsibility. One other recent event, with which, however, Lord Hardinge's name is not associated, opens our eyes to future possibilities in a direction to which

our attention was first turned by him. Notwithstanding the admonition to impatient critics not to raise controversial political questions when the Empire is involved in a colossal war, some people are bent upon discussing Home Rule for India, and others demand a declaration of policy. They may not ask for the declaration to be made now, but they have chosen to make the demand at a time when silence is imperative and may yet be construed to amount to a promise of "favourable consideration." When the late Mr. Gokhale demanded an "unequivocal declaration" in 1911, the authorities could speak with more freedom; when Sir S. P. Sinha repeated the demand in last December, they were placed in a much more delicate position. An informal Royal utterance was opportune, and though it might not have been intended to be received by all India as a formal message, it has attracted attention and must at least allay curiosity. Addressing wounded Indian soldiers and officers in England, His Majesty sometime ago graciously held out hopes that more liberal political institutions would follow in the wake of "social advancement and political experience." These words may well be received as a declaration such as was suggested by the President of the last Congress. They do not, indeed, refer to any special type or measure of self-government, colonial or otherwise, but they indicate the general trend of the policy which has been followed in the past and which will be followed in the future. No formal declaration of policy or message addressed to the people is likely to ignore the relation between the social condition of the Indian population and the political experience of at least the leading sections on the one hand, and the political responsibility which may be entrusted to them, on the other. Public meetings, especially in the south, have already protested that Home Rule will mean

Brahman rule, and an "unequivocal declaration" can hardly be expected when public opinion is by no means unanimous and the experience and the social progress and adaptiveness of the people leave so much to be desired.

The British Government has succeeded so well in India, precisely because it enjoys the "confidence of the people"; to secure "sufficiency of food" has ever been the endeavour of even its unpopular officers; and its "military equipment" has established peace without being an oppressive burden to the tax-payer. Every officer will enjoy popular confidence if he sympathises with the aims of the thinking classes and respects their opinions. If he thinks they are misguided and begins to lecture to them on their folly and their failings they retort, and in a scuffle with the people a ruler's dignity is compromised. Sukracharya advises rulers never to act on their own opinions, but always to consult ministers, friends, and competent leaders among the people, and submit to the judgment of the majority. Such submission to popular opinion may not be always possible where a Government represents the higher ideals of a more civilised nation. Few have blamed the enlightened rulers of the past who suppressed infanticide, the immolation of widows, and slavery, without waiting for popular approval; if the benefits of a measure are substantial and patent, and it is not enforced merely for the sake of sentiment or a trivial advantage, the general confidence of the people is not seriously shaken, even if popular opinion does not agree for the time being with the ideas of the rulers. Where an administrative problem may be solved in more ways than one, all attended with nearly equal public benefit, a ruler would be wise in acting upon Sukracharya's advice not to adhere to his own opinion, but to accept the solution favoured by the general public.

This may seem a platitude, and old Indian literature does abound in apparent platitudes. But one of the most bitter provincial controversies of recent years, which involved the reputation of high officers, if not the prestige of the Government of India, arose out of the disregard of popular opinion in Bengal where no substantial advantage was to be gained by adhering to a different view. We are living in times when controversies may arise not merely through inconsequential differences of opinion between officers and popular leaders, but from a real or supposed antagonism between the interests of the people on the one hand, and those of the paramount nation on the other, or between the interests of the different component parts of the common Empire. One such question-- the South African--was satisfactorily solved in Lord Hardinge's time, and His Excellency successfully adhered to the popular view. Perhaps other similar controversies would have been set at rest if the war had not broken out. Happy is the ruler who is not called upon to compose a racial quarrel such as the one which arose in Lord Ripon's time, or the milder one between the two principal Indian communities in Lord Minto's time. Under Hindu rulers the caste system was productive of much bitter feeling in political circles, and the high-caste writers on the science of politics strenuously advocated the retention of power and influence in the hands of the twice-born. But with all the reverence paid to sacred writings, the man of might, whatever his caste, could not be expected to prefer the well-being of others to the claims of his own kinsmen and caste-fellows ; and Sukracharya, with all his bias in favour of the higher castes, adds that "the King should always appoint men of the caste to which he himself belongs, for most members of the royal caste are likely to be well qualified." If a British Viceroy or Governor should give expression to a

sentiment of that sort at the present day, he would soon have to be recalled. With the old Hindu author's recognition of the claims of the dominant caste may be contrasted Lord Hardinge's advice to his countrymen: "I look forward with confidence to a time when, strengthened by character and self-respect and bound by the ties of affection and gratitude, India may be regarded as a true friend of the Empire and not merely a trusty dependant. The day for the complete fulfilment of this ideal is not yet, but it is to this distant vista that the British official should turn his eyes, and he must grasp the fact that it is by his future success in this direction that British prestige and efficiency will be judged."

Large grants have been made to education and sanitation in Lord Hardinge's time. They have, however, not quite satisfied the advanced champions of the dumb millions, and the war may retard even the rate of progress on which they had reason to congratulate themselves. In schemes of reform which ensure "sufficiency of food" to the people, by increasing the produce of land, by improving the credit of the cultivator, or otherwise, Lord Hardinge had been forestalled by predecessors whose sympathies lay in that direction. In the machinery of administration, when the principle of provincial autonomy is worked out in greater detail, the famous despatch of his government will perhaps be mentioned as a landmark by future historians. The tendency for the Central Government to recognise the responsibilities and rights of the Local Governments is already very marked. Perhaps the war will, by emphasizing the military responsibility of the Government at Delhi, familiarise us more and more with something like the ideal of Moghul times and turn our attention from the centre to the circumference in civil administration. By a fortuitous concurrence of events

Lord Hardinge was called upon to render to the Indian Empire services of just that kind which require a diplomatist's skill in adjusting differences, a statesman's boldness in conceiving novel plans, and an ideal ruler's sympathetic insight into the aspirations of the people. These are the qualities which have stamped the most prominent events of the departing Viceroy's administration, and such will be the qualities which will be appreciated more and more in the rulers to whose care the interests of India are committed in future.

Bandra.

H. NARAINA RAO

A GREAT "SUPERIOR."

" Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup
unspilled,
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life-long drop by drop
distilled."

" When a touch sets right the turmoil, lifts his spirit, where
flesh-freed
Knowledge shall be rightly named so, all that seems be truth
indeed "

LA SAISIAZ.

"AN awful thought, a life removed," said Tennyson, and even those who forbid us to sorrow for the death of a friend admit the awfulness of that severance of spirit from body which, while it makes one spirit rich, leaves many souls poor. Many good people confuse the natural instinct of affection with the craven instinct of selfishness, and forbid us to weep for our dead, accusing us of *grudging* our dear ones their "entrance into a better world," or of insulting Heaven by preferring earth to it, forgetting that He, Whose Presence is Heaven, created our hearts to love and our eyes to weep.

There is peculiar awe in the instantaneous severance of the spirit from the familiar body of earth. One moment the eyes of a dear one are alight with life, the next they have seen that which has shrivelled the nerve that absorbs the light of the sun. They have caught sight of the Vision Invisible.

No wonder we feel the ground shiver beneath us as in an earthquake shock, and that we cannot believe ourselves to be standing alone on one side of the chasm suddenly opened before us, while he, whose life has been inwoven with our life, has gone, leaving only the garment of his mortality.

When the Superior General of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley, Oxford, died after one day's partial incapacitation from his strenuous work, we, outside the Community, who had the privilege of knowing him, felt shaken as by an earthquake shock and were incapable of resisting the incredulity stupor induces. Gradually, as the ground steadied and our minds cleared, we realised the beauty of the translation of Father Maxwell, or rather the beauty of his life, which culminated on earth in an escape from dying. There was no decay of mental or physical power, no disease, no illness; in generosity and self-negation he had poured out his gifts and used up all his strength. Ignoring all the signs of weariness and exhaustion that would have warned an ordinary person to take stock of his resources and restrain his output, he had gone on proving, as the late Archbishop Temple would have said, "the impossible to be possible by doing it," and collapse resulted in inability to rest.

Then it was as if the Master Whom he served put forth His Hand to still the effort of overtaxed nerves, and, under the touch of Love, the heart-beats ceased.

The realisation of there having been no act of dying and the likelihood of there being no "surprise of the change" is a solace. So also is the increasing sense of our being in possession of that which cannot be taken from us. We have lost much, the bodily presence, sensible intercourse, access to a source of help, counsel, sympathy; we have been forced to regard life in the present as dry.

and barren land, but that which has been infused into our lives has become a part of ourselves; no force of life or death can take from us that which has influenced our character: the force and beauty of Father Maxwell's character has energised the lives of thousands, is still influencing minds and characters, and will continue to do so.

The sudden snapping of bodily life, unpreceded by decay or diminution of vigour, or any cessation of the ordinary routine of daily life, helps to vivify belief in the continuity of man's life through death and beyond it. No one who was in touch with Father Maxwell, and felt his interest throbbing through whatever claimed attention, could doubt that translation from the seen world to the Unseen was but a means of intensifying his already keen spiritual insight, of re-invigorating his strong, but tired faculties, of re-informing him with life and energy. We had seen him in the precincts of the Great Reality. To us he lived in Sanctuary, and his holiness was a recognised influence, but in the power of closer union with God, in the Light of the nearer Presence, his influence will be proportionately greater. Through the void in our lives caused by his removal hence, spiritual forces make their way with the irresistible gentleness and imperceptibility belonging to divine energy unhindered by weakness of mortal agency.

The Reverend Gerald Spiers Maxwell had been for more than eight years Superior General of the Society founded by Father Benson, whose work is widely known in India as well as in England, Africa and America. He was therefore a Personage as well as a great Personality. But there surely can have rarely been a more marked proof than that given by our great Superior that dignity is the outward expression of character, not the clothing gained by official position, rank or fame. One of the distinctive notes of his greatness was this obedience to those words

of his Master by which He bids : " He that is great among you let him be as the younger, and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." His absolute simplicity and devotion to duty, his single-hearted use of all his gifts and faculties in service to men, for the Glory of God, gave him a dignity peculiar to himself. His clothing of humility was a royal robe that was an effectual defence against the approach of vulgar homage or undue familiarity. It was woven in, it was a part of himself - it was not a vesture put on for effect, or consciously assumed as a defensive garment. It made him unassailable by the thrusts of the world and the darts aimed by evil forces, but it was worn unconsciously, invariably, and suited all that he said and did, and fitted all his moods.

Could he, however, be said to have moods ? By the time he could claim the title of Father, he had won such self-control that he was able to exercise control over most moods in other people.

Not that he assumed control, or seemed to exercise authority or suasion ; no man surely more distinctly repudiated a right to usurp that which every man may acquire by the Grace of God - the office of self-disciplinarian. He exercised dominion by the power of sympathy. If we were presumptuous enough to tabulate his characteristics, we should say that, next to the humility which dignified him, was the sympathy which rayed round him, making him accessible under the utmost difficulties, shewing comfort in the darkest hours of sorrow, light in the mistiest perplexity, giving warmth in desolation and infusing beauty into the commonest joys and pleasures ; while revealing undiscovered lustre in the glory of achievement, softening the crudity of elemental pleasure. It was a sympathy that needed no arousing, no kindling. It was *yours* as soon as you needed it.

Father Maxwell's sympathy was distinctively his own. It was marked by his individuality in other ways than by accessibility, reality and completeness. It gave rest and support, but it did not lull to inaction. It gave you standing-ground whence you might take the necessary leap for the next swimming feat required of you. It gave you sufficient tranquillity of mind to enable you to look round, take your bearings, and face calmly whatever confronted you. It bade you not sit, nor stand inert, but go forward as regards progress of will, but it steadied you to make that effort, hardest of all to make in times of stress and difficulty, the effort of keeping still.

Here we may remark that there was a quality in Father Maxwell's voice consonant with this characteristic of his sympathy. Let the situation in which you found it necessary to consult him be never so anxious and disquieting, let your own mental state be in a turmoil of secret agitation, the level tones of his voice, his clear-cut utterance, his gentle matter-of-factness, as if the topic were nothing more exciting than the day's temperature, served to bring your nerves under control at once. And the effect of what he said was to continue the steady influence of his manner of speaking, and to give his sympathy energising force. His words gave impetus to his hearers' powers of thought and action.

Father Maxwell's knowledge of human nature and insight into character enabled him to touch the springs of motive and the individual possibilities of those who consulted him. But he was not only resolute against interference with personal judgment and self-management, he was undeviating in his direction of every soul to God, from Whom comes primary and ultimate Light. Thus, although his sympathy drew to him persons of all kinds, not one was permitted to lean upon him to the atrophy

of that person's own volition and mental sight. He possessed all the strength inherent in gentleness. His own emotions might be stirred by the case under consideration, but his grasp of the whole subject would remain unshaken. His sympathy might excite in him a compassion that might easily have led to condonation of unheroic action, but his maintenance of the right thing to be done, the high ideal to be kept, was inflexible. His own feelings were no more permitted to colour his view or deflect his judgment than were the emotions of those who sought his advice. He held himself detached, not in order to deprive the seekers after strength and comfort of any possible aid, but to point them to the most effectual help. If any one, feeling inherent weakness, had clung to him for personal support, figuratively speaking, we can imagine him being strong enough in his love and pity to unloose the fingers tenderly, very tenderly, and to clasp them round a crucifix. It was this detachment from self, and from all partiality and prejudice, that made Father Maxwell's opinion and counsel the most valuable help obtainable in all emergencies, crises, vexed questions and troubles. It was his sense of proportion and balance of judgment that made him the great Superior, adviser, guide and trusted confidant he was.

There is another characteristic, a product of his single-heartedness, that helped to make him a consummate helper of men—his habitual regard of this complex life as a whole, unbroken into compartments of time and eternity, secular and sacred. He did not mark off the world of affairs and human relationships from the world of spiritual forces, duties and affections.

God is the only Reality Father Maxwell taught. Everything that exists is dependent upon Him, owing reality to being His thought. Our bodily life, our earthly vocation and interests, the material world and its affairs,

are as much the thought and will of God for us as are our higher life and spiritual development.

Our life here and now is the means by which the fuller life of the Beyond is to be reached. All comes from God, however much interference may taint existence after it has left the primal Source : all is sustained by God : all should lead to God. Hence the commonplace events and duties of daily life are invested with dignity, the narrowest sphere, dutifully lived in, gives scope for achievement in the only thing that matters, fulfilment of God's purpose.

"I do not think it trivial," Father Maxwell would say when somebody regretted that his time had been spent in untying a knot, figuratively speaking, in a homely bit of string. At the same time his sense of proportion was so true that, in discussing worldly success, public opinion, the pomp of ostentation and ephemeral fame, we seemed to see the baubles that loom so large in worldlings' eyes, but have no real significance, shrivel into waste tissue under the Father's touch. Not that he was contemptuous of honourable worldly distinction, or of rank, wealth and fortune. Far from despising, he regarded them highly, as responsibilities important in developing character and as means for working out God's purpose and of glorifying Him. He valued money for what it could do ; for himself he embraced Poverty as a Bride after the manner of St. Francis, but he was keen to see the ugliness, contractiveness and many temptations of involuntary poverty.

"You cannot make black white," he would say, and he never refused to see the various shades of black presenting themselves to different persons' sight and temperament. But he never failed to make visible the light that absorbs sombre tints and reveals the shimmer of hope and the sparkle of humour. Clear and definite in the expression of his opinion, when it was asked for, he has been spoken of as

having a legal mind. We should prefer to say he had a balanced judgment. Surely, no man in authority ever "laid down the law," in words, less frequently than he. There was no need for him to be didactic in speech. He lived the life of Law, his Law the will of God. His life said, and says—for it speaks still with clear enunciation and penetrating force—"Be natural; be unexaggerated; be real. Love all men, yourself last Love God above all else."

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

THE MOSLEM UNIVERSITY AND EDUCATION.

NOW that the question of a Moslem University has been shelved for sometime to come, I may venture to make a few observations on the proposed University and the general state of education in so far as the Moslem community is concerned, without any desire, on my part, to start a controversy on this subject.

That education, on lines suited to the peculiar needs of Indians, and with special reference to the religious requirements of particular communities, is the only means of bringing about the advancement and emancipation of Indians, is recognised on all hands and amply evidenced by the various educational activities going on in different parts of this country, notably in Bengal where the trend of public opinion shows, in the most unmistakable manner, that Government Institutions do not supply all the needs of the people, and public or even private enterprise is necessary to cater for the intellectual requirements of a progressive community. Hitherto the State has undertaken to provide education and assumed the patronage of ancient and well-endowed seats of learning which monopolise the communication and custody of knowledge. Since the advent of the new era, however, these *studia generalia* have lost much of their prestige and popularity, and modern institutions, imparting practical education or technical training, have gradually come to the fore. Moreover commercial, technical and agricultural colleges

have also been opened, thanks to the initiative of some of our enlightened public men and officials who have indicated to us the right direction which should be followed by those who have entrusted themselves with the momentous task of establishing a University either at Benares or Aligarh. The day will surely come when a Bachelor or Master of Arts will be a thing of the past and the product of our Arts colleges will depreciate to an extent not yet realised. Even to-day an Indian graduate has made himself as cheap as an ordinary artisan, if an idea of his value could be had from the advertisement columns of the newspapers, being invariably wanted on Rs. 40 or 50 at the most.

Barring a few exceptionally intelligent men hailing from our Universities who have made their mark in the world, the average B.A. is an ill-informed and ill-equipped citizen—often a physical wreck whose vitality has been unduly taxed in passing through a series of tests based on no rational principle and devoid of common sense. It is the sad experience of many a graduate in India that on being ushered into the real world, he finds himself fitted for no rôle, however commonplace it be. The entire problem of sound and systematic education for Indians is beset with considerable difficulty and does not present the same aspects as in the Western countries where the State teaches the three R's to its juvenile subjects, and the medium of instruction is the native tongue. Here, these facilities are conspicuous by their absence.

It may be said without fear of contradiction and with due deference to the wisdom of our educationists representing the Senate in the different Universities, that the curriculum of studies drawn up every year lacks as much in consistency with reference to a fixed ideal as in regard to the local conditions of the different Provinces. The well-

being and progress of a community and a nation alike depend to a large extent upon the fitness of every individual to perform efficiently those functions with which he is charged and for which he has been trained. Every State and every nation have to strive and attain the highest rank in the scale of nations, for this Armageddon of the twentieth century has proved it beyond question that universal brotherhood is a fiction and international rivalry, hatred, and frictions form part of the general order of things and are as necessary as the evil of War. In one of his recent speeches, Mr. Bonar Law denounced the idea that a people's freedom of action should be restricted to such an extent as to deprive them of individual existence and organise them into a personified state, as has been done in Germany. He may have stated the views of the liberal statesmen of England, but it is now a patent fact that even recourse to compulsion is not only justifiable but essential, for by compulsory enlistment alone the great danger such as England, or in fact the whole of the British Empire, is threatened with, could be averted and the war brought to an honourable and speedy conclusion. But to come back to the subject proper. It is now evident that in formulating a scheme for the establishment of a University the organisers must aim at placing within the reach of every member of the community the means of qualifying himself to enter any useful profession or pursue a calling for which he evinces natural aptitude or inclination.

In a vast continent like India where different economic and social conditions prevail, it is of prime importance that the benefits of good education should be fairly and squarely distributed. One of the many arguments that can be advanced against the establishment of a Moslem University, even if it can be had after the Moslem's heart, is that its blessings will be confined to the province in which

it will be situated, and it will take a number of decades to make its influence felt in other territories. And it may also be safely prophesied that the local celebrities would compose its personnel, and arrogate a greater share in its administration than would fall to the lot of other representatives from the different provinces. It is too much, therefore, to hope that the few affiliated institutions, which are farther from the central organisation, would receive the same benefit as other schools and colleges in closer proximity.

The past history of the M.A.O. College, which is to form the nucleus of the proposed University, furnishes instances, without number, to bear out the above statement. Since the passing of Syed Ahmed Khan, the few men chosen to carry on his work have not had quite a free hand in conducting that Institution in pursuance of the settled policy of the Founder, allowing, of course, for modifications necessitated by changing conditions.

The local body, ever suspicious of outside counsel and zealously guarding its vested interests, has, on many a memorable occasion, proved its power to prevent any changes or reforms in the arrangement of even the minor details of organisation from being carried into effect by the Secretary, if they were calculated in the least degree to compromise its predominance. The task of controlling European tutors and professors calls for considerable tact and ability, specially when these professors and tutors regard themselves as the protégés of the local Government. This fact has not been fully appreciated by those who are interested in the well-being of the Institution directly and by Mahomedans in general. The Founder himself lost sight of this fact, expecting his successors to be gifted with the same boldness and enjoying the same independence as he had. It was no doubt largely due to his powerful persona-

lity, strong will and unfettered judgment that the Aligarh College was placed on a solid footing, and thoroughness characterised its administration. His powers were not circumscribed by the wishes of a local clique or semi-official injunctions. The two Nawabs, who came after him, were differently situated. Hence the gradual but imperceptible change for the worse in the quality of education given at Aligarh.

The Moslem community would have been well advised if it had not fallen in so readily, as it did, with the proposal of setting up a university movement when the Aga Khan put forward this project. The Mahomedans ought to have first of all inquired into the then existing state of education in the various provinces. They ought to have ascertained whether the general progress made by them in education till then was such as to justify their embarking on an enterprise of such magnitude. A University, as Cardinal Newman remarks, lives in demand and supply, and the demand to be a healthy and natural one must precede the supply, whatever reasons he might have had for holding the contrary. A University stands for a new movement; it represents the intellectual progress of a country and furnishes an index to a nation's mind. It cannot be called into existence by a *fiat*, it cannot be built to order. The past history of European Universities shows that they were not made in a day. It took hundreds of years for Oxford, Paris, Bologna, Padua and Salamanca to become famous seats of learning and attract thousands of scholars. Besides these broad considerations determining the question of a University, we have to take into account other conditions superinduced by modern thought and the evolution of a new era with the introduction of improvements unthought of in the means of communication, trades and industries.

When this question was first mooted, a number of kindred considerations should have received the attention of our public men. It should have been asked if there were any other colleges except those at Aligarh and Lahore, and whether there was a fairly large number of primary and secondary schools which could supply the requisite number of matriculates to fill the lecture-halls of a University.

To anyone who will take pains to survey the state of affairs preceding this movement, it will be evident that time was not ripe to consider such a weighty proposal. The late Syed Ahmed, with whom the idea had originated, did not leave behind him a carefully thought-out and well-formulated scheme, and beyond entertaining the mere hope that the institution he had founded would one day develop into a University, gave no other thoughts to this question. The dream of a Moslem seat of learning in India served as a most useful incentive to the general advancement of education and provided an inexhaustible theme for the seasoned orators of the educational conferences. That such a sweet dream should have been turned into a delusion is one of the saddest episodes to be remembered by the present generation. Even the ablest protagonist will find it hard to deny that the failure in which the fruitless attempts of those responsible for it have ended is mainly due to their following the untimely lead of a few ambitious sprites ready to seize an opportunity to secure personal distinction by having their names associated with a great movement. The Aga Khan no doubt enjoys the reputation of being a far-sighted thinker and spiritual head of a large section of His Majesty's Moslem subjects in India, and has had a brief but eventful career as an active promoter of the Educational Conference and the League. Everyone who has closely

followed the progress of education and politics is aware that having made his debut as the president of the Educational Conference some years ago, he has continued his interest in all questions bearing on the welfare of the Indian Musalmans. Everyone knows that great weight and value have come to be attached to his opinions and public utterances in official circles and the choicest honours have been conferred on him. At the same time it should not be forgotten that his views have not always found favour with a great bulk of his community. For, broad-minded and catholic in his sympathies, he has at times evoked a certain amount of displeasure among the masses by his attempts to adjust the popular perspective to his own standpoint. He has no doubt as good a right to offer advice (it has become historic in one instance) as any ordinary man. But for his opinion and advice absolute infallibility cannot be claimed. All the evidence to hand relating to the conduct of this enterprise shows, in the most indisputable manner, that the line of action followed by him and his compeers has not been wholly the right one, inasmuch as the expectations of the community were raised, and raised unnecessarily, to an extremely high pitch and without full regard to its economic and social position. The strain imposed on our energy and finances has proved unproductive, the work of pushing ahead primary education considerably delayed, and an unpleasant reflection cast on our ability to see a scheme through. I should not be understood to mean that His Highness alone is answerable for what has happened. He may have sincerely felt the necessity of a Moslem University. He may have thought that 1910 was the most auspicious year to start building it. It was surely for the educated classes and those qualified to consider measures for the betterment of education to judge the case of a University on its

proper merits and decide. And decided they have with results that are well known to-day.

From the time of the renascence at Aligarh the words 'nation' and 'self-sacrifice' have been used very freely by our writers and speakers all over India. In the name of the nation Viceroy's have been welcomed, Princes paid a tribute of gratitude for their grants-in-aid, and Collectors and their wives thanked for assisting at distribution of prizes among successful students. There are many instances of self-sacrifice being manifested by tutors and professors and a host of other willing workers, who were duly rewarded with both honours and emoluments not ordinarily within the reach of the ablest pedagogues. If a careful and dispassionate inquiry be made into the actual achievements of these servants of the Faith, it will be found that they are neither singular nor praiseworthy in a high degree. Without going into details, it could be safely asserted that with the notable exception of the alumni of the old school, there are very few men who could claim to have rendered signal services to arts and sciences. There are few students who have followed new veins of inquiry in different spheres of thought and thus raised the intellectual status of their community, but we have thousands of self-styled servants of the nation professing staunch devotion to our cause. To such men it is that we owe the premature inception of a University movement.

The Indian Musalmans are a heterogeneous community, widely distributed, and at different stages of progress. They do not possess that integrity of judgment which could prevent their sentiment prevailing over their reason. They have only a limited number of men with advanced views on education and politics, and these, in conjunction with a few plutocrats, do the thinking for the middle and poor classes. Theirs alone is the birthright to initiate al,

schemes, to call conferences, to form leagues, and interpret the feelings of the community—whether rightly or wrongly is immaterial—to the rulers. The masses have only to remain inert and let things be done in their name, for who could challenge the educational axioms and political postulates of their recognised leaders? And small blame theirs if they cannot do otherwise. If account be taken of conflicting opinions, all expressed in the nation's behalf in our journals since the rapid development of the Moslem press, and the incessant controversies raging in connection with ordinary events between the different schools of thought, it becomes perfectly clear that an average man is unable to follow or find any interest in these wranglings over "Kauni" affairs. Truly has the poet said, "A nation exists in the College and its life in papers."

The time chosen for starting this movement was all the more inopportune in view of the fact that the destinies of the Caliphate, with which Musalmans have always thought, rightly or wrongly, their religious associations and sympathies are closely united, were passing through one of the most critical periods in history. The Italian inroads into Northern Africa and Asia Minor aroused the utmost concern among Musalmans for the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and their eyes were turned to the scene where a heroic struggle was being offered by a brave nation whose greatest misfortune lies in the corruption and incompetence of its rulers. Misrule and bad government do not, happily, affect a nation's patriotism, and though the Turk has been badly governed and ill-treated for ages, he has always responded to his country's call, and fought for his Caliph. The Indian Moslems, retaining as they do many of the virtues bequeathed to them by a great religion and well-founded civilization, lacked not in the appreciation of their brethren's heroism and endless sacrifices. At

a time, therefore, when their purse-strings were liberally opened to alleviate the sufferings of their brethren beyond the seas, another and an equally imperative call on their generosity that came in the shape of an appeal for the University funds was by no means favourable to their educational campaign, and it would have been much wiser if this great project had not been launched just then. What has happened since is common knowledge. The proposed University is still in the air, the funds are lying idle, and the final settlement with the bureaucracy is not yet within sight.

In planning out any scheme for the advancement of education, whether primary, secondary or higher, the economic condition of the country should not be overlooked as this is the most potent factor and a reliable test of a sound system. Statistics taken from the two premier Native States in India, where education stands on different footings, will illustrate the point very clearly. In Baroda the cost per graduate is about four times less than that in Hyderabad, and the number of pupils, both male and female, attending schools and colleges, is admittedly greater in the former, although, as regards population and area, the Nizam's Dominion cannot be compared with the Gaekwar's territory. This contrast may be considered rather unfair on account of the great disparity in the attention and impetus given in either States to education, but on the whole it may be assumed that expensive education consisting of instruction in a variety of subjects, as it is provided at present by our schools and colleges, is a burden both on the State and the subjects, and if the promoters of denominational education, who must also be anxious for the economic liberation of India, do not aim at imparting professional knowledge at a reasonably cheap cost it would hardly be worth the trouble and expense to

have a University of their own when full benefit can be taken of the same sort of education in the existing Universities maintained by Government. Only professional knowledge is badly required for Indians, and it has to be sought for in schools conducted on Western principles and through the English language which occupies the highest position in all European languages, both as regards universality and utility. Such subjects as music, history and poetry must be excluded from the syllabus of all those seminaries where English is the medium of instruction. It is impossible for Indians to develop originality and acquire deep insight into "all the things dreamt of in our philosophy" unless the barriers of a foreign tongue are completely removed from their path and native genius cultivated in its own element. Of late a few Indian scholars have been busy exposing and expounding the beauties of Indian lore to Western minds, but that is not sufficient, and our Universities will have to do more in the direction of not only retrieving the lost position of our literature, but also of materially contributing to the world's classics. The only way to attain this end is to free potential genius from the fetters of foreign idiom, and to effect this our poetry, philosophy, and in fact, all the fine arts should be pursued and preserved in our own speech, and an intellectual intercourse established between Eastern and Western authors through the translation of standard works into all languages. There is but one difficulty to this suggestion and that is the preponderance of languages in India which would delay the dissemination of knowledge among different sections through translation of books into all the vernaculars. But this difficulty is not so great as that of a foreign language, and can be more easily overcome. The study of English in our schools and colleges is prosecuted in a manner and on prin-

ciples that are not fully consonant with the scientific method of teaching modern languages adopted in the civilised countries of the world. As a nation—for after all education in India has been of a sufficiently long standing to create the general consciousness of being one nation among the natives for the purpose of establishing a claim to the same treatment as is received by other citizens of the Empire—Indians cannot do without the services of the imperial tongue and must learn it if they aspire at all to advance their commercial prosperity, to raise their political status and to improve and utilise all the resources of their land like any other colony or commonwealth.

The necessity of English education will, therefore, be obvious, so far at least as commerce and industries are concerned. What is wanted to-day is a large number of free schools provided with every facility for giving a working knowledge of English to boys of the poor and middle classes, and a goodly number of polytechnic institutes to which pupils, on completing their rudimentary course may be admitted to receive training in one or more branches of a profession or industry. Every sensible educationist will agree that as a general rule the Arts, Law, and Medical Colleges are meant for the sons of the rich and well-to-do middle class people who can afford to undergo the heavy expense of professional education in these academies, but the lower middle and poor classes must be provided for in free schools of the kind I have mentioned above. On working out the correct proportion that upper, middle and lower classes bear to the whole population, it will appear that the existing number of colleges can fully meet the requirements of those who look upon University education with all the advantages of the residential system, as a necessary adjunct to other accomplishments of a refined gentleman.

It is to the requirements of the lower, middle and poor classes that greater attention should be paid, since a happy India will only be brought about by opening such day and night schools all over the country as would bring education in arts, industries, sanitation and domestic science within the reach of every citizen. India is essentially an agricultural country, and the greatest portion of its population lives by it. To increase the happiness and enlightenment of the greatest number is, therefore, the duty of those whom fortune or ability has placed in positions of power and gifted with wealth.

The Hindu University, which is now *un fait accompli*, and the Moslem University not yet in existence, are supposed to mark the commencement of a new era. It is to be seen how the former fares and whether the latter will ever be. The fact remains that lacs of rupees have been spent with no better object than that of gratifying the communities' sentiment. Due sense of *amour propre* is as necessary for a community as it is for an individual. The general feeling among Hindus and Musalmans that their having a University will raise them in the estimation of other nations, is the outcome of a true regard for self-respect. The material benefits of these Universities can only be measured by their success in redeeming the tens of millions now sunk deep in ignorance and enslaved by countless customs and creeds, and in creating a more sensible and elevated outlook on life. God has given the British Empire unlimited resources and the foremost place among all other Kingdoms. Indians, whether Hindus or Moslems, are the citizens of such an Empire. To enable them to enter into a keen but friendly and peaceful competition with their fellow-citizens in other climes and to fight a common foe in the defence of their country and the supremacy of the British Power, free and practical education of the masses

is the best and the only means. And any University, whether receiving official recognition or not, that adopts such means and fulfils this ideal, is indeed worth having at any cost and in any form.

MIRZA IKRAM BAIG.

Bombay.

A SONNET.

List to the fool, who calls himself an ant,
Who smoothes his pride with falsely humble boast
"I am a worm," Oh! lie and silly cant,
Thou art the Temple of the Holy Ghost!
Climbing from rung to rung through daily strife,
Lowly perhaps,—ay, humble if you will,
A drop upon the Ocean of His Life,
But know and realise your manhood still.
A man you are, a man you will remain,
Yea, even when you've wrestled to the top,
Ah! what was former loss to present gain,
The Ocean pours itself into the Drop.
Each moment leads you nearer to the Goal,
Fight on with your unconquerable Soul!

T. LYELL.

Agra.

ICHBAL.

Like a pale opal hung the restful sky—
 Whence every coarser shade had died away—
 Empyrean heights! to which the Angels fly
 Bearing the sorrows of another day.
 Yet those faint rustlings herald'd no wings,
 The little sighs came not from earthly care,
 But were the waking of the Desert things
 That hide in rocks and crannies here and there.

The twisted Tamarisks, parched by the heat,
 Wither'd and warp'd, awaited twilight's ease
 To lift their woven tresses, glad to meet
 The light caresses of the evening breeze,
 Whose murmurings from out grey space became
 A living breath—a force which overflows,
 And fills the wilderness with strength again,
 Till men forget their weariness and woes.

The rose-plumed jasmine swung above my head,
 A wild vine floated from a broken wall,
 The Lebbeks shook their tassell'd blooms and spread
 Over the winding path—a yellow pall,
 Softer than down, sweeter than honeycomb:
 Once blue as heaven, the Jacaranda* will

* Next to the Poinciana Regia, the Jacaranda is the most beautiful tree in Egypt.

Now put forth leaves,—her lovely flowers had flown
Long ere the summer grew too fierce and still

O perfect Nature ! why is man so base ?
His soul so feeble and his body strong ?
Compassion, too, withholds its gentle grace,
Dead is the tortuous spirit's sense of wrong :
The beast that strives beneath a heavy load
He pities not, nay scarcely deigns to feed,
And should it stumble, plunges in the goad—
Or curses him ' by Allah ' in his need.

A shadow—next to nothing—without sound
Came Ichbal—gradually like the gleam
Of the white moon, across the rugged ground,
Holding in both her hands fresh cool *burseem*.*
The Palace doors were time-worn, scarcely closed,
Sic transit gloria of a former state :
In blinding dust a starveling mule reposed,
A wretched youth leant on the iron gate :—

He groaned, and turning, grasped his heavy stick,
But there before him stood a childish maid ;
O stranger, why so cruel ! thy beast is sick,
And dost thou strike him and art not afraid ?
The sullen face look'd long the unspoken word,
Too full of hate and bitterness to greet
The unknown figure—though perhaps he heard—
His glance fell on his torn and blister'd feet,
And so did hers ; she saw the sand-swept eyes,
The bruis'd and knotted hands, the vile array
Around the meagre body—as he tries
To hold his garment, rent since yesterday.

* *Burseem*, Egyptian clover.

' Give this thy beast, then here are dates to eat
 An orange too, O brother rise I pray,
 Drink from the *qalla*,* bathe thy wounded feet,
 So do to-morrow should'st thou come our way.'

Hope touch'd the scornful lips—turned hate to peace :
 Knowledge brought seeds† to heal the sores and
 wales :

While Pity whisper'd ' let thine anger cease ' ;
 ' Yes,' answered Justice, ' for I hold the scales.'
 But Ichbal fled —passing from light to gloom—
 As swiftly as a dove on open wings —
 Round the quaint circle —where Magnolias bloom
 And scent the night, while the shy bulbul sings.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

* *Qalla*, a large porous jar for water.
 † Seeds of the *Mamordia balsamina*.

INDIA: NOW AND AFTER THE WAR.

OF the many fallacies which the war has disproved, one of the most significant is the British notion that in India loyalty and patriotism are two divergent and mutually exclusive currents. For long the British public had been fed upon the idea that behind the velvet glove of Indian friendliness there lay ever concealed the "mailed fist" which might show itself to view at any moment. The magnificent response of India to the call of the Empire has given the lie emphatic to this malignant libel. It has effected a profound and far-reaching revolution in the attitude of the British democracy towards their Indian fellow-subjects, and the spirit of *camaraderie* which this implies, has been re-echoed by the self-governing dominions of the Empire. There is indeed a soul of goodness in things evil!

The explanation for this remarkable display of enthusiasm on the part of India in the cause of the Empire is perfectly simple. The administrative blunders of Britain in India during the past half a century have not shaken our faith in the ultimate justice of Britain's rule, and in the righteousness of those principles, which, despite many set-backs and back-slidings, have in the main governed her stewardship in India. Little does Germany know how much it has helped to foment this feeling. For, who

will deny that the contrast of ideals represented by Germany and England in the present struggle has left a deep and abiding impression in the Indian mind? Said a Viceroy when assured of our loyalty to Britain : " Eh, you are loyal ! It will be monstrous if you are not ! " This observation, meant in all cynicism, embodies nevertheless the plain truth. In winning India, England has won with it the love and loyal allegiance of her teeming millions. The leaven of British culture which has been pouring into this rich and fertile soil every day since the momentous *fiat* of Lord Macaulay, has knit the bonds which unite India closer and closer until it has made us forget the distance which separates us from England. The blood of a thousand battlefields, the smoke of a thousand martyr-pyres, the heads that have rolled on a thousand scaffolds—this is the price of what England has been giving us, freely, fully, and ungrudgingly. And, as Lord Hardinge reminded us the other day, who is there that does not know and feel that the British Empire in India is an " Empire built on tears ? " How in the face of all this could India be otherwise than grateful ?

The *rationale* of India's loyalty does not, however, rest here. We are loyal, because we are patriotic. This may sound a paradox to many ; but never was there a truer paradox. We are loyal, because we feel that the destinies of India have been linked once for all, for good or for evil, with the destinies of England. " Adieu to Britain, adieu to all hopes of an Indian Nation, "—this is the motto of the patriotic party in India. What guarantee of loyalty can be greater than the conviction that in her own interests India can ill afford to shake herself free of the ægis of Britain ? Of a verity, all the nonsense that is talked about the fungus-like growth of anarchism in India is nothing but the distracted fancy of over-heated brains.

But if the Indian is devoutly loyal to the British Raj, it is idle to pretend that he is still the same mild, sneaking creature that he was when the Briton first saw him. The time-spirit has, in India as everywhere, rung out the old and rung in the new. British history and literature have sown the seeds of freedom broad-cast in India. The sweet, reluctant, uncomplaining passivity of the Indian has been transformed through English culture into one of clamant assertiveness. The grumbling spirit of John Bull has been inoculated in our minds. Not a bit, however, that we have grown to love England less, but that we love India more. If Wordsworth could say :

“ We must be free or die , we who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held,”

may not we say, we who can boast of a past as resplendent as that of any other nation on earth, that the descendants of Valmiki and Kalidasa shall never be slaves ? England has given us good government, but we think with one of England's most distinguished Prime Ministers that “ self-government is always better than good Government,” and feel with Macaulay that “ no nation can be perfectly well governed till it is competent to govern itself.” The freedom-loving Britisher has himself demonstrated to the world the eternal truth that no nation can long be kept under chaperonage which has grown conscious of itself. Why, then, should he be displeased to be told that self-government has now been fixed as the definite goal of our aspirations, and that a nation is in earnest to achieve it—a nation nourished in the noblest traditions of British history and politics ?

Is there anything in this calculated to upset the Imperial ideal ? No. On the contrary, self-government is the cement of the Empire, the only solution of the pro-

blem of Empire if Britain is not willing to repeat the mistake of her Roman prototype. All that India wants is the millenium embodied in the words of Rudyard Kipling—

“ Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.”

We want nothing more ; we will not be content with anything less. Who can say that our demand is inconsistent with the idea of Empire ? On the contrary, will not an autonomous India, prosperous, contented and happy, be a far more valuable and cherished asset of the Empire than an India grown impotent and emasculated as the inevitable consequence of centuries of subjection and bondage ? Is it not, indeed, the highest homage that India can pay to England, the dawn of that day foreseen in dim but prophetic vision by Macaulay when, instructed in European knowledge, we might ask for the blessings of European institutions ?

We are told that we ourselves are not agreed about the ideal ; that the Moderates think one way and the Extremists in quite the reverse. To these doubting Thomases we would point out the wise words of the President of the last Bombay Extremist Conference : “ In essentials there is no other difference between the two, than between tweedledum and tweedledee.” Everyone knows that the differences, such as do exist, are fundamental and not essential—only alas ! they know it not. Another stock objection which is incessantly flung in our face whenever the cry for Home Rule is raised, is that we are still unfit to manage our own affairs. Our Anglo-Indian friends are never tired of indoctrinating us with the idea that it will take centuries before India can become fitted to receive self-government. Woe to India if we allow ourselves to be placed under the sway of this benumbing hypnotism. As

for the objection itself, it needs only to be stated to be indignantly brushed aside. Was Canada, or New Zealand, or Australia, fitter than India for self-government when it was granted to them? Is it not a fact that India is far better off, so far as mere competence is concerned, than the colonies were?

There are, again, others who, apparently frightened out of their wits by the tall talk of India and her heroes which was so much in evidence at the outbreak of war, would have it that no emotional scattering of political largesse should follow the war, for the excellent reason that the war has not altered existing conditions. They are wrong. The war *has* altered conditions in one material respect—it has dispelled the dark cloud of suspicion which hung over the British mind prior to the war. It has cleared the air of the miasma of mischievous misrepresentation under which India had been suffering at the hands of her Anglo-Indian interpreters.* And the price of her loyalty, she says, is her freedom. "Give us your confidence," says India to Britain, "and I will deserve it." It will not do for Britain to say: "Deserve my confidence, India, and you will have it," for that will mean the postponement of India's emancipation to the Greek Kalends. We are told that in formulating such a demand we are simply betraying a calculating and huckstering spirit. But the same charge must in all fairness be levelled at the Colonies where such speculative discussions are freely in progress. If we sin, we are only sinning in good company.

Recent events seem to indicate that the change in "the angle of vision" which was proclaimed at the beginning of the war was a mere figure of speech. The first hysterics about India have had time naturally to subside, and the barometer of British enthusiasm about

India would appear of late to show a fall. True to their pledged word the popular leaders have refrained from controversy of any kind when the war is in progress, with a view not to embarrass the Government. But when the Government is ever giving new ground for provocation, how can it expect controversy to be hushed? Surely, the Government cannot mean that the understanding is all on one side? The refusal of the House of Peers to give an Executive Council to the United Provinces has naturally created strong feeling throughout the country. The rushing through of the Public "Safety" Bill in the teeth of popular opposition was not calculated to allay the feeling. The rigorous use of the Press Act, that law which "were better honoured in the breach than in the observance," and the passing of the Civil Service Bill have raised public indignation to boiling point, and the official attitude of *non possumus* to the most imperative and innocuous proposals of the popular representatives in the councils has lent substantial support to the Home Rule agitation. "India would seem to count for little nowadays," says a recent issue of *India*, and cites in support the recent Lord Mayor's procession in London where the Indian element was conspicuous by its absence, although "the unity of the Empire" was the excuse for the inclusion of an "Overseas contingent" composed of the Colonials and even "coloured giants from the West Indies." No wonder such things have turned many a sturdy optimist into a Jeremiah. Is it statesmanship, we ask, to encourage such feelings? To the query whether it would not be well to convey in a handsome and magnanimous manner the grateful appreciation of the British public of India's part in the War, our able Secretary of State has vouchsafed the reply that "he should think the time for it was hardly as yet." India certainly is not Poland.

Lord Haldane has told us that one of the underlying issues of the war is "freedom for all nationalities." Mr. Asquith has reiterated it. Have these politicians a corner in their hearts for dejected, down-trodden India? Shall she emerge amid the *feu-de-joie* of victory, a self-reliant, self-respecting nation, or shall she continue then, as now, the Cinderella of the Imperial household, a pariah in the midst of a free Empire? The whole world is looking forward, with hope not unmingled with misgiving, to the fulfilment of England's duty by India.

A. ARAVAMUDAM.

Madras.

AFRICAN LETTERS.

(Continued from our last number.)

IV.

KING PAPACOCK TO HIS SON IN AFRICA.

God is good !

I hope your appetite is good, my son, and you are longing for my return, but I expect you are not.

That missionary chap was quite right when he said to become great, it is necessary to travel. I have seen things and now know of things of which previously I was ignorant; and yet, I advise you, my son, not to travel. It is not wise to have two great men in one small kingdom. Above all, there would be no domestic happiness if the women and men of our country become civilised like the people here. I don't approve of civilization, for reasons, my son, which I will give later, but the principal is because of home happiness. Have I, my son, not seen what the result of it is here ?

I have been over two months now in Bombay, and have visited many houses, vainly seeking for my fair charmer, but I've learnt many things. I have heard men and women grumble at their sad lots, at their folly in getting married. They relate the happiness of former days. Says the woman : " Why on earth did I ever marry this man ? He is not good-looking ; lacks brains, lacks money. I gave up a comfortable home. And there is Smith ; he asked me to marry him— I rejected him. He is married now. I know his wife. She is very happy, has a comfortable home. Smith gets more pay than my husband."

She had quarrelled with her husband, my son, and so the truth came out.

A man said to me: "If you really want to know my bad points, ask my wife—she'll tell you; she knows more about them than I do myself."

And, curious to relate, my son, unmarried people whom I have met, praise the happiness of the married state, and mourn over the weariness and solitude of unmarried life. The fact is that each thinks of the inconvenience of his own station and imagines those of others less, because he has not felt them.

A young married man told me a curious story—not his own, but of a great friend of his, whom he called Brown. Now Brown was wealthy, and Brown wanted to get married, just for the sake of settling down. There was Jane, next door. She was not very good-looking, but anxious to have a home of her own. Brown proposed to Jane. Now Jane had been schooled by her papa how to act. She referred Brown to papa, and papa said he had made a vow that Jane would only marry the man who could afford to settle on her—

My son, I forget the amount, but it was a very large sum of money. The young man was not overanxious to marry the girl, and he thought the opportunity to get out of the engagement good, but Jane wept copious tears, and the man thought it would be dishonourable of him not to accept papa's terms. However, he decided to bargain with papa, and papa accepted a smaller settlement. Now mark the result. Neither was Jane in love with the young man; all she wanted was some man's name so that she could live the life she most enjoyed—free and easy she called it. I could not understand, my son, what difference it made to Jane, why she could not live the life she desired while single, but my friend told me. He said young unmarried ladies have fewer liberties than married women.

"In my country," I told him, "it is the other way. When a man takes a woman to his house, she has to live for him only."

"That's how it ought to be in my country, also," he replied; "but it isn't. Women dress—not to please their own husbands, but those of other women; else would they powder and paint to make up for deficiencies of which their husbands had full knowledge?"

It strikes me, my son, we can easily do without much that civilization teaches. In fact, I think we are more civilized than these people.

I have just received a letter from you. It gives me great pleasure to read that you are glad I'm enjoying myself and you ask me not to hurry home. Don't you make any mistake—I'll return when I've had enough of it here. Go easy, you'll not be king yet awhile. I'm under a great medicine-man's treatment. I take plenty of fresh air, all kinds of exercises, eat no meat, drink no rum, smoke no tobacco, avoid chills, go nowhere near infectious cases. I live on curds. The doctor says, under this treatment, I'll live till I'm 200 years. From the advertisements in the papers there are drugs to kill all complaints—a man need never die. I'm taking most of the drugs and will bring home with me some tons of all kinds of medicines.

Talking of advertisements, my son, some little while ago I sent an article to one of the papers here, describing our customs. The Tutor polished it up for me, but my name appeared under it. It was well written, my son. I could hardly recognise it was the same that I had sent in. You know I am over modest, and I said to my Tutor that I ought not to take credit for it, but he laughed and said it was done everywhere—even in England. These men are commonly known as "Literary Ghosts." A great number of books, he said, are written by "Ghosts" who are content that their works appear under the names of some exalted person. They get little for their labour—I think, my son, he said this by way of letting me know I must pay him. Of course I will.

Well, my son, after hearing this, I did not hesitate to employ my Tutor, and I wrote several more articles, with the result that I've become famous. I'll tell you about it

I had to put away my letter, my son, for many days. Been busy—because my stories have made me famous. I would rather I had not made a name for myself. The first morning after the publication of my second article, quite a crowd of young fellows called. Each had a copy of the (news) paper in which the article appeared, with him, and each in turn read passages that particularly appealed to him or her, passages more eminently beautiful than the rest. I invited them to dinner at a fashionable restaurant. They came—ate and drank heartily.

The next morning, another set of acquaintances and strangers came and congratulated me. I invited them to dinner also. A whole week was thus spent in what the "Ghost" called a literary revel. And these young fellows spread abroad that I was

a great wit; little did they know my Tutor, the "Ghost," whispered sentences to me—sentences which made them laugh, grow thirsty and drink more. This is a very thirsty country.

Then came the crash. It was only last night. I went to a dinner given by some fashionable people—in fact the dinner was specially given that these fashionable people and learned men and women might hear me speak. But my Tutor fell ill. I went alone.

The night and day previous I spent in planning what I would say in reply to such and such a question, and puzzled my brains for curious and humorous incidents which may have happened in my own dear country.

Then came the supper. I was dressed, as all these people dress, in an "evening suit," for I have discarded my national costume. My collar was a little too tall and a little too tight, and I felt anything but comfortable. I went to the house in what they call a motor-car, a strange conveyance, truly. No cattle pulls it. You turn a lever—bizz! bizz! jug! jug!—you're off. I have ordered a thousand of these to be ready by the time I'm returning home.

But the dinner.

I was the first to arrive. The company soon after began to drop in. I was introduced; some of the guests put me questions hoping, as I thought, to get from me learned or amusing replies. But I could think of none. They turned from me disappointed. An almost ominous silence resulted and I was making up my mind to plead illness and rush off to my hotel when dinner was announced. It was a different kind of dinner to the one at the ball. That one was what my Tutor called a "stand-up-supper," although we all sat down. There was much ceremony at this. With each course almost, came a peculiar kind of liquor. Instead of a general sort of prattle, the guests waited to hear something brilliant from me—they waited in vain. Then speeches were made and one ass of a fellow made special reference to me in his speech, telling the guests how clever and witty I was and the like. I had to reply—for all turned in their seats and looked at me. And somehow courage came. I said;

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am glad someone else has told you how clever I am, for I would have been too modest to do so

myself." They laughed at that, and I went on: "I am clever—and I trust you will take my word for it."

I sat down. I thought what I had said would convince the people (who had been invited to learn firsthand and be convinced that I was a genius) that I was an exceptionally smart man since another in my presence had said so, and I had confirmed it.

There was silence, however. Then the ladies rose from the table, and we all stood—another absurd custom. What think you, my son, of a man standing because a lady—they are not called women here, except those of the middle classes, the reason for which I have not yet discovered—enters the room or when she leaves it?

The women—I mean the ladies—retired, but the men stood, leaning on the backs of their chairs, and bowing, their heads wagging like cock-pigeons calling their mates to roost.

"We'll have coffee and cigars," said the host to me.

"I want no coffee," I said.

"Perhaps you would prefer joining the ladies! Yes—please do. Straight on—" and I went straight on into a room where the ladies were seated. I was pleased. I felt I knew how to converse with ladies—praise their dresses and so on. When I sat down, I considered that something pretty was always said to ladies; and I therefore tried to think of something, and presently sank into profound meditation. I could find nothing to say and the silence almost frightened me, while the ladies, possibly afraid of my learning, kept their mouths shut, thinking themselves not qualified to propose any subject of prattle. I was holding at the time a cup of coffee in my hand, and all my attention being on my own meditations, the cup slipped and was broken, and a lady's brocaded dress all spoilt. I was horrified. The ladies' mouths were now no longer shut. They said nothing to me, but loudly consoled the owner of the spoilt dress, and some said: "How clumsy."

I quickly stole out of the house—and to my hotel.

My son, I cannot help repeating over and again, that the customs here are peculiar. What do you think I found at the hotel? Guests. All knew I was invited out that night, yet these guests invited themselves, during my absence, to dinner at the hotel. They were delighted to see me—and didn't apologise in the least, and

even informed me, without a blush, that they had told the manager to debit me with the cost of the dinner. They were just beginning to play cards, but for a few moments postponed cards "just to have a talk" with me. There were women present. I don't know who they were, but gaudily dressed; and there was that man I met at the ball—that human screech-owl. He began at once—

"So you have come back sooner than you expected from the dinner," he said. "That is sad—very. We have a pleasant way of encouraging men of wit—very pleasant. When he is dead—we set up a monument in his honour—of marble, and tell on the stone what he had done for the country; but while alive—people neglect him—except a few, like those present—won't invite him or accept his invitations—except a few, like ourselves. Now, would not the money spent on costly monuments—been better utilised in providing bread and butter for many starving men of letters—when alive, and wanting it—eh?"

But another of the guests rebuked him. This may have been true, he said, in days gone by, but not now. Works by men of learning are eagerly read—

The screech-owl interrupted him. "They are read, and the money which went to buy the books—in the pockets of publishers—what? That's a deuced fact," he said, turning to me. "I know a young lady very pretty—clever. She appeared in the bankruptcy courts. Do you know why? No money to pay publishers and agents for producing her books—yet, her books are read by everybody. Don't you take to literature, Sir," he said, addressing me. "Bad business—jail or work-house. It is same with most professions—no money—no credit." He turned and pointed to an elderly medical man. "Look at him," he said—"clever—very—yet no money—poor; yet many blockheads are doing the grand in motors. Seven years ago I told him that he would never succeed in building up a business—didn't believe me—there he is—poor."

"An awful man that," said a lawyer to me. "He has done a lot of mischief. To my knowledge he has broken off a dozen marriages by telling the women engaged that they would never be happy; and frightened several young ladies to death by telling them that small-pox had quite spoilt their looks."

"By Hanga-hanga!" I exclaimed. "Why not ring his neck? Do you know how, in my country, we treat cocks* that cut short our slumbers? We cut short their lives; and that is how I would treat this prophet of evil were he in Bangywola."

See to it, my son, that in our country there are none save optimists.

(To be continued.)

J. H. WILLMER.

Lucknow.

*In the original the word is "Luntuwapapi," meaning "The husband of the fowl."

SKETCHES OF MIDDLE-CLASS HINDU LIFE.

(Concluded from our last number.)

III.

GOPAL had a happy home. His wife, a very beautiful girl, was kind and obedient to him.

"I do not care what becomes of me," she used to say. "All that I have to do is only to make my dear husband happy. There is no greater pleasure for me than that of making my husband happy."

Gopal was blessed with such a wife, and he was happy. He loved her with all the love

'of man and woman when they love their best

Closest and sweetest.'

Other married men and women would have envied Gopal and his wife if they had seen them together, even if it be once only.

But there was a cruel, wicked, croaking old hag, a perfect incarnation of 'Gagool' herself, in the house. And that was the mother-in-law of Saraswati (Saraswati was the name of Gopal's lovely wife). This old woman was very cruel to her daughter-in-law. Whenever Gopal left the house, Saraswati was sure to get some kind compliments from her mother-in-law. Whenever Saraswati spoke to her about anything, there was sure to be a storm in the house. We shall see by and by the notions of the old woman and how they were opposed to Gopal's.

One day Gopal returned home with a happy smile upon his face, and the first to greet him was his wife. Gopal was overjoyed. Opening a small card-board box, which he had in his hand, he took out a golden necklace and threw it round his wife's

neck. It was a very fine double chain, made of gold, wonderfully worked, with a locket in the centre containing a photo. This gold chain fell so lightly round her neck that she had to take it in her hands and examine what it was. There was a pause.

At length she broke the silence: "It is very beautiful."

"Oh, is it? Do you like it then? I knew you would like such a thing and so I myself saw it specially executed in such a manner as to suit and attract your fancy. It is yours."

Saraswati was deprived of her power of speech. She was so very happy. At last she spoke with some effort: "No, I do not even care much for the workmanship. I would wear anything you gave me. But you have given me this, my dearest thing on earth, which should ever be nearest my bosom," and she pointed to the locket which contained Gopal's photo. Gopal was charmed. He kissed his wife tenderly more than once and then left her alone in her chamber.

Saraswati hurried in, with the chain in her hand, that she might show it to her mother-in-law. She thought, innocent soul, that her mother-in-law would be pleased very much, both with herself and Gopal. But no! If Gopal had kissed her for her greeting, her mother-in-law would have kicked her for speaking to her, had not Saraswati prudently stood at a respectful distance, speaking in low suppressed tones.

"Mother," she said, "see this chain your son has bought for me. It is so beautiful."

"What chain!" echoed the old woman, and after casting a glance at the chain Saraswati was holding out to her, said: "Did he tell you what it cost him?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Only two hundred and thirty rupees."

"Only two hundred and thirty rupees!" echoed the woman. "Do you think it is a very paltry sum? Wear that *yourself* round your *beautiful* neck." Then as though she was speaking to herself she continued, "Who is to be blamed? My son is a fool—a henpecked fellow giving way to all the charms of this witch. See how he has wasted Rs. 230 in a moment. One thin chain for Rs. 230, and my daughter-in-law is going to wear it round her neck! It will not be visible even to the keenest observer! It is so *nice* as they call it. See our neighbour Lakshmi.

She is bowed down with the weight of her jewels. She is so beautiful because she wears so many jewels."

At this time, Gopal, who had listened to every word, while passing by, said, "Well, mother, Lakshmi has to make herself beautiful by artificial means. You say she looks beautiful because she wears jewels. But my wife, Saraswati, needs no ornaments to make herself beautiful. She is already——"

"Well, well, see here," interposed his mother, "is this the effect of Western civilization? Oh, this is *Kalikalam*. When has a son, till now, praised the beauty of his wife in the presence of his own mother! Where has all the respect, which he boasts of, for his mother, gone? When has a man so shamed his mother in the presence of his wife? You are grown fashionable. If you scold me like this on her behalf, and that in her own presence, how can you expect her to treat *me* kindly? How can you expect her to be modest? She always rules me as if she is the mistress of the house and I her servant. It is only you that make her so very unruly."

But the meek maid was gone to her room, and there she was seen by Gopal, her eyes full of tears and her kerchief wet. Her eyes were red. Gopal knew the reason well why she looked troubled. He comforted her by saying that he knew how she was being treated by his mother, how she had been enduring all this with patience, (for, in fact, even though her mother-in-law treated her very cruelly, she never breathed even as much as a whisper to her husband about the way in which she was treated), how all that his mother reported about her behaviour towards her, he knew to be false, and so on. So, if there was anything to disturb Saraswati's tranquillity of mind, it was the cruelty of her mother-in-law.

The old woman went on murmuring every day in this manner: "When I was a girl, I was then so meek and mild, quite unlike my daughter-in-law. The wishes of my mother-in-law were my own. I never used to speak to my husband except when we were alone. Oh, how many jewels I used to wear! People said I looked so beautiful decked in my jewels. But see my son. He wants that his wife should wear a nice gold chain round her neck, a pair of earrings (very nice ones) hardly to be seen but by the lustre of the stones, (the old woman regretted that her daughter-in-law did not wear those earrings which were large

and heavy, capable of making the ear nearly touch the shoulders), and a diamond ring on her finger. And she wants perfumes! Ay, hair oils too! Oh, what a foolish son I have!"

Gopal tried to mend his mother, but no! She would not relax her stern policy. Every day her interference in matters, quite unconnected with herself, became greater and greater. She often used to scold him and many a day when Gopal came home, he noticed that behind that pretended cheerful look of his wife, there was a cloud overhanging—a sense of sorrow and heart-rending grief, caused by, as he well knew, the unkindness of his mother towards his wife. He felt that if he did not take the necessary steps, he himself would be making his wife's lot very miserable.

He pondered long over what was to be done and the step he was going to take, and at last thought it just that he should do so. He set up a very good establishment of servants, grooms and cooks, set apart a large house for his mother to live in, furnished her with enough money for her expenses and left her to live alone there with all comfort and ease, while he himself went with his wife to a separate part of the city to live and pass his time in perfect harmony. The old woman, for the rest of her life, spent her time in cursing the 'vile witch,' as she called Saraswati, who, according to her belief, had by her beauty charmed and ensnared her son and made him desert her in her grey hairs. But Saraswati was still innocent!

IV.

One evening two girls were coming home from school. One of them was aged twelve and the other a little younger. The elder of them was called Kamala and the younger, Meena. An old woman met them on their way.

"What! you—you—you read even now?" said she in some surprise, addressing Kamala.

"Why, mother, why not?" asked the innocent girl, in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that I should not read?"

"Do you mean that we should not have any education because we are girls?" asked Meena.

"Why, you may read for a year or more. Then only you can get dolls to play with. If you do not go to school, you will not get

any prizes and so you will come back from the school with no dolls in your hands," said the old woman to Meena.

"Why, Kamala stands first in our school, and she is likely to get more dolls than anybody in the school," said Meena.

"But she is *married*," said the old woman, "whereas you are not married. Until you become the wife of another man, you may go to school. For then you may know how to write all the songs in a notebook, instead of committing them to memory and likely to be forgotten."

"But education enlarges the mind," said Kamala. "Moreover, it teaches us many things, many arts and many sciences."

"Yes, teaches girls how to dupe their husbands, how to write love-letters to others, whom to select for their private company, how to knit and sew and not how to cook, etc., and many other things! If I had a daughter, I would rather kill her than impart to her this English education," and she went away.

"See the crooked notions of these crones," said Kamala. "She says that we read only to get dolls as prizes and to learn to write songs in a notebook. She says that all girls who read are immoral! One in a thousand may be so. But this should not be applied as a general statement. See how very absurd her notions are."

"I wish that at least for the sake of my education, I should be married seven or eight years hence," said Meena.

"Why, by that time you will be an unmarried *woman*!"

"What if I be so? Do you think there will be nobody to marry me then? They are all crying out for social reform and condemning early marriage."

"Early marriage is bad, indeed. But what can we do? We must obey our parents. I know that early marriages bring about many disastrous results."

"You speak as though you have a good deal of experience," said Meena.

"Yes. If you will but listen I will tell you what happened some two years back to the family of my uncle."

"Pray do tell me."

"Then listen."

"My uncle's name is Swaminathan. The year before last he had to solve a great problem, whether to run into debt and make his whole life miserable or to have his daughter unmarried

for a very long time. He was then drawing only Rs. 50 a month and he had not saved anything. But Lakshmi, his daughter, was then nine years old. People often blamed him for not choosing a proper husband for Lakshmi. So he thought of marrying her, without fail, that very year. But he had no money. So he was forced to harness himself to the yoke of creditors. This he did. He borrowed Rs. 900 from various sources at high rates of interest. 'The marriage was not grand at all!' was the opinion of some. But the marriage was celebrated. The son-in-law in the end proved to be a man of very bad character. He passed most of his time with his friends abroad and in ale houses, contracted vile habits, never cared for his wife, beat her severely whenever an opportunity presented itself, quarrelled with his father-in-law unnecessarily, and did many other wicked things. Moreover, he often applied for huge sums of money to his father-in-law, which the latter could not refuse. So my uncle ran more and more into debt and his life became all the more miserable.

"Lakshmi came of age and her nuptials were to be celebrated. The son-in-law refused to have his nuptials celebrated unless his father-in-law gave him Rs. 1,000 on the spot; 'or,' said he, 'keep your daughter yourself and let her die. I don't care.' My uncle applied to my father for help. My father readily gave him Rs. 1,000. So the nuptials were celebrated. But that man would not have a home anywhere. He left his wife in her mother's house and himself wandered from one town to another always surrounded by a host of wicked companions. All this brought hereditary feuds between Lakshmi's parents and her husband's parents. Some blamed Lakshmi for remaining too simple and dull without enchanting him with her beauty. Her life became very wretched. You see my uncle is not yet free from debt. His whole life hereafter is to be one mass of troubles and difficulties," concluded Kamala.

"You preach about the evils of early marriage. And yet you were married when you were only eight and your sister, though she is now only five, is, you say, to be married *next month*!" said Meena.

"Yes," said Kamala. "What can I do? It is the will of my parents, and if they ask me anything about that, I will simply say I don't like these early marriages."

"But situated as we are, we can do nothing but marry a man whom we have not seen in our life before, be he good or bad, only to please our parents, and to make our lives unhappy, all because we want to respect the absurd notions of our parents, and to respect also the time-honoured customs of our community, as they call it!" said Meena, rather petulantly.

R. NARAYANASWAMY RAO.

Pudukkottai.

LETTERS FROM A WAR HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

(Continued from our last issue.)

VI.

NOVEMBER 30th My Dear D.—I cannot tell whether it is really that I am for the moment, as the doctor said one day in a flash of enthusiasm, *plus française que les françaises* or simply whether it is impossible to live among those who need sympathy and aid without learning to love them, that these French soldiers seem to me to possess such an extraordinarily appealing quality by reason of their childlikeness, their absolute natural spontaneity, and lack of self-consciousness. First I feel it when I see them lying on their beds, or standing by them, waiting for the event which starts the day, the visit of the Doctor. It is not easy to put into words the special human quality which they express, the quality of patient waiting, not martyrdom exactly, for there is an element of protest in martyrdom, but more acceptance. "One must not seek to understand," writes one telling of the grievous methods of the military hospitals, the harsh discipline which weighs more on the spirits at last than does the suffering from the wounds.

I feel the appeal of this quality most strongly during the Mass in the little chapel which blooms like a solitary flower among the stony deserted corridors of the big hotel. Somehow I cannot picture the God of the Lord Bishops, Catholic or Protestant, the jealous God of the Decalogue, the exacting God of the evangelical sects, approving of the worship we bring Him here; I am almost sure that He would frown over the naïve war hymns that we sing, such as: "Ils ne l'auront jamais, jamais," with its appeal to the "God of our fathers, known of old."

"Sois avec nous, comme jadis,

Aux premiers jours de notre histoire,

Donne-nous encor la victoire,
 Dieu de Clotilde et de Clovis.
 Ils ne l'auront jamais, jamais,
 Ils ne l'auront jamais, jamais,
 Le vieux sol béni de la France,
 L'heure vient de sa délivrance,
 Ils ne l'auront jamais, jamais."

And above all that which we sing every Sunday as the little Curé serves the Mass, the invocation to Jeanne the Maid, with its haunting refrain :—

" O Jeanne d'Arc, à la frontière,
 Nos fils combattent l' étranger,
 A leur secours, vole, O guerrière,
 Car la patrie est en danger.
 Prends de nouveau ta place
 Au front des régiments,
 Et va bouter, loin de l'Alsace,
 Jusqu'au dernier des Allemands."

But the " Our Father " of the peasants on the Galilean hills would accept these prayers, I am sure, and would not care in the least about the many little breaches of strict propriety, which would greatly disturb his worshippers in the stiff decorum of Protestantism. As for instance, when Bourdau's musical enthusiasm so carries him away that his vehement instructions to his soldier-choir are as audible to the congregation below as to the singers in the tiny gallery.

But after all it is the bedtime hour when one feels most this quality of childlike engagingness of the ordinary Frenchman. Then the big ward seems like a great nursery full of tired children, children who are good or naughty, clever or stupid, beautiful or homely, but never without the childlike appeal of confidence, of need. Then it seems that there is not one so crude, so ignorant so twisted, so hairy, middle-aged and unattractive, as to fail to awaken the protecting maternal instinct.

It is a pity that we have no genius to write bedtime stories about these wards full of broken soldiers.

† To-night, for instance, the ward was unusually animated and full of conversation. Over at one end Chauvel and Boulanger have just concluded a mild pillow fight, and have settled

back to quietly hum "Tipperary". Good old Bourdain, his shirt pulled over his head, is having his back rubbed with turpentine and grumbling subterraneously into his folded arms about a mysterious visitation of "la colique."

In the next bed but one, the tall "cultivateur" with the beautiful eyes and the German ball lodged so near his heart that no doctor dare probe for it, has sung himself quietly to sleep, and is slumbering as peacefully as an infant. Across the way an animated, ornithological discussion is proceeding with the purpose of defining the difference between a raven and a crow. And another, further down the ward, seems to have taken an ethnological turn, since an emphatic voice is heard declaring that, "les Arabes ne sont pas les Français."

The funny little man in No. 9 who lost an eye at the Dardanelles, and is partly the butt, and partly the clown, of the ward, has stopped grumbling because some one tucked a checker-board and some sticks of wood into his bed, and is happily and successfully imitating the noises of the barnyard.

It is all very foolish and babyish, but it does not mean that all these "simple soldiers" are crude, ignorant and uneducated. If there were time, I could turn to one who would read the poems of Victor Hugo as hardly anyone I know elsewhere reads poetry. If there were time, I could engage at least three of the wounded in a game of chess which would be very much worth while. If there were time for general conversation, the chef in the kitchen has a turn of wit and a gift of clear expression which many a college Professor might envy. The full-bearded man whose home is in Corsica improved the term of his "friction" by explaining to me all about the French Academy, how the members are elected, why they are called the Immortals, the genius they must have, the different chairs they occupy, and how the Academy is the only thing that has survived the Revolution unchanged.

Yesterday evening when I went to the bureau to get one for a massage, he was reading *Cyrano de Bergerac* to an enthralled audience, which afterwards engaged in an animated and intelligent discussion of the greatest French actors, Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, etc., which carried them happily into their beds. I was rather sorry when they thought of asking me what playwrights we have in America like Edmond Rostand.

And no matter how foolish and full of badinage their talk may be, they never forget the courtesy due to the women who may be present. Or if any should forget, he is called to prompt account. One cold evening it happened that I sat beside the little stove during the half hour before supper, and round about the men began an animated conversation in Provençal. In a very short time one came across the ward filled with righteous indignation: "Madam is good enough to come and sit with us, and you know no better than to converse in a language she cannot understand. You lack in politeness."

When Mademoiselle Hélène presides at the piano in the evening, the English National Anthem is always made a feature of the programme. It is called for early among the songs, and when once we would have deferred or omitted it, the audience was quite disturbed. "But we are Allies," Mademoiselle was earnestly assured, "we must sing your National Hymn."

"*Un pays envahi*," one says the words so easily while so little realising the sense of what it means to a country to lie at the feet of the conquerors. I wonder sometimes if anyone in America can possibly feel what the situation is of those whose families are prisoners in their own homes. Worse than prisoners in some ways, for the soldiers in the German camps may write and receive letters and gifts, but the inhabitants of the invaded districts have no such privileges. "To have no news of one's family for over a year; it is worse than being wounded three times," one said not long ago. And it is surprising how many there are in like case, men who are left practically to the care of public charity, since they are cut off from all source of supply outside of the daily sou provided for the "simple soldat" by his paternal government.

To-day my patient who has been in bed so long told very briefly and uncomplainingly his story. He is from Reims, a joiner and builder by trade; he has a young wife, and for three years before the war he and his father-in-law worked on a house, evenings and holidays, fitting and furnishing it with a care that so few dwellers under modern roofs have the time and skill to give to the buildings they call home. It was not quite finished, and there was still a debt on it of several thousand francs, when the Germans came. Now, it is a heap of blackened ruins, and those who reared it with such loving toil and care are homeless wanderers. After seven months living under bombardment the

wife took a little room in Paris where she lives and works for the support of the old father. When Hippolyte wrote her to-day, he put in a blossom from the tiny bouquet of late roses and marguerites beside the bed.

"Because her name is Marguerite."

The State cares for Marguerite's mother, for she lost her mind, and lives with the insane.

And Hippolyte lies here tied to his bed with the relics of a wound, and an obstinate intestinal complaint, with nothing to do, nothing to think of but the destruction of his city, and the ruin of his life-work. And he is never disagreeable, never morose, never complaining. Every morning he makes his little toilet, brushes his hair up into a neat crest, and waits cheerfully to see whether to-day the doctor will allow him some food. When he leaves here, if he gets better and has a convalescence, where will he go?

And this disaster which has ship-wrecked so many individual lives is only a microcosm of the ruin that has come to the lesser nations. It came to Belgium. It came to Poland. It came to Servia. It has come to ten departments of France. Realising it, it seems like a demon risen out of the gulf, which is destroying the world by inches. And before it the world seems paralysed...

They say here that the cities that were to be desolated as examples of the reign of "frightfulness" were all decided upon before the war. Ypres, Reims, Louvain, were sentenced before a shot was fired in their defence. "A doomed city," said a German officer in the earliest days of the war, to one who spoke of his native place.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD PROvence.

One wakes to the 24th December with the feeling that there is an unbroken stretch of thirty-six hours in front, and that it will be Christmas Day. Already the Christmas hymns seem to float across the gulfs of restless waters, and echo in the brain.

But to-day they sound almost like a mockery:

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:

'Peace upon earth, goodwill to men,'
From Heaven's eternal King;
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing."

It lies to-day, great tracts of it, mere wastes of torn and blood-soaked ground, of burnt-black homes, and ruined cities, where the great cathedrals, giant flowers of the ages of faith, raise their torn and shattered walls about their desolate altars. The world has hardly realised it yet, the wreck of glories which never can be replaced, the ruins of to-day, the irreparable loss of posterity.

The little churches may grow up again, though never just the same. Yesterday one wrote from the front: "Unfortunately we cannot go to Mass, for we are too near the lines of the Boches. The churches here, you cannot imagine them, the walls are nothing but holes, the insides only heaps of rubbish from the shells. . . . We are in a little village not quite destroyed by the cursed Boches. It rains always and sometimes snow falls. One is always wet, and in the trenches the mud is up to the knees. But one does not think of it nor pay attention, for we have only one thought, to see our dear country rise victorious out of this great conflict that fills Europe with blood."

If it had been savage hordes from some far distant land, it seems that it would not be unbearable. One would have said, at least we have the testimony of our faith. But *they* too call themselves Christian, they also have heard through two thousand years the message of the Christmas angels.

Those are most fortunate who have much to do, and but little time to think. And here, too, is the Christmas mail, heaps of it arriving so beautifully with its Christmas messages of trust and cheer. Canada, robed in white under frozen skies, sends love and warmth out into the silent distance. India, glowing with sun and color, sends help and cheer over the black waters. From the front, from hospital beds, and from scattered towns they send to say "Happy Christmas, I press your hand from afar." From the Cote d'Ayur comes a basket of lovely flowers sent by a working-woman whose three brothers are fighting for their country.

"Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas in lands of the fir and pine,
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night."

At five o'clock the duties of the day halt to permit of a brief reunion about the great fire of logs in Mlle. Hélène's wide chimney.

They come in from the little chapel next door where the Christmas chants have been rehearsing—those whom we call the Professor, the Singer, the Sergeant. The room is gay with bowls of blossoms, anemones, minosa, wonderful carnations, Christmas roses sent up from the Cote d'Azur, and with boughs of mistletoe and crimson holly. There is wine to drink a Christmas health, and "petits fours," and a pink tape to set out on the window sill "to light the Christ Child up the street," as they light Him in the streets of the old town the pilgrims began to build on the three hills by Massachusetts Bay.

Because the Sergeant is the only member of the party whose legs are both long and sound, it is his task to hang the Christmas stockings from the top of the high old carved mirror. After the midnight mass we shall see whether Santa Claus, or whether the Bonhomme Noël really passed our way. And now there is a festive supper at the hospital and an impromptu concert to precede the stripping of the Christmas tree.

Midnight, and the little Chapel all alight and dressed with boughs of mistletoe and flowers, real and of fantasy, seems to smile a welcome as her children troop in out of the dark and chill of the night. There are children of all ages, a few tiny boys and girls, women from the village, crippled soldiers in worn and shabby clothes, but all the children of sorrow, all laden with the long burden of care. Drawn so strangely together from far places, lonely folk of many scattered families, the familiar notes of the *Adeste Fideles* seem to bring all together, to enfold all with the sense of a common humanity, one fellowship of sorrow and of aspiration.

And though all must be sad, there are no tears. Rather the everbrooding sense of the stern resolve, the high determination, which is the dominant mood of the nation to-day. From the tiny choir gallery Serret's lovely voice rings out, firm and true and vibrant, in that most appealing and haunting of all the Christmas songs:

"Noël, Noël, voici le Redempteur,"

The sweet high notes, how suppliant they are—

"Noël, Noël, chantons le Redempteur."

For a brief moment the little mountain chapel fades away, and the music floats over the heads of folk of another land, among the high spaces of a far-off church set among Canadian snows. There as of old, there as here, they too are singing, this, the saddest of the Christmases :

"Noël, Noël, voici le Rédempteur."

The sermon of the village Curé about the Child-God, He who comes to save, how old it seems, old as the sacred mistletoe, old as the Pyramids ; it links the lost ages with the present, knits up the dead with the living.

"For all our comrades dead on the field of honor," prays the little Curé, rapidly and monotonously. And a shiver of emotion seems to bend the souls of the kneeling people as the shadow of a cloud ripples a field of grain. . . . "For all our comrades dead on the field of honor, Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And then there are a few of the wounded ready to take communion, cripples all, limping on their crutches and sticks up the narrow crowded aisle.

And thus has Christmas Day begun, Christmas of the year of Our Lord 1915 !

K. W. .

France.

"CAGE OF PERILOUS DREAMS."

WITH a mesh of dreams still tangling her senses, Moira O'Mara groped from her bed to the window-curtains, drew them back, and flung the windows wider.

It was a breathless dawn, colour at first no more than a faint bloom upon mist, but deepening gradually into tones intense and virginal. In the foreground, three terraces swung out in bold lines, each one high-walled by the one above: and walls and edges were a riot of flaring detail—rare creepers and flowers blossoming in wildest profusion. The last terrace ended in a dazzling herbaceous border, behind which stood a wall of scarlet sweet peas: then the landscape became indefinite—there was a sudden drop to woods, and lower still, to a winding river, with ranges of hills beyond, vague and glimmering in the rising sun.

The girl looked out on the scene, striving to recover balance through its familiar outline. It swam before her, unreal, confused. Her eyes, still sleep-dazed, were "filled with perishing dreams and the wrecks of forgotten delirium," so that beyond the wall of sweet peas there seemed to stretch a country vast and strange and pale, dimmed with mysterious shadows,—the country of her dream. What was the horror that lurked among the far hills? Whose baneful influence was to shrivel the green as with a blight?

She shuddered as consciousness awoke more fully, restoring to memory the events of the night before. Was it indeed only the night before that she and her lover had sat on that terrace at sundown—a sundown breathless and glimmering as this dawn? Her whole being had then been penetrated by the colour and peace of a great happiness. When in the twilight Horace Playfair had slipped the engagement ring upon her finger, it was for one

dazzling moment as if a vast zone of gold had been swung about her life, pearly with hurrying moons.

Then darkness had come with its dreams, dreams vivid and terrible : black eddying waters that swept at the very foundations of her love. Her dream-impressions had been unbearably strong when she sprang out of bed and threw the windows wider, but now in the tonic light she felt them slipping back into remote distance, vanishing irrecoverably from her memory. They must not elude her so—her destiny might hang upon these mediaries of guidance or warning. With a strong effort of will, she strove to retrace links, to recapture events, to call up again the visions that had so filled her with shrinking and with dread. But she could evoke no more than a few detached scenes, fragments of some perished whole. These were all frail with a like marvel of beauty, and were all ground down under a like monotony of doom.

The girl remembered how in her dream she had just emerged from a thick-wove wood, whose intertwinings were luminous and aspiring as though they strove in an ecstasy, and whose deeps of flowers had a largeness and a radiance not of earth. She saw before her an infinite range of down-country, the grass paled by some inner light breaking from the ground—a country that seemed made as a floor for angels' feet. Then from afar came a dark figure approaching, familiar even at the distance, but flapping and grotesque : alien, inimical to this haunted quietude. And as her lover came nearer—for it was he--the farther curves of down hardened into ridges : their thick softnesses showed streaks of green like shining ice ; a cold wind blew suddenly : in all the wood there was a sharp metallic rattling : and she stood on a little island of withered copper in a vast world of arctic flocs.

Then other scenes flitted before her—the lofty springing of vast cathedrals whose roofs were the fretted clouds. Within the limitations of walls there lived a worship that led the soul beyond the reach of thought. Then looking out from the cathedral door she saw from the distance the same figure approaching, and as he neared, the clouds floated from the roofs, leaving the aisles open to the sky, and the buttresses and the chapels crumbled to dust till at last there stood only a pillar or two of the cathedral and the great stone frame of the East window. All had turned to desolation and ruin.

She covered her eyes with her hands. What did it mean, what could it mean, this blighting atmosphere of the man whom she loved and who loved her? Out of what depths of self had arisen this cruel travesty of the man she held dear? The thing in her dream was Horace, she knew, knew by infallible instinct--but Horace pinched, changed, different: a shatterer of fragile beauty before whom the tender ministers of unseen benedictions fled. Then the terror that had haunted her took visible shape. Which was the real Horace--him whom the night had cast up out of its depths--a stranger of implacable destruction: or the daylight Horace, the Horace she familiarly knew, gentle and kind, who had for surety her reason and for warranty her love? How was she to tell whether her dreams were the work of some inward monitor, revealing traits of character to which her waking devotion blinded her, or whether they were the mere irresponsible vagaries of vagrant thought? Trembling as she recalled the tender passion of her love-plighting, shuddering as the dark memory of her dreams gripped her anew, she stood looking out into the dawn, her mind a chaos of conflicting emotions, knowing not whither to turn for guidance or for inspiration.

Meanwhile, the daylight Horace, returning from an early morning swim, thrilled as he saw Mona's white figure framed in the dark of the window. She was pale and slender: her hair, indefinite as ash-colour, hung about her shoulders like a cloud. There was no rose in the pure oval of her face. The flower of her beauty was in her large grey-blue eyes, which had the far look of one who scans distant horizons.

These eyes with their strangeness and stillness had first told Playfair of the mystery of woman. No such revelation had come to him from the conventional women he had met socially, women of stereotyped conversation and manufactured opinion. Indeed, he had been somewhat indifferent to the women of society, though his position as barrister and member of Parliament forced him to attend a certain number of functions. He was really at his best in small literary coteries of men, where his wit, his agility of mind, his culture were appreciated at their true worth. In appearance he was tall and lean and dark, with a long thin face, bald, dome-shaped forehead, and black, bright eyes set somewhat close together. William O'Mara, one of the Nationalist members,

had invited him over to Galway for the fishing, and there Playfair had met Moira. After the conventions of London she seemed to him veritably a creature of the rivers and the woods, fresh, spontaneous, original, with that delicious languour which often accompanies the power of intense feeling. The vein of romance in his nature was stirred. He fell in love with her, and the two had come to an understanding. Now, at his mother's house, where she was staying on a visit, this understanding had been ratified by the formal engagement of the night before.

She leaned out of the window, grave, bewildered, dazed by the hurtle of clashing thoughts. He felt that her frail being was swayed by some tumultuous emotion—emotion, as he guessed, that had come with the burning experience of love given and returned. Like a captured wood-nymph she seemed to him panting, and yet, glad. Playfair always prided himself on being a lover of poetry, and was indeed possessed of pure and delicate taste. His aptness at quotation was the admiration of the press. As unseen by her he stood looking up at her slender beauty, noting the agitated blue of her heavy-lidded eyes, some lines of *Cædric* Gould's, curiously applicable to Moira at the moment, flashed into his mind:

“ Out of the red-brown earth, out of the grey-brown streams
 “ Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams.”

II

All that day as far as she was able, Moira avoided her lover. Her shyness was sweet to him and seemed to touch her with a woodland grace: but at sundown, when she came trailing over the lawn, there was a pallor in her face and a fatigue in her movements that startled him. He went briskly to meet her, and after a curious moment of hesitation, she took his arm. Her eyes looked troubled out of deep shadows.

They sat down on a favourite marble seat on the terrace. Her curved hat threw a soft shadow on her face: there was a fragrant delicacy in all her being, even to the small appointment of her grey dress lit with blue. For a while they were silent: timidly she stretched out her hand. Playfair took it in his strong grasp and she turned to him reassured.

The spell of his presence was upon her—the spell of his love: but in remote consciousness there was a flapping of shadowy

doubts—dim imprisoned things that struggled towards the light.

"I want you to tell me," she whispered, "truly—honestly—what you think about dreams."

The question seemed to Playfair exquisitely in keeping with the aloofness of her personality. Another woman, he fancied, would have been agitated about the business of her trousseau; would have been making feverish schemes for the future, or at best would have been brooding over her own romance in a tranced self-absorption. That Moira had not, as he supposed, been thinking of him, did not disturb Playfair in the least: he had sure confidence in her affection and her little gesture of appeal spoke poignantly to his manhood.

"Dreams haven't come my way, Moira," said Playfair. "I think it is rather you who are an authority on this subject."

"You say that because I spoke once of those strange experiences I had out on the Aran Islands," Moira replied, "but I don't mean dreams that one sees waking—dreams that are incorporate with the air of certain places. I mean the dreams of night, the dreams of sleep. Tell me your real opinion of them."

He looked at her tenderly. It was a pride to him that she had been able to speak of things that he knew were intimate and sacred to her—pride that he in his turn had proved capable of sympathetically entering into her mood. At least he had never frightened her by any implied scepticism. It gave this keen advocate, this agile debater a sense of enlarged powers to feel that the realms of fancy and of vision were as open to him as the realms of politics and of law. And surely dreams were a fit subject for this dazzling evening, when the whole world seemed melting into sun-steeped mist, and the masses of terraced flowers took a colour more sombre and splendid than the noon of day knew.

"I would rather talk about the dreams of waking," said Playfair, "the dream of this moment, when I hold your hand;—"

She slid her hand gently away. "Horace, I want your opinion, I want your help. Something depends on it, something important. Are dreams—sleep-dreams—actual things? Ought we to give them heeding? Is there anything behind them?" She searched his face.

Surely, surely, he would be able to quiet her, to still her fears. The sinister figure of the night before seemed so incapable

of hurt in this golden evening. Yet she was too honest to ignore her dream and its vague implication, too shaken by it to abandon herself to the peace and content of the moment. "Do you think dreams matter?" she asked.

Playfair smiled as he replied. "Not if you were to offer me the sweetest of fees could I give you Counsel's opinion on a question like this. What documents have we? None of any legal value: only such splendid literary architecture as De Quincy and Coleridge built out of the fume of drugs—an achievement that ends in fume. What evidence have we? A vague jumble of ill-remembered impressions, 'strayed from the fugitive flock of the night.' Psychology and Metaphysics are sciences barely in embryo, and these must grow to full development before the knowledge of dreams can even be approached. I suppose in time dreams will be caught and tamed and tabulated, like electricity and steam: but meanwhile, why trouble about their meaning or their reality?"

"But surely, surely, there's something to go on in so grave a matter!" exclaimed Mona. "surely, after all these thousands of years, some one theory must have gained weight!" She looked seriously troubled, but she smiled as she added, "Take off your wig and go on Horace, I don't want Counsel's opinion—just your own ideas."

He delighted in her strange eagerness about abstract questions and was flattered by the importance she placed on his judgment. Also he enjoyed talking on any subject. "Does the matter seem so grave to you, Mona?" he asked. "Well, I suppose the most advanced view about dreams is that they are real things—real even when due to physical conditions, indigestion or liver, real even if they are the delirium of madness or of drink. This seems to be the theory of the Psychologists who follow Professor William James. Then the Theosophists hold that dreams are real, that in dreams we are on the astral plane, in a different phase of being from the physical: and thus they account for the greater brilliance and extension that certain dreams have over waking existence. They contend also," he continued—it was pleasant to feel he had so much to set forth—"that our memory retains only the last flash of thought jarred into life by returning consciousness—a kind of chaotic chord."

"They say dreams are real," said Moira, "but they mean—"

only—surely, they mean only that imagination is creative—or that we can escape from certain trammels. I want your opinion on a different case. Suppose you see people you know in dreams, people who appear under a wholly new aspect, changed, hardly to be recognized: how does this picture stand with regard to our waking impressions?”

“Well, my own belief is,” Playfair replied, “that there are dreams and dreams. Some mere thought-recapitulations, fantastically combined. Others rising out of those shadowy recesses of being that we call the subliminal self. I think dreams that reveal unsuspected traits in people we know well may come under this last head. I feel certain there are parts of us, unknown to our normal state, undiscovered, unexplored, which observe, which criticize, which judge, and it seems to me by no means improbable that these records should sometimes gush up in the shape of dreams.”

She had pressed him to a conclusion, a conclusion that seemed to be the end of all her hopes. Her waking vision, dazed by love, had seen Horace with a halo about him—saw him so still: but some inner vision—so his argument worked out—some inner vision, profounder, more detached, had shown her the dark image of the night, trampling upon beauty and upon worship. All her life she had followed the still small voice and into strange paths it had led her. If this time it were indeed authentic, could she at whatever sacrifice hesitate to obey? Her tension, her extreme pallor, suddenly became apparent to Playfair. There was something more than intellectual curiosity behind her eagerness.

“So you believe,” she said slowly, “that dreams have very high authority—the highest—that they speak more truly, more certainly than the evidence of the senses.”

“Why do you ask?” he replied abruptly.

She shrank before his keen eyes. How could she explain and tell him of this horror?

Playfair made a rapid mental review of the conversation. “Moira—you haven’t been leading me on, forcing me to express myself in the dark, and all the while keeping back some hidden motive?”

She tried to rise, to escape that searching glance, but he seized her hands. “No—sit down. You must tell me what is

in your mind. Something is troubling you, perplexing you. You have been having perhaps dreams that disturb you, dreams that touch upon our relation. I must know. I have the right to know."

"Please leave go," she murmured. "You have no right at all over my dream-experiences. There are privacies of thought—sanctities."

He still held her hands. "Dear, you came to me for help, for advice. How can I do anything unless I have the facts? You have been luring me a will o' the wisp dance into rather dangerous places. Having got me in a corner, you must let me help myself out."

She broke from him and sprang away. Why should her whole happiness rest in her belief or disbelief in uncertainties incapable of test or proof? And yet the land of dreams had always been a greater reality to her than the land of waking. "You said there was some deeper self which criticizes which judges—"

"Moirá, was it quite fair to let me spin a web of fanciful speculations for your amusement and make me entangle myself in my own idle words?" said Playfair in a low voice. "At least, I can't have you use them against me," he added. There was no pleading, but rather warning in his tone. "I must understand the position fully. I insist that you tell me the whole truth, now, at once."

She looked at him startled: his eyes were a little hard: he had never spoken to her in that tone before. She could not connect the man she loved with the Horace of her dream—but still—might he not be less perfect than she had believed? True, she had once or twice spoken to him freely before of her fancies and visions. But it was a different matter to give up her inmost dreams on compulsion. she shrank from the thought that he should consider himself at liberty to demand access into her citadels. Besides, he had accused her of playing with him. Trembling and hurt, she walked to the end of the terrace. The dream was already beginning to cast its darkness between them.

Playfair bit his lip. He had blundered, he knew, blundered badly. Of course he resented the fact that she had tricked him into an unconsidered expression of opinion, but he realized the unfortunate effect that his words might have on her impressionable nature. He saw, too, how she had stiffened at his peremptory

speech. He was determined that his captured wood-nymph should have no secrets apart from him—no solitary wild flights even into dreamland; had he not shown himself capable of accompanying her? But a crisis was imminent, and he felt he must summon all his discretion to meet it.

He followed her to where she stood. She looked up, her eyes dim with tears. She had forgotten her perturbations about the dream in distress at her lover's attitude. "Beloved," "beloved," he whispered, "tell me only what you will. Our love is great and strong enough to drive away all shadows."

"Tell me only what you will," he repeated.

In spite of the soft words, she knew he was forcing her to speak. Perhaps after all it was best he should hear. Besides, she loved him and could no longer withstand his will.

"I dreamed of you last night—and other nights before too," she whispered hurriedly, "only you were not as you are now, but changed and harsh—" she slid over the description as much as she could, "and wherever you came, things withered and turned to dust—and wherever you had been, there was a waste—"

A spasm passed over Playfair's face. It was not an agreeable picture. For one horrible second he wondered if some inner self had actually revealed to her unknown possibilities in his character. Then his habitual self-complacency reasserted itself. He knew himself not harsh, but on the contrary a kind man: not destructive, but in every department of life, creative. There was nothing in this topsy-turvy travesty to disturb their happy relationship. "Is that all, Moira?" he asked her.

"All I can tell, Horace. It is hateful to have dreamed such things. Never a thought of mine but has been loyal and loving."

"Do you think I don't know that, my dear one?" said Playfair tenderly. "It is just because you are so loyal and so loving that this grotesque caricature has leaped into your dreams. You know if the mind holds a subject with strained intensity for any length of time, the thing sometimes jumps free, and cuts the most fantastic capers. After close application at a brief I have often dreamed of all the parties indulging in ridiculous high jinks and have seen the whole process of the courts turned into a screaming farce. You have been thinking of me—isn't it so, darling? And my mental image has suddenly seen fit to rebel, and trick out my whole character in harlequin contradictions."

"I can believe anything you tell me now," she answered, "anything, anything, because you are beside me. But when night comes—and that waking of horror—O Horace, might it not be a warning? If I married you, how could I face sleep? And by day, perhaps, I should fancy you were turning into the dream thing."

He put his arm very gently about her and led her back to the seat. "My dear one, it is natural you should shrink a little at the thought of a new strange life," he whispered, "and that your over-vivid imagination should turn me into a kind of Dream-Ogre. But I am not a Dream-Ogre, Moira, you know that in your heart; I am a real man, your lover; this bogey of the night is only a thing of exaggerated emotion—emotion frightened by the thought of the unknown. Lean as I am, I am far too solid ever to turn into my ugly double."

"I wish you hadn't made me tell you," she murmured.

"But, dear, why should I mind? I understand so exactly the reasons for this happening! And after all, perhaps you think too well of me, and the dream came as a wholesome corrective! Anyhow, the wise thing now is to put the matter completely out of mind. Let us fight these fancies by turning our thoughts to practical things, to things of common sense."

She smiled. "Very well; you shall be my only reality," she answered, "and, indeed, I can't remember anything when I am with you, except that I am with you."

III

The terraces were shadowy with seven years' more growth of the bordering trees, and the massed plants flaunted with seven years' more luxuriance of leaf and flower and stem. The place now belonged to Horace Playfair and his wife, for old Mrs. Playfair, Horace's mother, was dead. Seven years of marriage had set more shadows on Moira's face, had sent a sheen of silver through her cloudy hair, had given her expression an additional wistfulness and sweetness. But something had gone out of her face—it was as though a light had been quenched, a source of vitality withdrawn: the initial freshness, the sharp savour of personality had vanished.

She sat on the marble seat, passive, an unopened book in her lap; the afternoon was perfect; her little son of four years

was playing on the lower terrace. Beyond the revel of mediæval colour where each flower glowed with pre-Raphaelite distinctness, there stretched the vague land of hills and of rivers, melting into farthest distance. Intellectually she realized the beauty of the scene; intellectually the joy of her child was present with her; but the edge and leap of rapture were gone, the dizzying adventure of nature, the ecstatic moments of identification with tree and cloud, the poignant companionship of the unseen. For after marriage a veil had been drawn between her and these experiences; her susceptibilities lost their keenness, her emotions their rebound. The wonder faded out of the world, and the primrose became no more than a yellow primrose. She still knew happiness, satisfaction, content, but it was a happiness uninspired, a satisfaction based on custom, and content that was pure passivity. A vague groping sorrow possessed her as she sat with unopened book at her own dull want of response to the surpassing beauty of the day.

Playfair came out upon the terrace. He was leaner than ever: a stereotyped expression had hardened on his face, half cleverness, half kindness; his eyes were even more piercing and inquisitive than before. Success had attended his every venture, and the highest ambition of his profession was now well within his grasp.

He stood for a moment enjoying the scene. His wife's figure leaning back in the marble seat gave an old-fashioned grace to the garden. How distinguished and charming she looked, he thought, like some delicate Reynold's picture--only that those eyes could never have belonged to the Eighteenth Century! But since marriage, he reflected, their wildness had grown subdued; Moira's girlish exuberance had matured to a grave dignity; he felt now with pride that there was no position, however exalted, that she would not adorn. There had once been a fear in his mind that her love would make too great a strain upon him, that her nature might prove exacting in its demands, but on the contrary she had met every circumstance of life with the most exquisite tact and reserve. He felt that his marriage had been as great a success as any of his ventures, largely because it had allowed him ample opportunity to devote himself to his ambitions.

He came and sat down beside his wife. "I'm off to London in an hour," he said. "What are you doing, Moira, reading--dreaming?"

She shook her head. "I don't dream any more," she replied.

"Do you remember," he asked her smiling, "a talk that we had about dreams just after we were engaged? You had been tormented by some horrible visions of me, in which I figured as a sort of ghoul.—"

She shuddered a little. "One does not forget such strong impressions," she answered.

"How strange, how absurd, such fear must seem to you now!" exclaimed Playfair. "Life has fairly contradicted your dreams. Seven years of happiness, my bride, and I believe you can honestly say that never has even the shadow of that sinister figure crossed your horizon again."

"There was no need," she replied, "he had done his work."

"What do you mean, Moira?" asked Playfair quickly.

She gave a little sigh. She had not meant to say as much. Playfair always showed insatiable perseverance in forcing her to reveal her inmost thoughts, and it was an ordeal from which she had found no way of escape. She knew him determined to leave no recesses of her soul unexplored. Of transparent honesty, she was no match for his lawyer's agility, his quickness in seizing and following clues, and the bloom of her secret flowers dragged to light, examined by reason, dissected, analysed, withered to dust. "What can you mean?" Playfair repeated.

"Well, the dream-figure was a trampler on dreams; and I told you I don't dream any more."

"You say he had done his work; what was his work?"

"To kill dreams."

"I have killed your dreams?"

"Why, yes—some of them," she replied smiling, "all the ones that you would have counted as foolish. Aren't you a very practical, sensible person? And wasn't it a good plan to get rid of all these disturbing elements in good time?"

He looked at her with his piercing eyes. "I must go and finish packing," he said, "but we've not got to the bottom of this yet. I shall have to find out what kind of dreams my counterpart murdered; whether the crime was man-slaughter or homicidal mania! Perhaps the dreams were perilous to him, and he slew them in self-defence."

"Perhaps," she answered. Was he going to ransack the

precincts of her girlish hopes and fancies? Would she have to submit her far shy beginnings of love to his fierce cross-questionings? At least the evil moment would be deferred. She added hastily: "Have you got everything you want for the journey?"

"I think so," he answered rising. "I suppose I shall find you out here to say good-bye before I go."

She remained quiet after he had left, passive as before, her unopened book still in her lap. Why would he keep reminding her of all she had lost, the freedom and the heights? She sat there, cruelly conscious of the limitations about her, cruelly aware of her own mutilated wings. The flowers were flowers, not gateways into Paradise, the trees were trees, not hives for remote and divine voices; and the river was a river, not a mirror for vague apparitions of far loveliness.

Her little boy came dancing up the terrace towards her. "Oh, Mother, Mother, I have seen a fairy!"

He buried his elbows in her lap and stood staring up with his grave little face. He had his mother's hair and eyes and colouring, with a fineness of features due to his father's somewhat angular type. His white suit had a big tear in it, and was stained with moss and bark.

"I runned after the fairy a long way into the wood to catch it, and then I fell down and got hurted, but I did not cry." He showed a little leg covered with bruises and scratches.

"And what was the fairy like, my darling?"

"It was all flashy and misty and it lived in a place where the flowers were all big-big-big—like that," he made a vague gesture, "and one lily, like the arum lily in the conservatory,—his father had taught him the pronunciation, and he said the words deliberately, "growed and growed, and the green part was smooth and round and shiny and the white part went up—up into the clouds."

Moira felt her heart contract. His words awakened some memory, some forgotten adventure of childhood, of girlhood, . . .

"And then after that I walked about looking for the fairy and everything growed very thick and there were more big flowers, and then I comed out.—"

"And you saw a land going, oh, far away all soft and round, didn't you," whispered Moira dreamily, "with a kind of moon-light gleaming out of the grass. . . ."

"Have you been there, too, then, Mother? Is it Fairyland?" asked the child in an awed voice.

"Yes, I have been there, my son, a long long while ago, and it is Fairyland."

"Why only a long long while ago?"

"I lost the key."

"But I haven't got any key."

"You have, darling. But it's an invisible key; no one can see it or feel it."

"How did you lose yours?" he asked, climbing up into her lap.

"Someone took it--someone I love."

"That was bad of him."

"He didn't now; remember it was invisible. He thought he could come with me, but the faeries only want certain kinds of people--and he didn't believe enough in them and so the key got lost."

"Were you very sorry?"

"Sorrer than you can understand."

"Can't he find it again?"

"I'm afraid not. Fairies will only give you keys once; and there are lots and lots of people looking about all over the world for doors and keys and gates and never finding them."

"I've got a key, an invisible key, no one can see it or feel it," announced the child as if he were saying some new thing. "the faeries gave it me, and lots and lots of people want one and never find one."

"I think the faeries must have given you the key I lost," said Moira gently. "They like to keep their gifts in the same family."

"Then it isn't really mine?" A cloud of disappointment passed over the child's face.

"Yes, it's really yours--your very own," she reassured him.

"Mother," said the child excitedly, "can't you come to fairyland again? You're bigger than me, and perhaps you could help me catch the fairy. You're not too grown up, are you?"

"I think not," she answered, "I think you could take me with you--as long as you hold my hand tight, but I have forgotten the way and I should get dreadfully lost if you let go."

"Let's start now," he whispered coaxingly.

"We must wait to say good-bye to Father first; he is going away for a little while," she answered.

The child curled up drowsily. "Very well, Mother. Tell me more about fairyland while we wait."

"Fairyland had all kinds of names, darling," said Moira softly, "sometimes it is called the Land of Heart's Desire, and sometimes the Islands of the Blest, and sometimes just.... Dreams; and it is a place people go to for rest when they are tired, and for hope when they are unhappy, and for inspiration when they want to do something noble. Some people meet fairies there, and some meet angels; and anyone who has been there once longs to return with a big longing that I couldn't even explain."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. The child was falling asleep, his hand in her hand.

Surely, his little hand-clasp had magic power; surely, he was leading her again to the gates that had been closed for so long. In natures like Moira's, which have not a strong physical basis, the passions must be largely nourished from outside sources, and as once more she seemed to be drifting towards the country of the unseen, great waves of emotion swept over her, the sweet and fierce passion of a motherhood she had never yet fully felt. The sharpness of it was an anguish pinning her whole being into sudden vitality. What matter the gift she had lost, if she had been able to endow another life with this most precious of possessions? Her eyes filled with tears as she brooded over the child, in prayer, in devotion. It was a perilous heritage she gave him, but its splendours were worth its risks. And no mistimed scepticism, no foolish ignorance of the infinite possibilities of our life should discourage or obliterate his adventures. To Horace he should look for all practical training; it should be hers to keep intact in all its crystal purity the child's dominion of dreams.

Playfair found her so, bending over the boy. She raised her head with a new shining in her eyes. "Wake up, darling, and say good-bye to Father," she whispered.

The child tumbled drowsily off her knees. Moira rose, and with an unwonted emotion threw her arms round Playfair's neck. "I think I love you to-day more than I ever did before," she whispered.

"My own darling," said Playfair, for a brief moment much stirred. But he had his train, his speech, a hundred and one things to think of. "I've got to hurry off—how I should like to spend the evening with you here—just we two together!" He bent down and kissed her. "Say good-bye, little man."

The child scrambled into his arms and kissed him. "Good-bye, Daddy, come back soon," he said in a great hurry. Then he wriggled down and began tugging at Moira's dress. "Come, Mother, come," he insisted.

"Where are you two off to?" asked Playfair.

"I'm going to show Mother the way to Fairyland," said the child, "I've got her key."

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London.

THE VICEROYALTY OF LORD HARDINGE.

I—**I**S Britannic Majesty's Chief Representative occupies the throne of Akbar. He is the connecting link between the East and the West. On the one hand, he represents Majesty and Magnanimity, Generosity and Justice, which are associated in the Orient with the personality of the Sovereign, while, on the other, he brings with him from the Occident all the large views of life to which the movements towards democracy have given birth.

The British Government, as Lord Cromer pointed out, "is striving to attain two ideals which are apt to be mutually destructive, the ideal of good government which connotes the continuance of his own supremacy, and the ideal of self-government which connotes the whole or the partial abdication of his own supreme position." The Viceroy has to maintain an approach towards them both; he cannot be expected to please all parties. It is apparent that his personality and proclivities must go a long way in giving a character to his régime. The Civil Service, which is mainly responsible for the administration of the country, fights shy of all change. It relies mainly on prestige and power backed by military strength, entirely oblivious that the gods have a strange way of casting up accounts at most unexpected moments. In the atmosphere of autocracy even the largest minds cease to grow. Even broad-minded men learn to look

at things from the narrow windows of official routine. They judge lofty aspirations at the bar of practical application, ignoring completely the established fact that humanity throughout the ages has always moved in response to elevating and moving ideals. The India that was acquiescent and tolerant of all that *kismet* brought her, and heedless of the future, is gone or going. The impact of the West is generating new currents of thought, giving birth to a new spirit and a new India, athirst for all the possibilities of future development. All the elements of monarchy, democracy and socialism, from the humane teachings of Tolstoi to the dreary aphorisms of Nietzsche, which have engaged the Western poets, publicists and thinkers for generations, infinitely varied in their freedom, richness, and influence, have invaded the minds of men. The classes that have always influenced opinion are yielding allegiance to the new gods. There is a groping for "light, more light" and a larger freedom both social and political. The administration of India is in the hands of a capable Civil Service. The Viceroy is the only outsider. He is expected to conciliate the ardent aspirations of the people, and to guide and control the Civil Service in its work of administration - not an easy task by any means, committed, as the parties are, to two distinct and divergent ideals. The Service desires a Viceroy who will be content to be a mere figure-head, welcoming the roseate ether of reports which filters through many siftings to the Himalayan heights, and setting his seal to the Service decisions. Ripon, the righteous, failed to please "the heaven-born," while a masterful administrator like Lord Curzon did not secure their approbation. "Do we ever have a satisfactory Viceroy?" they cry in despair, forgetting that the English public school sets its seal of character even on moderate and passive minds. The

people, on the other hand, wish to find in their Viceroy an ideal representative of an ideal King, the giver of all bounties, the centre of justice, the custodian of the people's liberties, with whom all their aspirations find favour, and in whom their highest idealism finds its chief support. It is no wonder that the appointment of a Viceroy evokes keen interest both amongst the officials and non-officials. The former desire a safe man, while the latter pray for a man of faith and sufficient ability and strength to be able to broaden the basis of government. The appointment of Lord Hardinge was a little out of the common. He belonged to none of the parliamentary parties, coming, as he did, from the distinguished Diplomatic Service. He was by training a bureaucrat with larger knowledge of men and manners, imbibed both in Western and Eastern Courts. He was associated closely with King Edward the Peace-maker. He was transferred direct from the head of the Foreign Office to occupy the Viceregal throne. There was the usual prejudging and hasty criticism. People said that such a trained diplomat was not likely to prove a good ruler, but to-day when he is about to lay down the reins of Government, the heart of India is sad. People feel they are losing in him a true friend, found after long ages. There is a good deal of sighing and searching of hearts in the official world. They are bound to miss their chief who knew his own mind, who had courage, resource, and unfailing courtesy, and whose knowledge and experience embraced a large portion of Asia and Europe.

Lord Hardinge came to India at a time when the political skies were dark and threatening. There was an atmosphere of distrust which made any real understanding between the people and the rulers impossible. The under-currents of mental activity were generating opinions which influenced the younger generation and

refused to be extinguished in the criminal courts. It is like an attempt to catch the wandering wind in a net, to control opinion by legislative enactments. Lord Hardinge is pre-eminent in this, that he has given Indian opinion a point and a direction, and harnessed it for the good government of the country.

Lord Hardinge gave an indication of his policy in a speech which he delivered at a banquet given to him by the county of Kent before he set sail for India: "I think I may say truthfully and without exaggeration that during the last fifteen years of my work in the Diplomatic Service and the Foreign Office, few people have been so favoured as I have been in being brought into close contact with the weightiest issues upon which the external relations of India with her co-terminous neighbours depend, and which affect not merely the external policy of India alone, but the policy of Imperial unity as a whole..... 'If,' wrote Sir R. Peel," he continued, "'you can keep peace, reduce expenses, extend commerce and strengthen our hold on India by confidence in our justice and kindness and wisdom, you will be received here on your return with acclamation a thousand times louder, and a welcome infinitely more cordial, than if you had a dozen victories to boast of,' he might have also added," continued Lord Hardinge, "that the Viceroy should strain every nerve to conciliate all races, classes and creeds. Lord Minto's administration will always be memorable as a landmark in the era of reform, and he will bequeath to me a new régime already in force though still young in development. It will be my task to foster this young plant with tender care and at the same time to see that the word 'Government' is synonymous with 'Peace, Order and Security'." It was in these simple and earnest words that Lord Hardinge announced the professions of his faith.

Five and a half long and eventful years have rolled away since he assumed his high office, and to-day he is regarded as one of the greatest rulers that ever ruled India. Through good times and bad times, through periods of hope and despair, he never departed a hair's breadth from the promise that his speech contained. He realized from the very beginning that his people had unwittingly destroyed the tradition which ruled the East and started upon a work of reconstruction on their own principles. They were dazzled by the blaze of light of their own kindling, and their vision became obscure in face of the practical shaping of affairs. They wished they could turn back. Lord Hardinge recognised that it was idle to look backward for the solution of the problems that nestled in the lap of to-day. He sympathized with the people. He knew that unrest was the expression of the miseries of yesterday and the mirror of their dim hopes for the morrow. He kept his gaze to brighter prospects, which were maturing in the healthy atmosphere of the West. He recognized that Government, having started the new movement, was bound to respect, control, and guide it along the perilous paths of progress. He knew that the day of fruition was distant and uncertain, but he had the wisdom to realize that if the Government ranged itself against the aspirations of the people, it must risk the loss of their confidence and their support. The course that commended itself to the Viceroy was to guide opinion from within instead of opposing it from without. To know how well he succeeded, one has only to dip into some of the enactments of his reign. People accepted strong measures without a murmur, because they came from him. Akbar, centuries ago, decided to trust implicitly in the people of India. He consolidated and expanded an Empire which his father had almost lost; his successors departed

from his policy, and the great heritage slipped through their hands. The verdict of time and experience is against a foreign oligarchy holding permanently a country like India, boasting an ancient civilization, with no lack of individual talent, gallantry, and a spirit of sacrifice. The Government could gain in stability and strength only by making use of the indigenous talent and securing the co-operation of men of power and influence, destined to ply a purposeful pen or speak the word "heroic or tender, enthusiastic or tranquillizing....the only word that, around them, and after them, the heart and the intelligence would consent to hearken to, the only one adapted to their deep-growing wants and long-gathered aspirations....."

No Government has ever succeeded for long with absolute dependence on military strength alone. The sword as the sole arbitrator of the fate of men in times of peace has often proved its utter failure. Akbar has been called the "Prince of Dreamers" because he introduced an element of transcendentalism into the practical working of his Government. He dreamed of helping in the making of a united India, worshipping one God and following "Dini Ilahi" or Divine Religion, thus making religion a centre of unity, as it ought to be, and aiding in the work of assimilation. He secured from amongst the people his best generals and administrators. He built up an Imperial system which commands the admiration of the world. He aspired to make India self-governing, not in the sense in which we understand self-government to-day, but an India in which the wisest ruled, irrespective of caste, creed, and dividing barriers. It was given to another people from across the seas to realise his dreams and help in the making of a united and rejuvenated India. It was not until India passed under the British Crown that it dreamed of unity. It was the memorable Proclamation

of Her Majesty the late Queen-Empress Victoria promising to her Indian subjects all the rights and privileges which her people enjoyed at home, that fired the imagination of the Indian people with a new hope, and set them on the long road of political progress. Lord Hardinge was convinced that there was no turning back from the path which had been fixed for him by the Proclamation of the late Empress and her son, the late King-Emperor. He did not believe in looking backward along the road that had already been traversed to realize the future. He must press forward and help in enlarging the possibilities of progress. This is the secret of his success.

Fate favoured him in the beginning of his reign. His Majesty the Emperor, with the Empress, came, and in a grand Darbar at Delhi reaffirmed the promise contained in the Great Queen's Proclamation. Their Majesties' presence in the country evoked all the inherent loyalty and devotion of the people. In the glowing enthusiasm all shadows of misunderstanding were swept aside. Had not their Emperor and Empress showed complete trust in them? Had not they commanded their officials to be more sympathetic and true in their dealings? The greatness and the grandeur of the Darbar appealed to the Indian mind. It revived old memories of the kings who rode to Delhi scattering gold to the assembled crowds. The boons announced at the Darbar have now passed into the familiar features of the administration. Some of them have taken shape and are bearing fruit. The United Bengal, under a Governor with an Executive Council, has gone a long way towards healing the wounds which the partition of Bengal inflicted. It was carried into effect in the teeth of popular sentiment and bitter opposition of the people. Behar came into existence as a separate province with an Executive Council and a High

Court, which some of the provinces older in age and experience are still considered unfit to receive. Delhi, in spite of its ominous reputation, was again created the Capital of the Empire. The change to Delhi implies a change of policy. The Delhi policy, according to His Majesty and his Viceroy, was to bring together the Government and the people. Lord Hardinge started the work of future fusion and close co-operation. It was given to him to help in the making of a tradition and the creating of a more helpful atmosphere, freed from the exclusiveness which delighted "the sun-dried bureaucrat."

India, for a clear grasp of the situation, can be divided into three classes - the Ruling Princes who govern their own States; the intellectual classes who make and unmake opinions and set afloat currents of content or discontent; and the dumb millions who plough and toil and produce. The Morley-Minto régime introduced constitutional reforms, and cleared the air. It was given to Lord Hardinge to reconcile all the three elements of Indian society and to initiate a policy of sympathy and friendliness. The success that he attained is the triumph of his personal character, his far-sightedness, and statesmanship. He disregarded the mental attitude fixed everlastingly on prestige. He made it clear that with him Indian interests were supreme and he found the readiest gateway to public confidence. It is to him that India owes the successful working of the constitutional reforms, and she can now look hopefully forward to a larger life after the war. It is said that the Council Chamber at Delhi has been designed to accommodate 300 members, and there was a protest against such an extravagance. "I am building," Lord Hardinge is reported to have replied, "according to my dreams of the future." Is it any wonder that impatient idealists

submitted willingly to his leadership? He infused into the activities of his Government what has often been described as political idealism. He was accused of going beyond the range of practical politics. He was presented with two alternatives. He must stifle his intelligence and outrage his conscience, accepting without murmur all the dogmas and sentiments coined and retailed in offices and clubs, or indulge merely in a wild rhapsody of words, and justify his reputation as a diplomat. Lord Hardinge had been brought up in a clear-sighted school of statesmanship. He knew his own mind and never swerved from the right path. His freedom and frankness, unexpected traits in the character of a diplomatist, came as an agreeable surprise to all parties. It was downright honesty of purpose, combined with a bold adherence to great conceptions, leaping over boundary marks set up by limited minds, which guided him throughout his Indian career. "Every politician of real eminence as a reformer," remarks Lord Morley, "possesses one of the three elements: One class of men is inspired by an intellectual attachment to certain ideas of justice and right reason; another is moved by deep pity for the hard lot of the masses of every society; while the third, such men as Richieu for example, have an instinctive appreciation and passion for wise and orderly government. The great and typical ruler is moved in varying degrees by all the three." Looking into the great events of Lord Hardinge's term of office, it can be said without hesitation that he was moved by all three. Gods dowered him with the gift of understanding and faith in the ultimate triumph of truth. He was certain that the Government must work for the best, without troubling about side issues. He believed in the power of real education in the moulding of a heterogeneous people into a united nation. He trusted more in the

gratefulness of the people helped into a broader and larger life than in the subjection of an ignorant mass held under restraint by an iron hand. He was not prepared to attribute political unrest to English education. He knew that India, before it passed under the British Crown, was in a state of chronic unrest. He had seen eastern countries under absolute despotism, and had opportunities of forming his opinion at first hand. He believed in education as the staunchest ally of good government. He helped in the making of a liberal educational policy. He diverted a fair share of the imperial surpluses into educational grants. And he is leaving behind him new universities, well-equipped colleges and an educational policy no longer haunted by the spectre of distrust.

Lord Hardinge, in spite of his confidence in the people, was once sadly betrayed. He thought he had cured disaffection by his love of the people. He rode through Delhi with Lady Hardinge to announce the Delhi policy. He was struck by a live bomb, and yet his coolness and courage never failed him. He was carried home, and before he knew the nature of his wounds, he sent his message of hope to the assembled Darbaris in the Divan-i-Am. His message rang clear and true: his faith in the people was unshaken and his policy unchanged. It was in this spirit that he submitted to the surgeon's knife, ready to live and die for the land that somehow claimed him wholly. And yet his critics said he was courting cheap popularity. He came from his bed of pain to attend the first meeting of his Council. His right arm was in a light silk sling, a sign that his wounds had not yet completely healed. All rose to their feet, and a storm of cheers broke out. The enthusiasm of the ovation was unbounded. There was a hush of expectancy. His Excellency spoke with feeling. It seemed as if the words were wrung out of his heart:

"I trusted myself and Lady Hardinge more to the care of the people than to that of the police," he said; "if it was an error, it is an error that I am proud of, and I believe it may yet prove not to have been an entire mistaken confidence, but out of evil good may come. I only wish to assure you and the whole of India that this incident will in no sense influence my attitude. I will pursue, without faltering, the same policy in the future as during the past two years. I will not waver a hair's breadth from that course."

Never has a promise been more faithfully kept. The pain and suffering, and the dread disappointment failed to move him from what he considered his duty towards the people of India. The state that surrounds the Viceroy permits scarcely any opportunities for personal relations, and yet Lord Hardinge is leaving behind him real friends. How much he was helped by Lady Hardinge in his desire for social understanding will be a secret for all time. The Government House, when Her Excellency presided, was flung open to Indians and Anglo-Indians. In ready sympathy and friendliness she equalled, if not surpassed, the Viceroy. She was called away to the Great Beyond when he was in the middle of his Indian career and she had just begun her beneficent activities. The foundation of Lady Hardinge Medical College at Delhi was just laid and the promise of the future was still in a state of materialization. The college was opened only the other day long after she was gone. It commemorates fittingly the memory of a great lady who loved India and was anxious to help her Indian sisters. In her the Viceroy lost what the world can never restore to him. He was prostrate, with grief. The blow was sudden and unexpected. He was stricken sorely already. India brought him no peace. The desire to leave her shores must have been strong, but he never thought of himself. His noble

spouse would have wished him to stay, and he stayed. He could have thought little of large salary, high position, or personal ease. He stayed because he knew the millions in India wanted him to continue his work, to restore harmony and good feelings, and soften the troubles of the realm.

India through ages has passed through many tribulations, dazzling light, alluring shadows, and deep, dark, thundering storms. She has been always true to her friends, and she is grateful for small favours. Lord Hardinge won her completely. He became her bracelet-bound brother, her knight-errant and her champion, ready to fight her battles to the end. His name, passing from lip to lip in the agelong eastern fashion, will be remembered for countless generations. He was animated by what may be regarded as a truism, that the first duty of the Government of India is to India itself, and it could not honourably betray the trust. Lord Hardinge made it clear that with him Indian interests were paramount. His speech over the South African question was outspoken to a degree. "They have violated, as they intended to violate, those laws with full knowledge of penalties involved, and ready with all courage and patience to endure those penalties," he said. "In all this they have the sympathy of India—deep and burning--and not only of India, but of all those who, like myself, without being Indians themselves, have feelings of sympathy for the people of this country.... You may rest assured that the Government of India will not cease to urge these considerations upon His Majesty's Government." His words carried conviction. He won in the face of strong vested interests where all half-hearted attempts were bound to fail.

India and the Empire are indebted to Lord Hardinge for the part that India has played, and is playing, in the

World War. The German anticipations of internal trouble were but exaggerated reflections of the dark forebodings which obtained currency out here. It can be imagined how embarrassed the Government would have been at the present moment if it had assumed a stiff attitude towards some of the cherished aspirations of the people and failed to smooth ruffled feathers to prove its strength. Lord Hardinge peered into the future and provided for the coming events. It is his personal influence that hushed the murmurs of discontent and ensured a peaceful conscience both for the rulers and the ruled. He placed his confidence in the people of India and helped to relieve the situation. He secured for India the right to fight for the Empire everywhere, and consequently the privilege to labour and live wherever the 'Union Jack' flutters. The Viceroy has already secured the promise of India's representation on the Imperial Conference. It marks the beginning of a new era and the growth of more liberal ideas in regard to India. He raised the hopes of the people in the future reconstruction. As the first-fruit of British goodwill, he sent up proposals for an Executive Council for the United Provinces, raising it to the same level as its youthful eastern sister. The proposal was negatived by the House of Lords. The Viceroy has great power on the negative side, but his powers on the constructive side are limited. The authority of the Secretary of State in Council is supreme, and his Council is composed of superannuated sexagenarians appointed for the long period of seven years and out of touch with the rapidly changing conditions in India. It was, however, this time a small minority in the House of Lords that was captured, and played into the hands of its advisors. The action of the Lords disturbed the faith of the people in the good intentions of the British Government. They could not under-

stand what led the noble Lords to reject a small concession which is enjoyed by all the large provinces of India, and at a time when sons of India were shedding their blood without stint in upholding the greatness and the glory of the British Empire. The Viceroy was not discouraged. He pointed out in famous words that the destinies of the Empire were not going to be shaped by a small minority in the House of Lords. He affirmed that this and other things were bound to come in no remote future. He at once restored confidence, though his outspokenness surprised and irritated men used to the "cautious weighing of words."

Lord Hardinge combined profound benevolence with cool judgment and a burning faith in the future of India. This is the supreme distinction of his reign. He fought against privilege on one side and distrust on the other. On the eve of his departure he has practically ensured the abolition of indentured labour, and started an enquiry into the economic conditions of the country and its limitless possibilities of development. He is leaving his work incomplete. Five crowded years are too short to encompass the many-sided reforms for which the country calls. There does not seem any reason why, after a period of rest, a young and a popular Viceroy should not be reappointed to continue his work and carry forward the programme which he started. India wants more than ever at the head of the Government a statesman who understands India and whom India understands. It is beyond the scope of this article to deal in detail with the events of an eventful reign. Speaking briefly, Lord Hardinge endeavoured to give the Government of India a soul and a policy of permanent use. He has shown the way to success which lies in right understanding and clever comprehension. He has proved that British officials, strong in the affection

of the people, can laugh at sedition. India needs a permanent policy, inspiring a succession of Viceroys, Governors, and Lieutenant-Governors, all determined to help this country in this, its period of quickened evolution. This is the surest way to win everlasting gratitude and fidelity in India.

Lord Hardinge worked for no outer change in the system of Government. The heroics of administration did not appeal to him. He initiated no departures to commemorate his rule. Some of the legislative enactments of his time give extraordinary powers to the Government, and they were passed without dissent. It was their Viceroy who wanted them and he was their friend. They had full faith in him. Lord Hardinge commanded support because he devoted himself to bring about an inner change in the prevailing spirit and the accepted assumptions amongst the ruling class. The official world recognized that the Viceroy had a will and an opinion, and a hand that exacted obedience. They could not follow him into the forbidden domain of Indian intimacies, and yet they could not hold him wholly to blame for destroying the barriers. A spirit of sympathy and comprehension between the people and the officials in principle seemed the right thing, though practice and tradition tabooed it. Some high-minded men came to recognise that to oppose deep-seated Indian aspirations was to wound the heart of India deeply. He proved that cordial and friendly relations are not destructive of prestige, and that the spirit of routine was out of place in a country growing rapidly to a new life and seeking readjustment in all directions. He showed that British ideals were more helpful in India than the traditional tendency to play the great Moghul without any real appreciation of Moghul methods. India needs wise control but no coercion. It must be given

wide freedom to find its balance and move steadily towards its destined goal. Lord Ripon won the heart of India by his earnest desire for improvement. It is Lord Hardinge's championship of Indian aspirations that has won for him an abiding place in the hearts of the people. He is leaving behind him a contented India and carrying with him the good wishes of men of all classes and creeds for a life of true happiness and increasing usefulness.

JOGENDRA SINGH.

26th March, 1916.
Kheri Dist., Oudh.

THE MONTH.

ONE more Government was drawn into the war last month, and another was expected to join **The War.** the Allies very soon. The declaration of war on Portugal by Germany was followed by the resignation of Admiral von Tirpitz. Though the reason of the resignation has not been authoritatively announced, both events may be attributed to the naval policy of the Kaiser, whether we call it the submarine policy or by any other name. Mr. Asquith was once asked in Parliament why German ships in British ports should not be confiscated by way of reprisal against the action of submarines in sinking merchantmen. The Premier seemed to think that such appropriation of enemy vessels might be contrary to the principles of international law, and he replied that the time had not come to adopt that kind of retaliatory measure. Italy seems to have adopted it already ; perhaps England is waiting to see what America and other countries might say to it. The German Chancellor is believed to apprehend serious consequences to the imprisoned merchant fleet of his country if the present policy of submarine action is not changed. That policy continued. As yet, then, the mystery about the resignation is not entirely cleared up, and it is expected in Amsterdam that the German fleet will not long remain like a rat in a hole, but will come out

and fight. Reported movements of German battleships are attributed to different causes. Naval activity at Riga at an early date is expected by some, and extensive mining is suspected by others. These guesses may be started as well in India as in Europe, and until something happens no one can estimate the truth in them. The Portuguese community in India is very glad that the two European Powers with which they are connected will now fight on the same side.

Rumania is said to have effected an agreement with Russia. As Trebizond is in danger, Turkey is reported to be transferring troops from Macedonia to Asia Minor in disregard of Bulgarian protests. The movements on the chess-board are rather bewildering. The Germans appear to be losing heavily in men though they have made some progress on the Western front, and they are said to be withdrawing troops from other fronts. The enemy's submarine activity in the Mediterranean must be intended especially to retard the movements of allied troops towards Salonika at a time when the enforced withdrawal of Turkish troops into Asia Minor and of Austro-German troops to the Western front would weaken the enemy's position in Macedonia. The time for Rumania to strike cannot be very distant. The King of Greece is said to have conferred with M. Venizelos. Sweden seems to be somewhat irritated by the British blockade. Nothing is known about Spain yet, though no one can forget that she is Portugal's neighbour, and her position on the side of the Mediterranean is like that of Tantalus. Switzerland is, perhaps, the only European State that from her mountain-tops looks on the surrounding conflagration with philosophic calmness. The friends of Turkey round about Egypt seem to be more active than at the earlier stages of the war, but we do not hear about their movements until they happen to be

repulsed at one point or another. President Wilson does not seem to devote much time to the discussion of international law with the European Powers now-a-days. His troops are said to have marched into Mexico to join General Carranza's forces. He has a better job there.

WHEN Sir William Meyer undertook to be responsible for the financial administration of India without additional taxation last year, his courageous decision was hailed with agreeable surprise. He could not, however, repeat that feat. The disturbance of trade by the war has caused a fall in the revenue, while the military expenditure has necessarily increased. Notwithstanding the economies effected by Local Governments and the curtailment of civil expenditure in as many directions as possible, an enhancement of taxation was inevitable, and the Finance Member of the Government of India has decided to obtain during the ensuing year an additional revenue of over three millions and a half sterling mostly from customs and excise duties on liquors, and in a smaller measure from the income-tax and the duty on salt. Whenever we speak of a modification of the import tariff, most people think at first of cotton manufactures. It appears that Lord Hardinge's Government did not fail to press on the attention of the authorities in England the Indian view in favour of enhancing the import duties on cotton goods, leaving the excise on local goods untouched, if the latter could not be abolished altogether. His Majesty's Government, however, did not think that this was a suitable time to raise a highly controversial question, which could not be dissociated from the still more controversial question of the share

which India, together with other parts of the Empire, should take in bearing the military and financial responsibilities of the Empire. So the cotton duties will be left untouched. As regards other imports, the free list will be curtailed and a duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will be levied on some of the articles contained therein; and the duty of 5 per cent. will be raised to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all articles hitherto liable thereto, with the exception of sugar, on which the duty will be raised to 10 per cent. In raising the income-tax, all existing exemptions will be left untouched, and the enhancement will be only on incomes which do not fall below Rs. 5,000 per annum. As the poor are hit in other ways, this was a very generous concession. The prices have risen in the case of so many necessaries that the duty on salt must have been raised with some reluctance, but when it is remembered that it was at one time as much as Rs. 2-8-0 per maund, no one can accuse the Finance Member of a hard heart for having raised the tax from Re. 1 to Re. 1-4-0 at war time. The retail dealers may find an excuse to raise the price more than proportionately, but making allowance for such contingency one can hardly shed tears for the poor in this case, unless by way of keeping up a continuity of policy in non-official politics. To discuss the budget at a time like the present is little more than an idle formality. We must trust Sir William.

THE Finance Member of the Government of India had a doleful narrative to tell last month of the effects of the war on trade. The exports to the enemy countries have stopped; the export even to neutral countries has to be restricted in respect of articles which may be turned to warlike uses

Trade and
Industry.

and which may find their way to the enemy countries ; and a few articles which are needed in India cannot be allowed to be freely exported. The Government's policy, on the other hand, has been to stimulate the export of certain articles to the United Kingdom, to the allied countries and to countries which are making munitions for the Allies. In certain directions the export trade has expanded, and in the case of tea, gunny bags, and cloth it has reached a record figure. Imports from the enemy countries have ceased, and other countries have not supplied the defect in a corresponding measure, though a country like Japan has benefited vastly by the war in this respect. Ships engaged in trade being required for military and public purposes, freights have gone up, in some cases to eight or nine times the ordinary figure. In the result the total trade of India fell from 491 crores in 1913-14 to 354 crores in 1914-15, and must necessarily show a further decline in the official year that has just closed. In the press and in the legislative councils the question has repeatedly been raised why Indian industries should not benefit by the war as Japanese industries have done. The appointment of committees of enquiry, committees to supply information, of officers and specialists to investigate and assist, the allocation of funds in aid of such investigations and for otherwise helping experiments—all these measures have been suggested, but no one is satisfied with the progress achieved. At last the Secretary of State has sanctioned the appointment of a Commission to report on the subject. Indian opinion and experience will be adequately represented on it, and the report of the Commission will not be without its value. The duration of the war, however, is uncertain ; Mr. Lloyd George does not expect it to end before July, and Sir William Meyer has framed his budget on the supposition that peace will not be concluded during the new

official year ; and one may therefore well doubt whether much practical benefit will accrue from the investigation during the war, or during the next twelve months, unless the Commission submit interim reports on matters that can be immediately attended to. Nevertheless the enquiry is imperative, and for the moment it must be hailed at least as a pacifactory measure from a political point of view, if owing to circumstances over which the Government has no control, the practical outcome should prove disappointing. Experience and wisdom, both European and Indian, will be brought to bear upon the enquiry, and besides collecting information which should be of value to industrialists, the Commission may be able to make recommendations on questions of policy which are now and then debated in the legislative councils, and on which the Indian elected members and European merchants do not always agree.

OF the several announcements made by the Government of India at the Delhi session of the Legislative Council, none was politically more valuable than that the Secretary of State had agreed to the eventual abolition of the present indenture system of the emigration of Indian coolies to the British Colonies. The hardships and evils to which this system gives rise have been investigated both officially and privately, and while the committee appointed by the Government did not recommend the total abolition of the system, their report disclosed a state of affairs to which any other remedy has seemed impossible to many minds. H. E. the Viceroy appears to think that the pecuniary advantage derived by the emigrants by going so far afield as Fiji or the West Indies, instead of seeking a livelihood much

**Indentured
Labour.**

nearer home, say in Assam or Eastern Bengal, is insignificant, and from the Indian standpoint that is the only consideration to be weighed against the admitted evils of the system. Even His Excellency, however, does not seem to hold that emigration can be or ought to be prohibited. The question to be considered appears to be who may be allowed to emigrate and under what conditions. Indian publicists would urge that these questions are to be discussed entirely from the Indian standpoint, while the Secretary of State seems to hold that the Colonial or the Imperial point of view cannot be ignored. Hence the question is doubly controversial, and during the war the Secretary of State does not seem prepared to commit himself to anything more than a promise to favour the eventual abolition of the existing system. After the war the Colonies will apparently be consulted, and the possibility of substituting some other arrangements will probably be considered. It appears, however, that the Colonial Office will immediately insist on the commutation of imprisonment as a penalty to fines for breaches of terms of indenture. The Government of Fiji has already adopted this policy, and other Governments are not likely to object. It is conceivable how the effect should be far from satisfactory. If the fines swallow up the savings of an emigrant, the one advantage which is claimed for allowing him to emigrate will disappear, though it is not possible to say in how many cases such disappointment is likely to occur. The evils arising from the disproportion of sexes—immorality and domestic unhappiness resulting in suicide—will for the present remain. It is announced that some of the reforms recommended by the official committee, such as attempts to secure a larger percentage of women among the emigrants, and to ensure a better knowledge of the terms of the contract on the part of the coolies,

will be introduced pending the settlement of the larger question after the war. Perhaps it may be thought by some that small reforms delay larger ones: the contrary may also sometimes happen. However, during the war we may derive the consolation that there will be peace on this question.

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THE Education Member of the Government of India has lost no time in setting on foot the enquiry which Mrs. Fawcett and others recommended to the Secretary of State, and which, the latter thought, could not be undertaken during the war through a Commission. Primary education is practically in the hands of local bodies, and secondary education is to some extent in their hands. The Local Governments will call for reports from educational officers, and from the various agencies engaged in educational work, and pronounce their own opinions. If a Commission had been appointed, the enquiry would have cost much, and the Local Governments would anyhow have been consulted before passing orders on the report. It is therefore doubtful whether the Government of India would have had the necessary information before it before the 1st of September, the date at present fixed for the receipt of the reports. The enquiry departmentally conducted will be cheaper and quicker than the one suggested to the Secretary of State "over the heads of the local authorities." The memorialists, referred to the undesirable results of one half of the nation being educated at a much more rapid rate than the other half. The Education Member has added another reason for promoting female education, namely, that under modern conditions the Hindu joint

family is rapidly breaking up, and young wives have more responsibilities thrown upon them, with less aid from relatives than under former conditions. This remark is interesting and shows the hand of the Indian author of the circular letter and discloses the nature of the surroundings which have made a deep impression upon his mind. But of course it applies to a very small section of the population. The joint family system obtains only among Hindus; the help of the elders is denied to young wives only in a small number of educated families; and the census reports show that the extent of joint residence which prevails among Hindus is much exaggerated. The enquiry will relate not merely to pecuniary resources, but to the nature of the instruction at present imparted and any changes therein that may be demanded by particular classes. Those who would have appeared as witnesses before the Commission will, we think, be at liberty to represent their views, and a general survey of both practice and theory may be expected. Enquiry is directed to the nature of inspecting agency employed, for the memorialists had suggested that one reason of the more rapid advance made in some of the Native States might be the employment of an agency which could stimulate more interest and enlist more support and co-operation on the part of parents. A hint is thrown out that the popularity of girls' schools in certain places, in Native as well as British India, may be due to the restriction of admissions to particular classes in accordance with popular prejudices, but it is doubtful whether the Local Governments or the educational officers will care to enter upon an explanation of comparative statistics. The composition of the population and ever so many other factors may explain the difference between provinces, and states.

**Depressed
Classes.**

If the Government had agreed to appoint the various committees and commissions suggested in England and in India, perhaps half a dozen would have been at work by now or within the next few months. With the exception of the enquiry into industrial possibilities, none of the investigations demanded will be entrusted to commissions. The Honourable Mr. Dadabhoy asked for a committee to discover what had been done and what could be done for the amelioration of the condition of the depressed classes. These classes do not work under indentures and are not threatened with penalties. Their domestic unhappiness, if any, does not arise from paucity of women -- it sometimes arises from an abundance of them -- and they are not known to be anxious to shuffle off the mortal coil prematurely. Nevertheless their condition is sometimes so wretched that imprisonment has no special terrors for them, inasmuch as their free life does not always secure comforts better than those provided in His Majesty's houses of correction. The question was what a committee could do and what the Government could promise. The depressed classes are ordinarily divided into three sorts of tribes and castes -- the criminal tribes, the aboriginal tribes, and Hinduised untouchables. The Salvation Army has recently undertaken much work for the benefit of the criminal tribes, and the Government is helping this agency in its schemes of reclamation and is ready to help others who may come forward to do similar work. The Government is trying to spread education among the other castes, and it appears they get as many schools as they ask for. Anyhow, education is now so largely in the hands of local bodies that a committee is not likely to suggest what the Government can do in that direction. In the circumstances the Home Member agreed to ask the Local Governments

to put on record the measures already adopted and those intended to be adopted for the benefit of the classes concerned, and was not prepared to go further. The Bombay Government issued a Press Note on the subject some time ago, and the Madras Government has deputed an officer to conduct the very sort of enquiry which was recommended by Mr. Dadabhoy. There are several agencies working on behalf of the depressed castes at the present day, and the Local Governments are not allowed to forget their interests. The Home Member rightly said that what these castes most needed was the sympathy of the higher castes. In the eye of law they are all equal, and in railways and on the public roads no caste is allowed special privileges. On one subject, however, the committee would have elicited information which the compilers of reports are not likely to supply voluntarily and that is the extent to which the depressed classes are employed in the public service. In the army they do not seem to labour under special disabilities, though it is said that in certain provinces they used to be employed more largely at one time than at present. In civil employ it is now and then complained that they are often rejected because their untouchableness minimises their utility.

MR. B. C. PAL was once known as an "extremist," Imperialistic whose idea of nationality was complete Nationalism, independence, as distinguished from self-government within an Empire. It appears that he was not correctly understood: at any rate he is no longer what he was supposed to be. He has reprinted some of his essays in a volume, published by Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co., under the title *Nationality and Empire*.

and it appears from his Introduction that he is now converted to the doctrine of Imperial Federation. His point of view is not changed, but he has come to think that his ideal can be attained, not by the isolated sovereignty of India, if such could be preserved or attained, but by India being one of the States of a Federal Empire. He explains that this ideal had not occurred to him, or been placed before him, when he joined, and perhaps to some extent directed, the nationalistic movement, and he seems to doubt whether such a movement would have been started at all if Indian patriots had been led to hope that India would ever be one of the members of a federated Empire. All this is speculation ; what we are concerned to notice is that at least one of the preachers of Indian nationalism has begun to inculcate a political philosophy which does not in itself seem to be dangerous, though its implications, if they do not readily materialise, may breed dangerous characters. But in this respect Mr. Pal's latest ideal is scarcely distinguishable from the "goal" of the National Congress. Other Nationalists also are believed to have changed the opinions at one time attributed to them, and we notice Mr. Pal's conversion, not as an event in the life of an individual, but as a sign of the times of which the Government and the public may take notice. We wish to call particular attention to this Nationalist's admission that India cannot remain independent ; that no nation, European or Asiatic, neither China nor Japan, will assist India in preserving her independent sovereignty, even if Great Britain should grant it ; and looking at the Indian communities themselves, he does not expect the Pan-Islamist to resist the temptation "to exploit the helpless and disorganised state that must follow any violent break-up of the British connection in favour of a fresh Moslem domination in India." At a time when

others are confident of Hindu-Muslim unity, that Mr Pal should express his doubts concerning the ultimate attitude of Muslims in a country detached from theegis of Great Britain, is itself a sign of the inevitable change that must come over Indian nationalism. But is such change in the opinions of a few leaders likely to have any effect on unrest and the prospects of peace and harmony in India? Mr. Pal, in some of his essays, analyses the causes of the spread of anarchism in his province, and thinks that recent political crime is due to a belief in the impossibility of reconciling Nationalism with Imperialism. If that be true, he will do some good by converting other idealists to his view. But the conduct of students in Bengal, which has just led to the closing of the Calcutta Presidency College for some time, makes one doubt whether his analysis of the psychology of young Bengal is complete.

IN closing the Delhi session of the Imperial Legislative Council, H. E. Lord Hardinge made a
Lord Hard- inge's Fare- well. farewell speech in which he commented on the various questions that had engaged the attention of the Council, and on some of the questions which are likely to come to the fore in his successor's time. We remarked once before that Mrs. Besant and her friends will try their best to thrust on Lord Chelmsford's attention the question of Home Rule for India, and the President of the last Congress demanded a declaration of policy in regard to self-government. Lord Hardinge deprecated the impatience of idealism and advised the application of one's genius and energy to the pursuit of practical politics, which must always take into account

and this question the author considers in its three branches : the position of servants, agents, and co-adjustors. Various opinions have been expressed by different authors as to the prime origin of the relationship between master and servant, for that is the fundamental relationship which forms the basis of the others. Whatever these views may be, the fact, however, is that in the complicated intercourse of modern society a great proportion of the business of life must be carried on through the instrumentality of others. If so, there must be some principle or principles which must regulate the relationship between and determine the liability of the parties concerned. Dr. Baty's exposition of settled points and principles is, on the whole, clear and careful, and much of his criticism is sound. The doctrine he has dealt with dates back to the end of the seventeenth century, but no satisfactory explanation seems to have yet been given as to the true origin of the liability which forms the subject of his book. Some writers would say that the master has control over the servant and so is liable for the acts of the latter ; others, that the master derives profit from the acts of his servant ; others again, that the master and servant are identified, and like husband and wife are in law one and the same person ; there are still other writers who have other theories of their own. The result is vagueness, even confusion ; for, as the author himself puts it, " a doctrine which is accounted for on nine different grounds may reasonably be suspected of resting on no very firm basis of policy." Be that as it may, we can safely say that the law on the subject is now well settled, and in the number of cases that come up for decision before the Courts these well-settled principles are generally adopted and applied. Dr. Baty has a few suggestions to make of his own, and the whole of his book, which covers a little over two hundred pages, may be considered a practical

contribution to the literature of the subject, including as it does a chapter on the law of Scotland and Foreign States on the same, and a carefully prepared Index at the end. It will be found useful to practitioners also, and the large number of cases cited and so ably commented upon by the learned author, materially increases the value of the book.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PEACE PROPOSALS.

To the Editor of EAST & WEST.

SIR, -- I often admire the judgment and insight with which your monthly comments on the War are written, but I am astonished at your remarks in the January number. You say, in reference to a reply given by Mr. Asquith in Parliament. "Apparently, therefore, the crushing of Prussian militarism will not be a preliminary condition of discussing peace proposals, unless it is meant that it is already crushed, or that the terms must be such as to ensure the impossibility of the peace of Europe being again threatened." It is true that the two exceptions propounded go some way to reduce the effect of the first clause of the sentence, but the very way in which that clause is framed shows that the true issue is far from being appreciated. And your further remarks on the following page, where you speak of Germany taking "a hint from Mr. Asquith's declaration," and discuss the new "tone of Mr. Asquith's reply," establish the same thing. Had there been such a change of tone as you imagine, or had the declaration contained such a hint as you suggest, Mr. Asquith would have been hurled from power before the report of his answer could have reached you. Of course when asked whether terms of peace, if proposed, would be considered, he was bound to say they would be considered; to have said "No" would have been brutal; but the consideration of any terms which Germany can be conceived as offering now would be a very simple matter indeed.

For, turning now to the two exceptions in your statement above, no one can contend that Prussian militarism is already crushed. A few persons in Germany may know that it is on

the way to be crushed, but the bulk of the people do not even know that. Nor are they likely to realize it so long as the Central Powers hold all the territory they have at present overrun. A full spring, summer and autumn campaign may make a difference, but that is not yet.

And as to your second exception, it is a contradiction in terms to speak of the impossibility of the peace of Europe being again threatened while Prussian militarism remains uncrushed. You may not feel that in India; we may not fully appreciate it even in England; but at least France, after forty-five years' experience, knows it well.

No, we are out to make an end of this business—not indeed to crush the German people; that would be impossible and moreover horrible, but in their own interest as well as in that of all other peoples, to change their point of view and make them see that the force of right is, after all, greater than the force of wrong. And it would be an insult to our more than 100,000 dead and more than 300,000 wounded to stay our hand till that has been accomplished.

Yours faithfully,
G. C. WHITWORTH.

France,
14th Feb., 1916.

[The phrase "crushing of militarism" admits of different interpretations. We noticed three months ago that, while the Allies would no doubt fight for victory, Mr. Asquith would not commit them to the implications of that phrase. Those were days when he admitted that the appearances were against the Allies. We hope for better times.—Ed., *E. & W.*]

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